

THE SPIRIT AND
THE FLESH



This volume
contains the
complete books
FIGHTING ANGEL
and
THE EXILE

S. Buck
PEARL S. BUCK

The Spirit and the Flesh



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—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

THESE two books, written so widely apart and under such different circumstances, now come together under a new title. Their difference remains unchanged. *The Exile* was written soon after my mother's death in 1921. It was never planned for publication. I wanted my children to know my mother as she was, and as they could not know her unless I told them, for she died in China of a tropical disease, young at the age of sixty-three, in a family whose other members, safely in America, thought nothing of being ninety years old. I wanted my vivid, strong-hearted mother to live for my children, and so I put her portrait into words, all my memories of how she looked and was, my exact and photographic memories of her ways and her words.

When the portrait was complete and as perfect as I could make it, I put the manuscript away to wait until my children were old enough to read.

But in the meantime I began to do what I had always known I would, when the time was ripe. I began to write books. And in that procession I now wanted my mother to have her part. Why should she live only for me and mine? She was a woman as large as the world. So *The Exile* was published in 1936, long after it was written, and many people came to know my mother. She was living again in the world of people whom she had loved so well—people everywhere.

They loved her, too. How many letters I have had, from how many countries, telling me of their love! But sometimes there was a curious twist to the love. Because some people loved my mother so much, they

disliked my father, not understanding that those two were entirely different persons, neither to be hated because one was loved.

Therefore, since I loved them both, I wrote *Fighting Angel*, as a portrait of my father. That it appears first in this book is because I think my mother would have wanted him to come first.

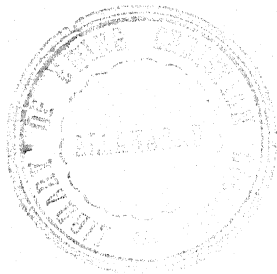
These two are now bound together, as they were in life, in Spirit and in Flesh. It was a stormy union, for spirit and flesh always make a stormy union. And yet unite they always must, for they need each other, and find their fulfillment in each other, undyingly different as they are. For spirit must be made flesh before it can be solid and therefore realized in the human world, and flesh must be informed with spirit before it can be more than flesh and so live on, eternal.

This mingling took place, with flame and agony, between my parents. There must have been joy, too. I was too young to see it then—but aeons stretch ahead.

PEARL S. BUCK

FIGHTING ANGEL

Portrait of a Soul



ANGEL—one of an order of spiritual beings, attendants and messengers of God, usually spoken of as employed by him in ordering the affairs of the universe, and particularly of mankind. They are commonly regarded as bodiless intelligences.

—*Century Dictionary.*

“Who maketh his angels spirits
And his ministers a flame of fire.”

—*The Epistle to the Hebrews.*

I

YOU might have seen him walking along the street of any little Chinese village or market town, a tall, slender, slightly stooping American. At one time in his life he wore Chinese clothes. I have a picture of him thus, seated upon a stiff carved Chinese chair, his large American feet planted before him in huge Chinese shoes, those shoes which made the Chinese women laugh behind their hands when they cut the soles, and which made many a passerby stop and stare as he strode by in dust or upon cobblestones. He even smiled himself, a little painfully, when open jokes were shouted as he passed. But the Chinese shoes, the long Chinese robe, the little round black Chinese hat with its red button—none of these made him in the least Chinese. No one could possibly mistake him. The spare, big-boned frame, the big, thin delicate hands, the nobly shaped head with its large features, the big nose, the jutting lower jaw, the extraordinary, pellucid, child-blue eyes, the reddish fair skin and slightly curly dark hair—these were purely and simply American.

But he wandered about China for more than half a century. He went there young, and there he died, an old man, his hair snow white, but his eyes still child-blue. In those days of his old age I said to him, "I wish you would write down what your life has been for us to read." For he had traveled the country north and south, east and west, in city and country. He had had adventures enough to fill books and had been in danger of his life again and again. He had seen the Chinese people as few white men ever have—in the most intimate moments of their own lives, in their homes, at marriage feasts, in sickness and in death. He had seen them as a nation in the cycle of their times—he

had seen the reign of emperors and the fall of empire, revolution and the rise of a republic and revolution again.

So he wrote down the story of his life as it seemed to him when he was seventy years old. He spent his spare time throughout a whole summer writing it. I used to hear his old typewriter tapping uncertainly during hot afternoon hours when everybody else was sleeping, or in the early dawn, because, having had as a boy to rise early on a farm in West Virginia, he could never sleep late. It was more than a physical inability—it was spiritual. "Arise, my soul, for it is day! The night cometh when no man can work." The night—the night! He remembered always the shortness of life. "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

But when it was finished the story of all his years made only twenty-five pages. Into twenty-five pages he had put all that seemed important to him of his life. I read it through in an hour. It was the story of his soul, his unchanging soul. Once he mentioned the fact of his marriage to Carie, his wife. Once he listed the children he had had with her, but in the listing he forgot entirely a little son who lived to be five years old and who was Carie's favorite child, and he made no comment on any of them.

But the omission told as much as anything. For indeed the story was the story not of man or woman or child but of one soul and its march through time to its appointed end. For this soul there was birth, predestined, a duty to be done and it was done, and there was heaven at the end—that was the whole story. There was nothing of the lives of people in it, no merriment of feasts, no joy of love, no tales of death. There was not one word of any of the incredible dangers through which he had often passed. There was nothing in it of empire or emperors or revolutions or of all the stir of changing human times. There was no reflection upon the minds and manners of men or any subtlety of philosophies. The tale was told as simply as the sun rises out of dawn, marches swiftly across the firmament, to set in its own glory.

So others told me his story—his brothers and sisters, Carie, and his son. I heard the talk of people among whom he lived and worked. Most

of all, I knew him myself as one among my earliest memories, as one in whose house I spent my childhood, as one who in the last ten years of his life came and lived with me under my roof, and looked to me for care and comfort in his age. In spite of this, for years after he died I could not see what he was. His outlines remained ghostly to me, even when he ate at my table, most of all when he was ill and I tended him. It was only when I came back to the country that had made him and sent him forth that I saw him clear at last. For he was born in America, and he was the child of generations of Americans. No country except America could have produced him exactly as he was.

I do not know the old and precise history of his family and I have not asked because it does not matter. Some time before the American Revolution they came from somewhere in Germany, for the sake of religious freedom. I do not know just when except that I know it was in time for one of his ancestors to be a courier to George Washington, and for two others to fight loyally under Washington's command. I say it does not matter because it is not as an individual that he is significant. If his life has any meaning for others than himself it is as a manifestation of a certain spirit in his country and his time. For he was a spirit, and a spirit made by that blind certainty, that pure intolerance, that zeal for mission, that contempt of man and earth, that high confidence in heaven, which our forefathers bequeathed to us.

The first words which he remembered spoken were words which he never forgot so long as he lived. They remained not so much words as wounds, unhealed. He could not have been more than seven years old. It was a summer's day, in June, a beautiful day, and the afternoon was clear and warm. He was sitting on the steps of the porch of the big farmhouse that was his home. He had been in the orchard looking for a sweet June apple, when he heard the sound of wheels, and looking through the trees he saw a stout, kind neighbor woman coming to visit his mother.

He had always liked Mrs. Pettibrew. He liked her easy cheerful flow of talk, larded with stories, and her rich sudden gusts of laughter, although he was desperately shy, and never answered her questions with more than a smile, strained from him against his will. But he wanted to be near her because she liked everybody and was always jolly. So

he had waited until she was seated on the porch and his mother had brought the baby out in her arms and settled herself in the rocking chair to nurse him. Then he sidled around the house and sat very quietly, listening to them, munching his apple. He would not appear interested in them, for after all they were women.

"Howdy, Andy!" Mrs. Pettibrew shouted.

"Howdy," he whispered, his eyes downcast.

"Speak out, Andrew!" his mother ordered him.

They both looked at him. He felt hot all over. He knew, because his older brothers and sisters often told him, that his face easily went as red as cockscomb. He could not have spoken if he would—his mouth was so dry. The apple he had bitten was like dust upon his tongue. He scuffed his bony big toe in the grass miserably. The two women stared at him.

His mother said, worrying, "I declare, I don't know what makes the boy so scary."

"He don't hardly seem like yours, Deborah," Mrs. Pettibrew said solemnly. "He don't even look like yours. I don't know where he gets those light eyes and that red hair. Hiram especially is as handsome a boy as ever I saw—but all your nine children are big and handsome and a sight for sore eyes, except Andy. But then—most families have a runt in 'em."

And this was kind Mrs. Pettibrew! His heart began swelling in him like a balloon. It would burst and he would begin to cry. He wanted to run away and he could not. He sat, his mouth full of dry apple, scuffing his toe back and forth in the grass, caught in agony. His mother released him. She said, kindly enough, "Well, he isn't so handsome, maybe, but he's awfully good, Andy is. None of the others is as good as he is. I always say likely he'll be a preacher, too, like Dave is and like Isaac talks to be—and if he is, he'll be the best of them."

"Well, of course it's better to be good than pretty," Mrs. Pettibrew said heartily. "Say, Deborah, before I forget—I heard a new recipe for quince preserves. . . ."

They forgot him. He could get up now and walk away. The tightness about his heart loosened a little and he could breathe again. He could walk away pretending he had not heard. They went on talking about the quinces, not knowing any more than he did what they had

done. They had, that June day, in a farmhouse in the West Virginia hills, set his feet on the path that was to lead him across plains and seas to a foreign country, to spend his years there, to lie at last in a distant grave, his body dust in foreign earth, because his face was not beautiful. All his life he was good. It was better to be good than pretty. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Goodness was best. On that day he made up his mind he would always be good.

But then there was a tradition of goodness in his family. He could remember his grandmother, sitting beside the fire. The family in her youth had come from Pennsylvania to Virginia. They were all Presbyterians, but not she. She had been born and reared a Mennonite, and to the end of her life she wore her little, dark, close-fitting Mennonite bonnet and held to her rigorous Mennonite faith. She had never been to what she called "a pleasuring." Church on the Sabbath, twice, prayer-meeting on Wednesday until she was old, prayers twice every day—this was the routine of the house which she helped to maintain. She sat in the chimney-place, disallowing all other life.

She had, besides religion, a great belief in ghosts. I used to wonder at a strange timidity in Andrew, and even sometimes in my childhood to be a little ashamed of it. It was not that he was in the least a coward when any necessity was concerned. That is, for the sake of his duty he could and did act in complete disregard of his life. No, it was a child-like timidity, a dislike, for instance, of going upstairs alone in the dark, a reluctance to get up in the night to investigate a noise. I have seen him return half a dozen times to see if a door were locked. "I got to thinking about it until I couldn't be sure," he would confess, smiling half shamefaced.

One day, when he was an old man, he dropped the secret unconsciously, for he never consciously revealed himself to anyone. Someone began, half playfully, one evening about the fire, to tell a ghost story. He could not bear it. He got up and went away. Afterwards he told me alone, always with that half-shamed smile, "The old folks used to tell ghost stories at home until I didn't dare to go to bed. But of course I had to. They weren't just stories, either—they said they were true."

The old grandmother believed them. Sitting in her corner, very old,

it was impossible for her to discern the cleaving line between flesh and ghost. So many who had been with her in the flesh were changed to eternal spirits. Soon she, too, would be changed. It was nature to believe that spirits came back to places they had known and loved . . . she, too, would come back. The small boy, sitting unobtrusively among his heartier brothers and sisters, listened and never forgot.

But that house was full of belief in spirits. God was a spirit and God was forever in that house. And the Devil was a spirit, and where God was the Devil was also. They were inseparable—enemies, but inseparable. He grew up familiar with them both. Morning and night he sat and heard his father reading from the Bible the story of the war between these two. Year after year his father plodded straight through that story, for it was his boast to read the Bible through every year. Religion—the house was full of it, too. There were seven sons and six of them were ministers. Religion was their meat and their excitement, their mental food and their emotional pleasure. They quarreled over it as men quarrel over politics. Within its confines they made their personal quarrels.

For it was a quarrelsome family, this family. Father and mother were quarrelsome together. The man was a big, domineering, square-jawed landowner. He had a passion for land. He kept them all poor buying more and more land, and he implanted in every son he had such a hatred for the land that not one of them was willing to farm it after him. I remembered that Andrew would not even take the slightest interest in any of Carie's gardens. She felt it a hurt, but I knew he could not help it. I saw him an overworked boy, starving for books, hungry for school, loathing the land and tied to it until he was twenty-one. Only at twenty-one was he free, and then he rode away on the horse his father gave to each of his sons when they came to their majority. He rode away to belated college, to retrieve the years which seemed to him wasted. He never took up spade or hoe again, not for flower or vegetable, not even for Carie's garden.

But until they were all twenty-one they had to work under the man on the land, and his wife and his two daughters had to work in the dairies and the kitchen. The father owned a few Negroes, but he disliked owning them. Besides, he had his sons and his daughters. He drove them all, a big, domineering, thundering fellow, reading the

Bible aloud to them night and morning, commanding them. "Honor thy father and thy mother"—although it did not matter so much about the mother. He domineered over them all cheerfully enough, for he had a shrewd sense of humor. He domineered over the whole community. He was head of the school board and he chose the teachers for the one-room school, and when they came, he sheltered them in his big unpainted rambling house, where half a dozen extra people could be fed without noticing it. It was at his house the preachers lodged when they came circuit-riding to the little Presbyterian church, for he domineered over the church, too. Sometimes a preacher made him angry with his preaching and twice, at least, he turned Methodist for short periods purely as a matter of discipline to a refractory preacher. Later he was to suffer for introducing this method of revolt. For Deborah, his wife, after one of their violent quarrels, joined the Methodist church and stayed in it. He never forgave her, not only for the revolt but because it deprived him of a tool against the Presbyterians when he needed it. And of his seven Presbyterian sons, one, Christopher, in the madness of his rebellious youth, joined the Methodist church and remained in it, stubborn, obdurate, as all this family were stubborn and obdurate—"the preachingest family in Greenbrier County," a local newspaper reporter called them when he was writing of them half a century later, "with dissenting blood as strong as lye."

When I was sent home to America to college, I made my first acquaintance with them all. They were, most of them, white-haired by that time, an amazing array of tall, passionate, angry men, not one of them under six feet, every one of them with the same shining bright blue eyes and dry humor and intolerant mind. The quarrel between them was as hot as ever, so hot indeed, that it had become a byword in the county, a cause for shame and laughter, and it had all been argued even in the newspapers. The five Presbyterian preachers quarreled among themselves on many matters, for there was endless material for quarreling—over the period of creation in Genesis and the interpretation of the minor prophets and Song of Solomon, and predestination and the second coming of Christ; and failing these, there then could always be quarreling over the division of the land, the sale of the old farmhouse and its ancient handmade furniture, and whether or not Becky's husband was treating her properly. But they always banded

together against the Methodist—although Andrew by then had long been waging his own missionary wars. "Poor Chris," they called the Methodist, striving furiously to pity him for his misguidance.

But when I saw "poor Chris" it was hard to pity him. He was a presiding elder in his chosen church, as rabid and intolerant as any of them, and as bitterly sure of his own theology as the sole road to salvation. It added difficulty that he was very successful and that he had no notion of his pitiable condition; and that he was big and confident and completely arrogant. To hear him roar out the Beatitudes on a Sunday morning, hurling them like cannon balls at his congregation, to see his brows beetle over his bright blue eyes as he shouted, "Blessed are the meek . . ." to hear him insist, "Blessed are the poor in spirit . . ." was a thing to hear and see.

Yes, Andrew grew up in an embattled atmosphere, the atmosphere of a militant religion. But he never quite equaled his brothers in looks or assurance. He was tall, but he stooped a little. He had not the others' full prideful gaze. Girls never looked at him as they did at black-haired Hiram, who strummed a guitar and never quite paid back the money he borrowed to go to college, or as they did at cautious John who prudently married early a rich oldish widow and withdrew from the family religious war and went to the state legislature instead, or as they did, for that matter, at any of the others. Girls did not, indeed, look at Andrew at all because he never forgot what Mrs. Pettibrew had said. Those unforgotten words kept him secretly shy all his life. He withdrew further and further into passionate personal religion. But under his shy, remote exterior all the stubborn fire burned. He was no whit behind any of them there. Indeed, he was the hotter in his goodness, because there was no worldliness in him to ease it.

It was not from Andrew that I heard the story of that terrific family. Indeed, I remember only one tale he ever told me of them. Once when I was a very small girl I pressed him for a story, not really hoping for much. Carie was my great source, but she was busy at that moment with a new baby. Andrew had come in from an evangelistic trip, and in a moment of unwonted ease, he took me on his knee before the fire. It was a knee, I remember, a little bony beneath my short skirts, for he was always spare, having great scorn for anyone who was fat. If a fellow missionary developed a paunch Andrew was at once indignant

and suspicious of him—"He's eating too much," he would exclaim, "he's getting lazy." It was the great indictment, next to an unsound theology. On this occasion, perched upon his ridgy knee, I inquired, "Do you know just one story?" I stared into his very clear, not unkindly eyes. "Not one out of the Bible," I amended hastily. "I know all those." He was taken aback—clearly he had been raking over the Old Testament in his mind. "Let me see," he said ruminating. "Maybe when you were a little boy?" I suggested, to be helpful. I waited for what seemed a long time. He could not, apparently, remember much about having been a little boy. But at last he thought of something.

"Once my father had some pigs," he began solemnly, remembering, staring into the fire, "and those pigs would keep squeezing through the fence of the orchard where they were supposed to stay to eat the windfalls. They kept getting into the front yard. Well, my father was a short-tempered man. He grew very angry. He'd rush out and chase them back no matter what he was doing, but pretty soon they'd be in again. One day he got so angry he couldn't stand it. He raced after them clear to the fence and they ran as hard as they could and squeezed in just ahead of him—that is, all but one. The last one was fatter than the others and he stuck. My father whipped out his pocket-knife and cut off his tail."

I stared at Andrew, astonished. "What did he do that for?" I asked.

"Just to teach him a lesson," he answered, smiling a little.

But I remained grave. "What lesson?" I inquired further.

He gave one of his unexpected restrained laughs. "Maybe not to get so fat," he said.

Later I was to hear many tales of that intrepid man, father of Andrew. People feared him and liked him, laughed at him and trusted him. Rampaging and angry, enormously stubborn, he was endlessly kind to his poor neighbors and utterly ruthless to his family. Once he went around the corner of one of his big barns and discovered a poverty-stricken fellow standing by a knot-hole, holding a large sack into which was pouring a steady stream of wheat. When he saw Andrew's father, he ran. Andrew's father said nothing at all. He took the man's place, and stood holding the bag, his eyes twinkling. After a while a voice came from within the barn, "Ain't it about full?"

"It's just about full, I reckon," he answered amiably.

There was dead silence within the barn. He knotted the mouth of the sack and heaved it to his great shoulders and went inside and discovered a cringing, waiting figure.

"There—take it," he said, flinging the sack at the man, recognizing a poor neighbor, a tenant farmer. "Next time come and ask me and I'll give it to you!"

I never saw Andrew's father and mother, but I have their tintypes. His father has a square indomitable face with the most arrogant eyes I have ever seen. Only a man sure of God and of his own soul can have such eyes as those. I have never seen them in other human faces.

But the woman is his match. Her jaw is no whit less strongly turned than his, and if her eyes have not that gleam of God in them, they have the calmness of the Devil. No wonder God and the Devil were such realities in that turbulent home! Someone told me—not Andrew—that when Deborah was sixty years old she not only turned Methodist for good and all, but she decided she had worked enough and that she would never work again. She changed completely with this decision. From being the incessantly busy, capable, managing mother of the big household, turning out cheeses and pies and cakes and loaves of bread, for she was a notable cook, she became a woman of complete leisure. She never so much as made her own bed again. She sat on the wide porch of the farmhouse all day long on pleasant days, rocking placidly, and in bad weather she sat by the sitting-room window that looked out on the road. She took walks by herself, a tall, always slender, upright figure. She went to her Methodist church alone except when Christopher was home.

Her family were amazed, and her husband was almost beside himself with rage. But she lived them all down and for nearly thirty-five years maintained her complete leisure while perforce she was waited upon by one after the other of them. She became a center for the women of the neighborhood to visit. Once, all unplanned, twenty-two women met there to spend the day, and a dozen was nothing uncommon. They sat on the porch or in the sitting-room, gossiping, strengthening one another. If God was preeminent in that house, it was only by a very narrow margin.

But it is Andrew's story I am telling and none of these others matter, because they mattered so little to him. They gave him his body and

soul, they kept God and the Devil hot about him, and it is true that in certain large ways they shaped him. He learned his creed from them, the creed not only of his theology but of his place in creation as a man. In that house bursting with its seven great sons, roaring with the thunder of the quarrel between man and woman, he heard it often shouted aloud that the Bible said man was head of the woman. It had to be shouted often to that indomitable old woman, eternally in her rocking chair. It made no impression on her, but it made a deep impression on her seven sons. Carie told me once that of those seven great boys, grown young men when she first saw them, not one would have thought of going upstairs to bed unless one of the two sisters lighted a candle and went ahead of them, one after the other. What a procession it was—David, Isaac, Hiram, John, Christopher, Andrew and Franklin! And the sisters were Rebecca and Mary, tall women as their brothers were tall, subdued, smouldering, forbidden by their father to marry in their youth because he and his sons had need of their services, marrying at late last men too humble for them. Of this furious seed, out of this turbulent soil, Andrew was born.

II

THE story should begin when Andrew left home at twenty-one, because Andrew himself always began his life there, counting as worthless the years when he had to do nothing but the labor of his hands to feed nothing but human bodies.

And no one seems to remember much about him as a child or a boy. Somebody said once, an old woman who had been a neighbor for a while, "That boy always had the hands of an old man—they said he was born with old hands." And there is only one thing to be told of his adolescence, because that is all I really know, except that I heard rumors of a subdued puckish humor in him, a sort of humor which indeed he kept all his life. I used to think it tinged with cruelty sometimes, although I am sure it was not meant to be so. But I met once an old man who knew him as a child, who went to the one-room school with him in the few winter months when they were not busy on the big farm. The old man spat tobacco juice and grinned when he told it. "That Andrew!" he observed. "When he was a boy he could make a face fit to bust a cat open with laughin' at him. Then when we was all hollerin' and snickerin' the teacher'd turn around mad and he'd be the only one with a sober face." Whatever the humor was, it was always firmly repressed behind a sober face and it leaked out only in dry jokes and occasional barbed thrusts. It never rollicked or burst out full and free, and because he so held it back, there was often bitterness in his joke, and his laughter was silent or at most a single "haw!" of sound.

Once I said to him, "What did you do all those years of your youth?"

His face shadowed. "I worked for my father," he answered briefly.

His sister Mary said to me once, "Pa wanted Andrew to stay on the place because he was so reliable. He was the one boy out of the lot that you could be sure would get every chore done on time and as it ought to be done. He had an awful sense of duty."

"I suppose you know he hated every bit of it," I said.

"That didn't make any difference to him," she answered vigorously. She smiled. "Nor to Pa," she added.

She was an old woman then, too fat, coarse, a little sloppy. Years of living with a man beneath her had made her careless. But when she smiled one saw the family eyes, hard, fearless, blue.

Yet those years of his early adolescence were tremendous years, for they were the years of the Civil War. Four of the sons went to fight the North. David, Hiram, Isaac, John—they marched out of the house in grey uniforms, transferring for a brief while their war against the Devil to the Yankees. Two were wounded, one was kept prisoner for a long time in a Northern prison. I never heard Andrew mention any of it except to say one day that he had disliked bean soup ever since Isaac had come back from the war and told them he had to eat it three times a day in the Yankee prison. "At that," Andrew added with his wry smile, "it was so thin Isaac said he had to dive for the beans." And when the youngest and last of his children went to tell Andrew of her betrothal, he looked up from his page long enough to say with that wry look of his, "I don't know what I've done to have all three of my children marry Yankees!" Yes, there was one other memory in him—he never heard the name of Abraham Lincoln mentioned without commenting drily, always in the same words, "Lincoln was a very much over-rated man." In Andrew's house I grew up never knowing that Lincoln was a national hero, or that across the sea in America children had a holiday from school on his birthday.

But wars and the times of men were of no importance in the life of Andrew. Somewhere in those adolescent years while he served his father carefully in silence and in hated waiting, he received his missionary call. I know, because that brief story he wrote of his life begins with it. So far as he was concerned here was the dawn of his life, his real birth. "At the age of sixteen," he wrote, "I received the first intimation of Divine Call to the mission field."

Afterwards, questioning him, I pieced out the story from his scanty

words. It was, of course, inevitable that he should be a preacher of the gospel. It is impossible to think of any of those tall men as ministers—they were all preachers, not ministers, and so was Andrew. I suppose it was inevitable that all of them should be preachers. There were reasons for it, aside from the opportunity it gave them to exercise personal authority over other people's minds and lives. At that time it was a calling of high social position. The preacher in a community was also the leader in other ways, and an ambitious young man wanting power could scarcely find a more satisfactory way of getting it. And these seven young men were all ambitious and power-loving.

But I have it from Andrew himself that at first he never thought of being a missionary, or indeed of leaving his home state. He had, in his curious mixture, a clinging love of home. I think it was really a part of his sense of physical timidity that made him love security and safety and shelter. If he had not been born in a religious age, he would have been a scholar, shutting himself into some warm book-lined room for life. I have seen him come back from a long hard journey on foot or donkey-back through half a Chinese province, and be almost childishly comforted with food and a cup of hot tea and a blazing fire. "It's good to be home—oh, but it's good to be home!" he would murmur to himself.

"I never left home without an inner struggle," he told me when he was an old man. But he was born with a restless, angry conscience, and I never knew him to postpone the hour of his going or shirk the most difficult or dangerous journey. He carried his scourge in his own heart. And because he was so rigorous with himself, he was unmerciful in his judgment upon lesser men. I have heard him exclaim against a fellow missionary, "He doesn't like to leave the comforts of his home—he's lazy!" If he had never been tempted himself, or if being tempted he had sometimes yielded, he might have been gentler with his fellows. But he was invincible toward weakness, as all are who are strong enough for their own temptations. For he was strong enough for the greatest conflict of his life—the conflict of his sense of duty with his strange physical timidity.

This is the story of his call. A missionary from China came to preach in the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg, West Virginia, and he told the tale of his life. Andrew, then sixteen, sat in the line of his family

in the front pew, listening to the story of hazard and danger and desperate human need, and listening, he was afraid. He was so afraid that he hurried home alone, and avoided the missionary. But his father brought the tall gaunt man home to the big Sunday dinner, and there he could not be avoided. And the missionary, looking down the long line of sons, said to his father, "Out of all these sons you have begotten, will you not give one to China?"

No one answered. The father was taken aback. It was all very well to go to hear a missionary once a year or so and give him a square meal afterwards and drive him in the surrey to his next church, but it was quite another thing to give him a son.

"I don't want the boys to get such notions," Deborah said decidedly from her end of the table.

"God calls," the missionary said quietly.

"Have some more chicken and gravy," the father said hastily. "Here, Deborah—more mashed potatoes—fetch the hot bread, Becky—eat, man! We're hearty folk around here!"

Nobody answered, but terror caught Andrew's heart. Suppose God should call him to go? The food turned dry in his mouth.

Afterwards he went for days weak with terror. "I believe I lost ten pounds," he said, remembering after fifty years. He grew afraid to say his prayers lest God should call him as he prayed. He tried not to be alone lest heaven crack and God's voice come down to him, commanding him. He never felt home so warm, so sheltering. Yet he was miserable. "I was avoiding God," he wrote when he was an old man. "I knew it, and I was miserable."

For it was a necessity to his being that he feel the channel clear between him and his God, and now, do what he would and go where he would, he felt the pursuit of God.

His mother laid hold of him one day. "What's wrong with you, Andy? You look like you're getting the jaundice!"

For a long time he would not tell her, but she clutched him firmly by the shoulder. She was still taller than he was. Finally he mumbled the truth, his eyes filling with helpless tears. "I'm afraid I'm going to get the call," he said.

"What call?" she asked. She had entirely forgotten the missionary.

"To the foreign field."

"Get out!" she said with vigor. "Your pa wouldn't hear to it! He's counting on you to take hold of the land."

I suppose nothing would infuriate Andrew more, though he has been long dead, than to know that this had anything to do with making God's call more tolerable. But certainly his soul revolted at his mother's words. He wrenched his shoulder loose from her and strode off. He would never stay on the land, call or no call. Anger swept out fear, for the moment. He went away into the woods alone and there he cried out resolutely to God. "I subdued my stubborn heart," he wrote. "I cried out to God, 'Here am I—send me!' Immediately peace filled my soul. I was afraid no more. I felt myself strong. When I gave up my own will, God's power descended upon me. And God sent me."

So his life was decided. But he said nothing then. He planned his years. Five years more he must serve his father. He knew, because of the other sons ahead of him, that on his twenty-first birthday his father would give him the choice he had given each of the others, to stay at home and receive wages for the work he had until then been doing for nothing, or to receive a good horse and a hundred dollars and ride away. They had all chosen to ride away and so would he. He would tell no one, but he would ride away and go to college and to seminary and fit himself for his life. His heart beat at the thought. Books—there would at last be plenty of books. He was always starved for them, and he never had enough of school. One of the few fervent things I ever heard him say was, "I *loved* school!" Indeed, I do not believe I ever heard him use the word "love" in any other connection with himself. "God so loved the world . . ." that use I heard often enough. It was odd to hear him say, "I love . . ." I remember it, because I was being sent away to school those days, myself, and was not at all sure about loving it, and I had never thought of his loving anything except God.

On his twenty-first birthday he rode away, then, his call hot in his breast. His life was begun and he came to it starved. His story tells me he was not ready for college at once. The Civil War had interrupted all schools, and while the older sons, when they came home again and before they went away, taught the younger children, still he was very unevenly prepared. So he went for a year to Frankfort Acad-

emy—I know no more than that—and thence to Washington and Lee University, where Hiram had gone just before him.

My first knowledge of those years was when I was still a little girl. I was rummaging all the book shelves in the mission house on the hill above the Yangtse River, in a state of starvation very much like Andrew's own. All the books in the world would not have been enough for me, and in that mission house there were very, very few of the world's books. So, because Andrew was away on one of his long preaching tours, I did what I never dared to do when he was home—I went into his study to search again his shelves, not very hopefully, for I had combed them before and had read Plutarch's *Lives* and Josephus and Fox's *Martyrs*, and anything at all promising a story. This day I was so desperate I took down Geikie's *Commentary on the Bible*—and put it back again. It was worse than nothing. Then in sheer emptiness I decided to look through the drawers of his old roller-top desk. I remembered having once seen some books there when he chanced to open a drawer. But when I looked they were only his mission account books, kept in meticulous detail in his slightly wavering handwriting, for he had a sunstroke once that nearly ended him, and left him with a right hand that trembled a little when he held it to write. I opened one drawer after the other. In the bottom one I saw a heap of curious rolls of leathery paper. They were very dusty and no one had looked at them for a long time. Indeed, some of them had never been opened. I took them out, one by one, and unrolled them. Upon them were printed Latin words. I was studying Latin by then myself, and I saw his name, and always the three words, *Magna cum laude*.

"What do they mean?" I went to ask Carie.

She was in her bedroom, darning swiftly, a big sock stretched over her hand. Those spare bony feet of his, walking miles every day on their mission, over city stones and cobbled roads and across dusty footpaths, kept her sewing basket always piled high. Pride came over her face like a light. "Your father was graduated from the university with honors in every subject," she said. Years afterwards when I went to college I was inclined to be hurt when he said nothing to a report card which I felt was distinguished by A's. But if he said nothing it was because he expected no less of his child, and indeed, expected some-

thing rather better than he ever got from her, I am afraid. I once to my astonishment received a mark of 99 for geometry, a subject in which I was never at my best. "A good mark," he said reservedly and added at once, "a hundred would have been better."

He was desperately poor in college. I can imagine him, tall, already slightly stooped but with the lofty bearing of great dignity which he always had. It was there already, because his fellow students were afraid of him and none of them seemed very near him, and that was to be true of people all his life. He was very nearsighted, too, and did not know it, nor had anyone ever paid enough heed to him to find it out. He sat in the front seat if he could, and when he could not, he copied what was written on the board from one of his fellows. He could not recognize people unless they passed near enough to touch him, and so he never learned to look at faces or to be observant of anything around him and he was driven the further in upon himself. Later when one of his professors suggested glasses his delight was simply that now he could see better to read. He had no social life at the university, partly because he was poor and wanted only to buy more books, and partly because he did not want society. He wanted only to get the meat out of his books. Hiram, the handsome, could go to parties and strum his guitar and call on pretty girls, but Andrew did none of these things. And yet he was tremblingly happy. He got up earlier than ever, with an enormous sense of luxury because there were no cows to be milked, no chores to be done. He could follow his single desire, his books. He would excel them all there. Hiram could never approach him; none of them could, not even David, gifted almost to the point of genius in languages.

I know, for Andrew told me, that he was too poor to afford eleven dollars a month for board in the mess hall, and that he and Hiram lived in one room in the old wooden dormitory, and cut cord wood in winter and stacked it in one corner of their room and cooked scanty meals of mush and potatoes over the same fire that warmed them. He told me this because it seemed to him incredible that a girl could spend so much, forty years later, at college. Listening, she had not the heart to tell him that what he gave her, thinking it generous, was not enough to pay for her food and room, even. She sat silent, and after he was gone, went away and found herself a job of teaching in a night school.

But for Andrew the times had not changed. He never lived in time but in eternity.

I know no more of his college life except that he was graduated, bright with honors and warmed with unwonted public attention, and except this one thing, which remained to him a tragedy all his life, even when he was an old man.

The night after his graduation, when he was to leave the next day, a fire broke out in the ramshackle wooden dormitory. Hiram had been graduated a year before. Andrew was alone, and being young and wearied with excitement and triumph, he slept heavily. Only at the last moment was he wakened by thick smoke and a terrible heat. The house was on fire. He fumbled his way to the stairs which were already blazing, and ran down to safety. They collapsed behind him. No one was burned, since nearly everyone was already gone. But he stood watching the flimsy building blaze and dim and drop to ash in such agony as I do believe he never felt again. His books, in which his life was bound, which he had bought so hardly, one by one, were gone.

He went home again, penniless. Everything was the same. His father received him with rough welcome, with scanty well-meaning sympathy. Books! Well, wasn't he done with them? Was he ready to settle down to real work now? Wages were ready. But he was not ready. It seemed impossible to begin again that dull physical round. He dreaded the labor which absorbed the powers of the brain as a useless by-product and left the numb bodily fatigue which could only be assuaged by sleep. He chanced upon an advertisement in a religious paper. "Wanted: A young man to sell Bibles." It struck him at once that to sell Bibles was to do more than merely sell a book—it was to spread wide the word of God. So he answered the advertisement and a package of Bibles arrived and he set out on foot to go from house to house.

"I do not know," he wrote years later in that abridgment of his life, "where the fault lay, but I sold only one copy. Whether the people were very hard of heart or whether I was not fortunate in my address, I do not know. I only know that God did not bless my endeavor."

The truth is of course that anyone less like a salesman than Andrew was never created, and I suppose it takes salesmanship also to sell the

Bible. I can imagine him approaching a house in a misery of shyness. I can imagine a hearty housewife opening her door in the early morning in the thick of after-breakfast work to discover a tall, stooped, blushing young man upon her threshold, inarticulately holding forth a book.

"Madam, I am selling Bibles. I do not know—"

"We've got a Bible," she doubtless replied with vigor. After all, of course every house had a Bible. Wasn't it a Christian country? She slammed the door and plunged her hands into the dishpan—a Bible, of all things!

"I concluded at the end of a month," Andrew wrote, "that God had not called me to the task of selling anything."

So he went back to his father, not knowing what else to do, and his father, chuckling a little, paid him generously enough, although to Andrew no pay was enough for work he hated.

All his years at college he had kept secret within himself his determination to be a missionary. And how Andrew could keep his own counsel! He could hold a dear plan inside himself for years and shape every end to it, and everyone to it. Years later this secrecy was a torment to Carie, an exasperation to his fellow missionaries. Andrew had early discovered that the most successful means of doing what he liked was to do it without telling anyone what he was doing. But as the summer wore away it was necessary that he tell his father and mother that he was going to seminary in the autumn to fit himself to be a missionary. He had saved his wages, every penny. In the lavishness of the food upon the table what he ate was never missed. And his brother John had by then married his rich widow and had promised to help him with a loan. David, too, then preaching in a little town in the next county, was sympathetic.

He told his parents, and was instantly met with terrific opposition from his father.

"Tomfoolery!" the stormy old man roared, shaking his shaggy white hair back from his forehead. "Go and preach, if you have to—though I'll say six sons out of seven is what I call too much of a good thing. But to go gallivantin' to foreign countries is beyond any man's call."

"Not beyond God's call," said Andrew. He was by all odds the most stubborn man I ever knew when God called him to a thing. So I know

his father's anger and roaring only set him harder in his own way. Whatever his mother might have said, left to herself, no one can tell. But when she heard the old man's verdict, she was immediately mild out of contrariness.

"I don't care, Andy," she said, rocking back and forth. "You do as you have a mind to—there's only one thing I ask of you as my son. Promise me, Andrew."

In his relief and gratitude he promised her. "I certainly promise, Mother."

He had not dreamed of what her condition would be.

"You shan't go till you find a wife to go with you," she said, rocking to and fro. "I wouldn't be easy if you hadn't a wife to take care of you."

He nearly fainted. A wife! He had not thought of such a thing. He had never dreamed of marrying—a wife, when he had to live in strange dangerous countries—a woman—he didn't know a single one!

"How can I ever find a woman willing to go?" he groaned. "You might as well forbid me to go!"

"Oh, get out," his mother replied amiably. "There's always women willing to marry any two-legged thing in pants."

Andrew went away in a daze. His mother was not reassuring.

In the end it seems he put the matter up to God. I am not saying he did not make a few efforts himself. But they were futile. I do not know about them in any detail, since he always maintained the strictest silence about his failures, whatever they were, and forgot them at once. But one evening when he was a very old man he told me something. In those years I sat a while with him alone every evening, so that he might have someone to talk with if he chose. He talked more in those hours than he ever had before—not consecutive talk, but bits of incidents plucked at random out of three-quarters of a century of life. I had to do my own piecing. He said suddenly on one of those evenings, "You might have had Jennie Husted to be your mother."

"What!" I exclaimed. It was impossible to imagine anyone except Carrie for our mother. I instantly resented Jennie Husted. Who was she?

"I worried a lot in seminary because of my promise to my mother," he said, staring into the fire. "I observed many young ladies—from a distance, that is," he added quickly. "If any seemed at all possible, devout and well grounded in faith, I asked them first if they had ever

considered the foreign field. It seemed prudent to ascertain their feeling on this point before I took the time and expense of proceeding further. They all replied in the negative."

"But who was Jennie Husted?" I demanded.

"My trial sermon," he proceeded in his calm fashion, disregarding interruption, "was considered very good—in fact, so good that it was published in a church paper. It was entitled, 'The Necessity of Proclaiming the Gospel to the Heathen, with Especial Reference to the Doctrine of Predestination.' After its publication, I received a letter from a Miss Jennie Husted. In it she warmly supported my views and we entered into a correspondence. Her home was in Louisville, Kentucky. In the last year of my seminary course I asked for permission to call upon her. I felt a strong premonition that God had called her to be my wife. I went all that distance to see her, under that impression. But when we met, I found I was mistaken."

"What happened?" I asked, exceedingly curious.

"I was simply mistaken," he repeated firmly, and would say no more.

"Well, at least tell me what she looked like," I pressed, bitterly disappointed.

"I do not remember," he said with great dignity.

I never knew any more than that about it. It did not seem to me, however, that Carie's place as our mother had been seriously threatened.

III

I PUT out of my mind entirely Carie's side of their meeting and their marriage. After all, so far as Andrew was concerned, Carie, as Carie, had very little to do with it anyway. It was providential—that is, God provided it that in the summer of his graduation from seminary when he was ready for service and held back only by his promise to his mother, a young woman should have been found who was interested, or so it appeared, in going as a missionary with him.

He had come to his brother David's house this summer, as he had the summer before, to study under his brother. David was a scholar in Sanskrit, in Hebrew, in Greek, not to mention other biblically important languages. And besides, Andrew acted as supply for neighboring churches as well as for David. It gave him practice, as well as a chance of earning a little money. And Andrew doubtless needed the practice. He could never throw off wholly that shrouding mantle of shyness. A certain secret doubt of himself as a man was always mingled with his certainty of himself as God's messenger. There was never any doubt of his divine guidance, never any doubt of his rightness. I think the truth of it is that he never could get Mrs. Pettibrew's words out of his mind. All his life he rather wistfully admired handsome and clever young men. Many handsome and clever young Chinese certainly did what they liked with him.

Still, in spite of Mrs. Pettibrew, he had turned out better than he knew. The red thatchy hair of his boyhood had miraculously turned a dark curly brown. I know it was an astonishment because the change came rather quickly so that he was teased about having dyed his hair,

to his horror. Carie told me that when she first saw him his hair was undeniably red, but the summer he proposed to her, the same summer they were married and went to China, his hair was dark. He was, she said, "Not bad-looking at all." But he kept his sandy eyebrows and his moustache was reddish, and later when he came and went among the Chinese and grew a beard, they called him "red-beard," although those who knew him nicknamed him—for everyone in China has a nickname—"The Fool about Books." Well, he was in love with books always, to the day we buried him with his little Greek New Testament, which was more a part of him than any of us ever were.

I have a picture of him the summer he married Carie. In the fashion of those days, he is seated and she is standing beside him, her hand a little awkwardly upon his shoulder. But obviously he does not know it is there. He looks out of the picture with the gaze I know so well, a gaze compounded of that obstinate jutting jaw, those childlike clear eyes, and a beautiful, saintly brow. That untroubled brow of his remained exactly the same, though he would have been eighty his next birthday had he lived until the year came round again to summer. I never knew which of those three parts of his face were more unchangeable, but I think it was his brow. It was wide and smooth, the skin transparently fair. He wore his sun helmet low over his eyes, so that the reddish-brown sunburn of his cheeks never reached his brow. In the morning, after his habitual hour of prayer alone in his study, it was marked by three strips of flaming red where he had leaned his head upon his outspread fingers. But these soon faded, leaving the smooth high brow white. He was never bald and the dark hair grew thinner and silvery. For he never suffered. He lived that extraordinary and rare thing, a completely happy life, and there was never a line upon that really noble brow.

I put relentlessly aside Carie's side of the story.

In those long evenings of his old age I asked questions of him. "What did Mother look like when you married her?" I asked him. He stared into the coal fire he loved to have burning upon the hearth in his room. He spread his hands to the blaze. They showed no trace of the youth spent upon a farm. They were a scholar's hands, rather large, very thin and finely shaped, the nails meticulously tended. But then I never saw him otherwise than neat and spotlessly clean. Never

once in all our shifting poverty-stricken childhood, or in all the later years of his age, did I ever see him except freshly shaven, his stiff wing collar white, his hair brushed. He was fastidious in all his poverty. He would never own more than two suits—if he had more he gave them away to someone who needed clothing—and those suits he wore to threadbareness, but he was always fresh and clean. Wherever he went, traveling and stopping by night in little filthy Chinese inns, he never began the day without bathing himself in some fashion. And I never saw him with dirty hands.

"Your mother?" he reflected. "I don't exactly remember. She had dark hair and eyes and she was fond of singing."

"How did you propose to Mother?" I asked, too boldly.

He was embarrassed. "I wrote her a letter," he replied. He considered for a moment and then added, "It seemed to me to be the only way of putting everything clearly before her for her mature reflection."

"Mother's father didn't want her to marry you, did he?"—this to goad him a little into remembering.

He replied tranquilly. "There was some nonsense, but I wouldn't stand for it. He was a man with a temper, although a good man in his way—but very stubborn. I have little use for stubborn people."

"And then?"

"Well, we were married and came straight to China. I remember that no one told me about berths on the train and we sat up."

"I thought somebody said you bought only one ticket on the train," I said, prodding him.

"Oh, that," he said, "there was nothing to that."

"You mean it was only a story?"

"Oh, of course I bought another ticket as soon as my attention was called to it," he said.

And he laughed at himself, his dry, half-silent laugh, because he had been such an innocent about tickets and travel. The real joke of it was that he could not realize that he was never anything but an innocent about all worldly affairs. Tickets and the intricacies of travel remained a bewilderment to him, although in some fashion or another he always arrived at his destination. This he did by the simple expedient of invariably being very early at a dock or a station so that if he wandered into the wrong ship or train somebody would find him there and put

him off in time for him to discover the right one. He traveled, of course, incredible distances, and by any means he could. Yet we never saw him start on a ship or a train, or indeed in any modern conveyance, without a sense of his helplessness and of anxiety and doubt of his arrival, and what amounted to a certainty that he would never get back again. Yet somehow, usually through the help of some pitying person who perceived his bewilderment, he always came back safely. He had a principle against luxury of any sort, although secretly he loved its comfort, and he would not hear of traveling first-class, nor until he was a very old man, even second-class. When trains began to be built in China he was as excited as a child and took the greatest pleasure in traveling by them over country through which he had once plodded on foot or upon a donkey. But for years he steadfastly refused to ride in any except the third-class, where the benches were narrow boards, and if we did not watch him he would even climb into a fourth-class coolie car. It was not because he was penurious for the sake of money. He was penurious for God's sake, that everything might go into that cause to which he had dedicated his life—and to which also he ruthlessly and unconsciously dedicated all those lives for which he was responsible.

His honeymoon upon a ship crossing the Pacific was spent in improving his knowledge of the Chinese language. He had begun the study months before. He ordered his life now as he always did. A certain number of hours each day were spent in the study of Chinese, a certain number on Hebrew and Greek. His Bible he always read in those languages. The great dissatisfaction of his life was with the inadequate translations of the Bible into English and later into Chinese. For all the absoluteness of his creed he was a thorough scholar, and he never regarded any translation of the Bible as the final Word of God. The final Word of God was there, locked somehow into the Hebrew and Greek originals, and it was the passion of his life to uncover the truth of the Word. The first heresy he ever uttered—and he was full of unconscious heresies which he would never acknowledge as such—was that “they” were all wrong in translating the word “day” in the first chapter of Genesis—it meant not “day” but “period”—“God created the world in seven periods,” he used to say. But he put no faith whatever in scientists, in their study of man's beginning—“A lot

of old fellows getting excited over a few scratches in some cave or other," he would say, dismissing the lot. And Darwin he relentlessly held to be a soul possessed by Satan. "Evolution!" he would snort. "Devilution, I call it!" Yet he could listen with wistful reverence to some Biblical archaeologist recounting the uncovering of Nineveh or Tyre, and he could hear with amazing humility of belief such fantasies of fulfillments of ancient prophecies, such madness of miracles, such imaginations of resurrection and millenniums as are not to be found between the covers of any of the novels he disdained to read because they were not "true."

Into Chinese, then, he plunged with ardent enjoyment. He was, as a matter of fact, a man of genius in all languages, and he delighted in the intricacies of Chinese, in aspirate and non-aspirate, in tones—ascending, level, level on an ascent, descending, exclamatory—in all the fine shades and distinctions of meaning and constructions. He spoke Chinese as few white men ever do, with feeling and literary precision. It came at last to be more native to him than his own tongue—he spoke it far more. Once in an American pulpit, when he went back on a furlough, he rose before a great audience to pray. As he always did, he stood a long moment in silence, to empty his mind of all except God. Then, feeling no one there except himself and God, he began to pray—and the prayer came in Chinese. Only when he was half through did he realize what he was doing. He stopped and then went on in English. But the prayer became nothing. He was conscious of others there now, and God was gone.

Indeed, few Chinese even spoke as accurately as he did, for few knew the syntax of the language as he did. There exists today a little book he once wrote on Chinese idioms, a really valuable study, written with the compression which was natural to him. And it was characteristic that when it was revised and he was urged to make an index to it, he refused to do it, saying, "It won't hurt people to look for what they are after, if they really want it."

The very precision of his knowledge, however, made his Chinese speech seem too literary, and indeed it was often beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. I remember it was a life-long complaint against Carrie that she had a certain carelessness in Chinese pronunciation. "Your mother," he would say to us plaintively, "will never learn

that certain words are aspirates." He would beseech her, his sensitive ear offended to agony, "Carie, I beg you, that word is aspirate—"

To which she replied robustly, "What's the odds? I can't be bothered, so long as they understand me. Besides, the common people understand me better than they do you."

It did not help the situation at all that this last remark was perfectly true.

When I look back over the eighty years of Andrew's life, I realize that the pattern of it is very simple. The first twenty-eight years were years of struggle and preparation, carried on doggedly with a very genius of stubborn persistence to that moment when he set sail for China. From that moment, for fifty years the pattern is one of simple happiness. All around me today, in every country of the world, I see people struggling for personal happiness. They struggle in a hundred ways. They put their hopes in a hundred different things—in new forms of government and social theory, in plans for public welfare, in private accumulation of wealth. None is quite free from that search for individual happiness. For however he may disguise his struggles under noble names of causes and crusade, the bitter truth is that no perfectly happy individual takes part in any struggle. Andrew was the happiest person I have ever known and he never struggled. He went his way, serene and confident, secure in the knowledge of his own rightness. I have seen him angry at others because they obstructed that way of the Lord he trod so surely, but I never saw him puzzled or distrustful of himself. I never saw him in undignified argument with others. He took his own way with proud tranquillity. There was a greatness in his clear determination.

Nor can I tolerate for a moment any mawkish notion that it was his religion that filled him with that might. Religion had nothing to do with it. Had he been a lesser mind he would have chosen a lesser god, had he been born for today he would have chosen another god, but whatever he chose would have been as much god to him. Whatever he did he would have done with that swordlike singleness of heart. As it was, born of the times and of that fighting blood, he chose the greatest god he knew, and set forth into the universe to make men acknowledge his god to be the one true God, before whom all must

bow. It was a magnificent imperialism of the spirit, incredible and not to be understood except by those who have been reared in it and have grown beyond it. Most of all are those yet in it unaware of what they are.

But to Andrew spiritual imperialism was as natural as the divine right of kings was to Charles the Second. Andrew, too, had that same naive and childlike guilelessness of the king. He would have been pained and astonished if anyone had ever told him he was arrogant and domineering. Indeed, he did not seem so, his bearing was of such gentleness and dignity, his step quiet, his voice soft, his manner always restrained and controlled except for those rare strange sudden furies, when something he kept curbed deep in him broke for a moment its leash. Everyone was afraid of him at those moments. His children were terrified when they saw that quick working of his face, the sharp upthrust of his hand. Someone would be hurt—struck—his hand or his cane flying out. It was over in a second, and it broke through less and less often as he grew older, until at last it died altogether, I think, or distilled itself into a diffused strength and no longer burst forth in anger, so that in his last years he was mellowed to his heart's core.

But in his youth there were those swift furies in him. I know now he never allowed one to escape him without shame and contrition. I do not doubt that when he let his hand drop so suddenly and left the room so quickly he was going into his study to fall upon his knees and beg God's forgiveness. But I think it never occurred to him to beg forgiveness of any man. It really did not occur to him, for he was not humanly proud. If he had seen it as his duty to ask forgiveness he would have done it eagerly. He never shirked his duty. But it seemed important to him only to have God's forgiveness, to make sure that clear deep channel between him and God was not defiled. At all costs he kept it clear and deep, and so he lived happily. For he had this happiness: he espoused early a cause in which he believed all his life without a shadow of doubt. Not even his own mind betrayed him. He had his mind in inexorable control. He died, sure that he had chosen rightly, had believed wisely, and had achieved success in what he had done. There are not many to whom such happiness is given.

Being always perfectly happy he had a charm about him. He was quietly gay very often, sometimes full of jokes. I have often seen him

sitting at table or in the stillness of evening after the day's work was over, when suddenly his blue eyes would brim with secret laughter and he would laugh silently. "What is it?" I always asked. Sometimes, rarely, he would tell me. But most often he would say simply, "I was thinking of something." I think he felt open laughter unbecoming. Yet sometimes when he did tell its cause he would choke and stammer with laughter. It always took us a little aback when he told us, because the thing he laughed at was often rather surprisingly simple, an incongruity of some sort. Carrie smiled at him as she did at one of the younger children. This perception of the simple incongruous was as far as his humor went.

But it could be difficult at times, because if he disliked a person he did not conceal his laughter. For instance, he disliked women at best, but he especially and openly hated the large, florid, overconfident type which our Western civilization seems to have developed in such numbers. Once when he was quite an old man he sat at my table opposite a guest who was such a person. Andrew, disliking her at once, had sat in doughty silence, refusing to acknowledge her presence beyond a scant bow. She, rattling along in her voluble way, spoke of the ball she was going to attend after dinner at the American Consulate and worried as to whether or not she would "mind" dancing with the Chinese men who would be present. She had never danced with men of another race than her own. Andrew lifted his eyes from his plate alertly. I knew he hated the way she looked, her fat arms bare to the shoulder, her large bosom bursting under her tight gown. Bulk of flesh filled him with distaste to the point of rage. Now I saw his absent eyes take on their familiar mirthful, mischievous gleam. He began suddenly in that deceptive, slow, soft voice, "I should think a Chinese man could scarcely be found who—" I pressed his foot under the table, hard and quickly. The large lady's eyes glittered.

"Do have some—some coffee," I pleaded with her. "Oh, your dress is lovely," I babbled on. "That color is so becoming—just like your eyes!"

She turned toward me, flattered and effulgent. "Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed—indeed," I cried. I kept my foot hard on Andrew's. He was stirring his cup of tea, shaking with silent laughter, forgetting everything except the picture he saw in imagination of this immense

American supporting against her hugeness a slight Chinese figure in the foolishness of dancing. Afterwards when I remonstrated with him, as I dared to do in those days, he remarked calmly, "Well, the woman ought to be laughed at—she's a fool." Andrew was always very sure of himself.

"It was very unfortunate," Andrew used to say to us, "that your mother was given to seasickness. I remember she was seasick at once upon leaving the shores of America. I urged her to exert herself to control it, but she seemed determined to let it take its course. Control would have been possible in another less stubborn nature. But in her case she allowed seasickness to become aggravated so that she never really recovered."

"You don't mean she really could have helped it!" we cried, springing to Carie's defense.

"One has to make an effort," he remarked serenely. "Besides, it was most inconvenient."

So I do not imagine on that wedding journey across a stormy typhoon-ridden ocean that Andrew was a very good nurse to a seasick bride. He would of course have been very considerate in his inquiries, but he would not have known what to do for her. He was never ill himself. He ate, he told me with unconsciously pleasurable memory, his first raw oysters that night out of Golden Gate. It was so rough that the first one slid down his throat before he swallowed it, so he could not get its taste. The second one he bit firmly. "With a little pepper and catsup," he remarked gently, "I found them eatable. I believe I ate twelve, but regretted afterwards that I had not stopped at six."

"You weren't seasick?" we inquired with malice.

"Not at all," he replied. "I have never been ill on the sea. I had merely a sense of regret for a few hours, but I kept my mind on other things."

He had a constitution of steel and a digestion which nothing could disturb. It was as near as he ever came to seasickness, and he could never understand the tortures of Carie's more delicately balanced body.

But Andrew was never ill in any way. For years on his journeys he ate what there was to be eaten. Hard-boiled eggs were a delicacy that

Chinese farm wives set before him and he ate them. One night at home he saw hard-boiled eggs on a salad Carie had made.

"Twelve," he murmured gently. "I have eaten twelve hard-boiled eggs today."

"Andrew!" cried Carie, alarmed. "Why did you do it?"

"For Christ's sake," he said. "If I hurt the people's feelings they would not listen, and being poor, it was their best."

Once, to make conversation in a peasant home, he looked out over a field of whitely blooming buckwheat, and remarked that he liked buckwheat made into cakes. The housewife immediately hustled about and he found himself confronted with a huge plateful of thick, dry, enormous buckwheat cakes, with nothing on them. He plodded through as many of them as he could. Not then, nor any time he went to that house, did he ever shirk eating them, though he dreaded them and was dejected every time he felt it his duty to go there.

So when Carie was seasick he could not believe that if she tried she would not be better.

"An effort—" he would murmur above her distracted head.

"Oh, go away, Andrew!" she implored him. "Isn't there some book you ought to be studying?"

"Andrew has no conception—" she used to say to us over and over, under her breath. But in the next breath she begged, "You children mustn't pay attention to me. Your father's a wonderful man."

He was wonderful. He preached his first sermon in Chinese six months after his arrival. It is considered a fair feat if it is done after two years, so Andrew was a missionary prodigy. He was quite proud of himself, too, and told it many times with naïve pride, although it is only fair to say that he would always add with that subdued gleam in his blue eyes, "Of course it is another question as to whether anyone understood me or not. I never heard of any conversions as a direct result of it."

His own memories of their first landing upon Chinese shores were very unlike Carie's. She could not escape the misery of the people she saw about her. But Andrew was astonished at the comfort in which the missionaries lived.

"As soon as we landed," he said, "we were met by a delegation of older missionaries who were very glad to see me, since no new rein-

forcements had come for some years. We were taken to dine at Dr. Young Allen's home. The dinner was an excellent one—much too excellent for a missionary's table, I remember thinking at the time. But afterwards I heard that Dr. Young Allen engaged himself also in mercantile pursuits. He fell into these ways during the period of the Civil War when the home church was not able to continue his salary—I believe it was stoves."

"You went to sleep during dinner and Carie was ashamed," we told him, having heard Carie tell the same story.

"I don't remember anything of that," he said mildly.

"I bought my first overcoat in Shanghai," he went on. "It was an extravagance, I thought, but I was told it was essential."

Carie in the midst of all her seasickness had grown four wisdom teeth on her honeymoon and her rather small lower jaw was so crowded that she was miserable. Andrew took her to a dentist, for the only dentists in China then were in Shanghai, and waited while she had them out with no anaesthetic—four great strong new teeth. Carie always had beautiful sound teeth. Once when she was sixty years old a dentist called his pupils to look and see how perfect teeth might be at her age. They gathered around her, solemn young Chinese dentists, while she obligingly opened her mouth as wide as she could. She laughed as she told it. "They stared until I felt my mouth was full of their eyes," she said. But there was a little pride in her voice—she knew she had a good body. And the wisdom teeth had deep strong roots.

Immediately after the teeth were pulled they went on the junk to go by canal to Hangchow—I had the story from Andrew, not Carie—and a hemorrhage set in before they sailed and he had to take her back to the dentist.

"It was very inconvenient," he said, "but we started again with a delay of a little under two hours. I was eager to get at my work."

IV

27900 THE fascinating thing about Andrew and Carie was that from the two of them we always got entirely different stories about the same incident. They never saw the same things or felt the same way about anything, and it was as though they had not gone to the same place or seen the same people. Andrew remembered nothing of the canal journey except long conversations with the senior missionary and an immense amount of progress in the language, while Carie spent the hours on the tiny deck under a big umbrella against the sun, staring at the slowly passing banks, the fields of rice being harvested, the little villages. I know—for how often have I walked through Chinese fields in September!—that the warm windless air was resonant with the syncopated beat of flails threshing out the rice from the threshing floors of earth. I know the deep blue skies above the shorn gold fields and the flocks of white geese picking up the scattered grains of rice. It is still hot, and little children tumble in the path, naked and brown with the summer sun, to fall asleep curled in the shade at the root of a tree. For the very air is sweet and somnolent with that broken rhythmic beating of the flails.

But Andrew was alert to the mission compound.

"Everything was much better than I had dreamed," he told me once. "The houses were big and clean and the meals were excellent. I had expected to live in small mud huts. I was uncomfortable in the midst of such comforts—good food, servants, space. Your mother put up some sort of pinkish curtains in our room. I thought they were too fancy and said so."

"Did she take them down?" I asked.

"No," he said, "she always had her own notions. But I was there very little. I spent my time downstairs in the study. We began to study Chinese the morning after my arrival. We began at eight and studied until twelve, and again at one until five o'clock. Then we took a walk for exercise. There were no textbooks worth the name, so we began reading the New Testament. The teacher read a line and we repeated it after him as nearly as possible in the same tones. We did this every day except Sunday."

"Didn't you get tired?" we asked. Carie had often grown tired. There was a bed of chrysanthemums against the grey brick compound wall and she sat by the window so that when she could not longer endure the drone of the old teacher's voice she could look at the flaming heavy-headed flowers. She would not let herself look at them often—only when she was so tired she could not bear it. And then when they faded, mercifully there was a heavenly bamboo near the window, hung with heavy plumes of scarlet berries. And sometimes wild geese flew across the piece of sky that stretched above the compound.

"Tired!" exclaimed Andrew. "How could I be tired when I was doing the one thing I most wanted to do—fit myself for the Work?"

All his thoroughness inherited from his Teutonic ancestors went into that study. He dug and delved among the roots of the language. He learned the two hundred and fourteen radicals and the tones of the words, the aspirates and non-aspirates. He mastered its grammar and explored its idiom. He began the study of the Confucian classics so that from the first he would have a cultured vocabulary and mode of expression. It was characteristic of the tenacity of his mind and the singleness of his purpose that the philosophy of Confucius, so essentially that of Jesus Christ, never once appeared to him as of importance. "Confucius says some very nice things," he was wont to say calmly, "but he knew nothing of God and of course understood nothing of the wickedness of human nature and the necessity of salvation from sin through our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ."

He was exceedingly scornful in after years of those missionary souls, more delicately balanced, who saw in the wisdom of Confucius a means of a sort of salvation, after all. "He's off the track," he would say of such a soul, with a genuine sorrowful pity.

But Andrew found cause for endless astonishment at his fellow missionaries. The people about him were as he expected them to be—unsaved. But he had not expected to find missionaries quite so human as they were. "Most of them," he said, "though good, were not very bright men." "That fellow!" he exclaimed of another. "He was lazy. He didn't want to leave the comforts of his home. He'd go to a chapel on the street once or twice a week and then wonder why the Lord didn't give him converts."

"They were very quarrelsome men," he said, remembering those early holy men of the church. "I remember how exceedingly astonished I was, when I was first sent to Soochow, to find Dr. DuBose and Dr. Davis, the only two white men in the city, one living at the north and one at the south, and never meeting or speaking to each other. When I went to see Dr. Davis and spoke of Dr. DuBose, he said, 'Oh, how I hate that man!'" He paused, and added solemnly, "I was shocked." Then he went on. "When I was sent up the river to Chinkiang there was Dr. Woodbridge and Dr. Woods. They spent much time playing chess, and were alternately friends and enemies. When I first arrived it was during a period of enmity. They were not speaking. Each poured out upon me the story of the other's total unfitness for the Work. I felt it my duty to listen to each impartially and to endeavor to reconcile them."

He smiled a wry smile.

"Did you succeed?" we asked.

"I succeeded to this extent—they united in turning on me!" He gave his dry silent laugh.

What Andrew never knew, and what I did not know until I grew up and saw for myself, was that, with all his seeming tranquillity, he was a warrior with the best of them, a son of God continually going forth to battle, a fighting angel. One of my earliest memories in that square mission bungalow was of Monday afternoons devoted to what was called "station meeting," a gathering of the resident missionaries. On Sunday everyone had been religiously whetted by three church services—not only religiously whetted but physically exhausted and emotionally strained. Monday was the day after. I have sat, hundreds of Mondays, a small bewildered child, looking from one stubborn

face to the other of my elders, listening to one stubborn voice and then another. What the quarrel was about I never in those days quite knew because it so continually changed. A great deal of it was about money—whether Mr. Wang, the evangelist at the West Gate chapel, should get ten dollars a month instead of eight, for instance. I hoped for ten because I rather liked round-faced merry little Mr. Wang who brought me packages of sweet rice cakes on New Year's Day. Hours went into the discussion of two dollars. But it seemed the two dollars would give Mr. Wang notions—he might want twelve some day—there would be luxuries, perhaps—mission money was sacred—a trust. Mr. Wang must have only eight dollars. Carie got up and went out, her face very red. I followed timidly.

"What's the matter, Mother?" I wanted to know.

"Nothing," she said, pressing her lips together. "Nothing—nothing at all!"

But I saw everything in her face. I went back, crushed, only to find Mr. Wang was quite forgotten now and they were arguing over repainting the church door or about an appropriation for tracts or over opening a new station. Andrew was always wanting to expand the Work, to open more stations, and the others did not want him to do it. Listening to them, my heart swelled with helpless tears. It seemed to me they were always against Andrew and Carie, those men and women with their leathery skins and hard mouths and bitter determined eyes. Andrew sat there, never looking at them, but always out of the window, across the valley to the hills, that brow of his white and serene, his voice quiet and final. Over and over again he was saying, "I feel it my duty to push further into the interior. I regret if it is against your will, but I must do my duty."

Thus Andrew did his share of quarreling, but in his own fashion. He never obeyed any rules at all, because they always seemed to conflict with what was his duty, and he always knew his duty. The others might vote and decide, for the Work was supposed to be carried on by a sort of democratic decision of all the missionaries, subject to their financial boards in America. But Andrew listened only to God. Lack of money never stopped him. If he had no money, and he never had it, he wrote to anybody he knew who had any, asking for it shamelessly. If he got it, and he often did, he was supposed by mission rule to re-

port it and put it into the common budget. But though he would report it if he thought of it, he never gave it up and he used it as he liked—always to push on into the interior, to open up new little centers for his preaching. I have seen other lesser and more bureaucratic missionaries grow almost demented trying to control Andrew. They shouted bitter words at him, they threatened him with expulsion if he did not cease disobeying rules, over and over they called him a heretic, once even called him insane because he seemed to hear nothing they said. He was a rock in the midst of all the frothing—unmoved, unresentful, serene, but so determined, so stubborn in his own way, that I know there have been those who, seeing that high, obstinate, angelic tranquillity, have felt like going out and groaning and beating their heads against a wall in sheer excess of helpless rage. But Andrew did not know even that they were angry with him. Had he not told them God's will? He must obey God's will.

Well, God's will led him along the line of battle all his life. He waged continual war—battle and skirmish, but no retreat. One of his wars, which time and his own determination won him at last, was on the subject of an educated Chinese clergy. When he went to China he found the Chinese clergy for the most part very nearly illiterate. They had been coolies, servants, gatemen in mission compounds, humble men who were easily converted and who more easily stepped into the slight supremacy of standing in a pulpit and haranguing a passing crowd. Andrew was shocked to the soul. He was a scholar and a lover of learning, and he perceived the intellectual quality of the Chinese and how little Chinese of worth and standing could respect these ignorant men. It was, he felt, to bring the Church into contempt.

It seems absurd now, more than half a century later, to realize what a tremendous uproar Andrew made by such a belief. He was called a heretic, he was denounced for liberalism and modernism, for not believing in the power of the Holy Ghost, for trusting to men's brains rather than to God's power—all the hue and cry familiar through centuries to those who have dared to differ from orthodox religion. For, cried the orthodox—do they not always so cry?—God could do anything. He could make a gateman into a great preacher. Human knowledge was nothing but deception, "filthy rags," St. Paul had taught them to call all human righteousness.

Andrew, his head high above the surge, began to gather about him a little group of young intellectuals, five or six, whom he taught in a class in his own study. They were already learned in their own language. He taught them history, religious philosophy, Hebrew, Greek, homiletics—all the things he himself had been taught in seminary. He continued that class over years, its members changing. He never used an uneducated man in any of his churches. Fifty years after he began that war he saw a thriving theological seminary established and he closed his class. His world had caught up to him.

Then there was that question of religious denominations. One of the astounding imperialisms of the West has been the domination over the Chinese of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and what not, to the number of well over a hundred different types of the Protestant Christian religion alone. This has been, in China, more than a spiritual imperialism—it has been physical as well. There has been much talk of political spheres of influence, of Japan and Germany and England and France, dividing China into areas for trade and power. But the missionaries divided China, too. Certain provinces, certain areas, were allotted to certain denominations for propaganda and there was supposed to be no overstepping.

Andrew was, of course, a born overstepper, because he always did as he pleased. He went where he pleased to preach. If some irate Methodist missionary pointed out that in a certain town there was already a Methodist chapel and that therefore Andrew had no right there, he pshawed and preached on briskly. Accused, he said calmly, "The Methodists aren't accomplishing anything there. The man at their chapel is a stick. I can't let all the people in that town go without the Gospel." Yes, I know he was maddening.

For, illogically, he could be merciless on any who stepped into his preserves. A bogey of our childhood was a certain one-eyed Baptist missionary who, I know now, was a harmless good man, not more obstinate in his ways than others, but who throughout my childhood I felt was a spirit of darkness. I gathered that impression from Andrew because the man believed in and taught immersion as the one true baptism while Andrew, being Presbyterian, only sprinkled the heads of his converts. But the one-eyed Baptist went about in Andrew's territory telling everybody sprinkling was wrong.

It was a nice situation, humorous only to the impartial observer. For the ignorant people, believing that if a little water was a good thing for the soul, more was better, too often followed the one-eyed man, to Andrew's intense fury. Moreover, it seemed there were certain passages in the New Testament which disconcertingly supported the one-eyed missionary's theory that Jesus walked people entirely under the water. The only thing that really helped Andrew was that a good many of the Chinese were disinclined to get themselves wet all over, especially in the winter, so that immersion was unpopular except in the hot season.

The war went on year after year, and it was the more difficult because Carie maintained a friendship with the pleasant wife of the Baptist. We sat silent through many a meal while Andrew with unwonted fluency said what he felt about other denominations, especially about the folly of immersion, and most especially about the lunacy of telling ignorant people they must be immersed. In his defense it must be said that it was of course extremely trying for him to labor to secure a good Presbyterian convert in one season only to discover upon the next visit that he had been immersed into a Baptist. It was like harboring a cuckoo in the nest. One taught and labored and suffered all the trouble of instilling the fundamentals of Christianity into a heathen and at least one should be able to put down a new member in the statistics. It was nothing short of religious thievery when the member was added to the Baptist glory.

After thirty years of strenuous warfare, the situation was settled one morning by the one-eyed missionary being found dead in his bed of heart failure. Andrew felt he was completely vindicated. He was at the breakfast table when the sad news was brought in by the compound gateman. He poured tinned cream into his coffee and put in a little extra sugar before he answered. He secretly loved sugar and was very stern with himself about it. But this morning he stirred it up. Then he looked around at us all and said in a voice of calm and righteous triumph, "I knew the Lord would not allow that sort of thing to go on forever!"

Afterwards he was a complete and untiring advocate of denominational union. But that is the story of another war and he died before it was finished.

The truth is that the early missionaries were born warriors and very great men, for in those days religion was still a banner under which to fight. No weak or timid soul could sail the seas to foreign lands and defy danger and death unless he did carry his religion as a banner under which even death would be a glorious end. The early missionaries believed in their cause as men these days do not know how to believe in anything. Heaven was actual, a space filled with solid goods. Hell did burn, not only for the evil unbelieving, but far more horrible, for those who died in ignorance. To go forth, to cry out, to warn, to save others—these were frightful urgencies upon the soul already saved. There was a very madness of necessity, an agony of salvation. Those early missionaries were fighting in a desperate cause—to save those who were being born more quickly, dying more swiftly than they could possibly be saved. They laid vast plans, they drew up campaigns over hundreds of thousands of miles, they sped swiftly from soul to soul. They even estimated two minutes to a soul to tell them the way of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—you believe? Saved, saved!"

It is not a thing to smile at, not even in these days of casual disbelief. It was a terrible thing, a crushing horror, not upon the blessed ignorant who died peacefully and went to hell all unknowing, but upon those frantic desperate men and women who felt upon themselves the responsibility of saving souls. None but the strong could have borne the burden—none but the strong, none but the blindly hopeful, could have eaten, could have slept, could have begotten children and lived out their days under such oppression.

But they were strong. I have not seen anywhere the like of Andrew and his generation. They were no mild stay-at-homes, no soft-living landmen. If they had not gone as daring missionaries, they would have gone to gold fields or explored the poles or sailed on pirate ships. They would have ruled the natives of foreign lands in other ways of power if God had not caught their souls so young. They were proud and quarrelsome and brave and intolerant and passionate. There was not a meek man among them. They strode along the Chinese streets secure in their right to go about their business. No question ever assailed them, no doubt ever weakened them. They were right in all they did and they waged the wars of God, sure of victory.

Ah well, they are all gone now! There are no more left like them. Those who take their place in our modern times are shot through with doubt and distrust of themselves and their message. They talk of tolerance and mutual esteem, of liberalizing education and of friendly relations and all such gentle feeble things. They see good in all religions and they no longer wage any more wars and they serve their lives out for a small security. There is no taste in them. I can hear Andrew reading sternly from the Book of Revelation, "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth!" The giants are gone.

My memory of that circle of half a dozen soberly dressed people is grim. Now, of course, after years away from them, after knowing what people are like in ordinary places, I realize the impossibility to which their human souls were stretched. The real story of life in a mission station has never yet been told. When it is told it must be told, if it is to be told truthfully, with such vast understanding and tenderness and ruthlessness that perhaps it never can be done justly. The drama in it is terrifying. Imagine two, four, five, six—rarely more—white men and women, some married to each other, the others starved without the compensation of being consecrated to celibacy, imagine them thrown together, hit or miss, without regard to natural congeniality of any sort, in a town or city in the interior of China, living together for years on end, without relief, in the enforced intimacy of a mission compound, compelled to work together, and unable, from the narrowness of their mental and spiritual outlook, to find escape and release in the civilization around them. Within those compound walls is their whole real world. Their real companionships are with each other, or else they live utterly alone. They seldom become proficient enough in the language to enjoy Chinese society or literature, even if their prejudice did not forbid it. There they are, struggling to maintain standards of Christian brotherhood, struggling against their own natural antipathies and desires, wasting their spirits in an attempt to be reconciled to that which is irreconcilable among them.

And what incredible stories, what pathetic, human, inevitable stories! They are hushed, guarded against, kept secret, for the sake of the

Work, for the sake of the "home church," for shame's sake, for God's sake—but what stories!

There was that old white-haired gentle man who worked for so many faithful years, only to go at last so strangely mad, so quietly mad, shielded by his agonized loyal wife. The story crept out, as it always comes out, through servants. He had a concubine—a fresh-faced Chinese country girl. Yes, his wife knew. Yes, they had prayed over it in such distress, so long—there was that insatiable thirst in him for—for such things. It was hard to understand—he was so good, really. And then his wife had thought of old Abraham, longing for the young Hagar, and it seemed to her she was like Sarah, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham. And God was not angry—God understood. But the story came creeping out, and the old white-haired pair were hastily retired.

And there was the strange little grey-eyed, brown-haired, pallid Chinese child, running about with a native pastor's flock of children. And there was the tall lonely missionary whose wife was years away, educating her own children at home. No one ever knew how that story came creeping out of a little village. An enemy did it, perhaps. No one is without enemies in China. But when the Chinese pastor was asked why among his dark brood there should be the one pale child with foreign eyes, he answered candidly enough, "The white man who is my head lives a very lonely life. And did not David take another man's wife, yet he was the Lord's beloved?"

And there were the two old missionaries, man and wife for forty years, living dangerous, brave, sacrificing lives, and suddenly their life fell into pieces when they were old, and the man, sensitive and worn to his bones, cried out that he had hated his wife for years, that his flesh had revolted at hers, and he had lived in desperate unhappiness. He cried over and over only one thing, shuddering, "I don't want ever to hear her voice again. I don't want to feel the touch of her hand!"

And there is the story of that pleasant-looking missionary, subject for years to moods of mania, when he imagined his kind dark-eyed wife was unfaithful to him, and he would seize a knife from the table or a chair or anything at hand, and try to kill her. Their four little children grew up with the horrible secret and not one of them spoke, because their mother, after the mood was over and after he had made

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"Did you succeed?" we asked.

"I succeeded to this extent—they united in turning on me!" He gave his dry silent laugh.

What Andrew never knew, and what I did not know until I grew up and saw for myself, was that, with all his seeming tranquillity, he was a warrior with the best of them, a son of God continually going forth to battle, a fighting angel. One of my earliest memories in that square mission bungalow was of Monday afternoons devoted to what was called "station meeting," a gathering of the resident missionaries. On Sunday everyone had been religiously whetted by three church services—not only religiously whetted but physically exhausted and emotionally strained. Monday was the day after. I have sat, hundreds of Mondays, a small bewildered child, looking from one stubborn

face to the other of my elders, listening to one stubborn voice and then another. What the quarrel was about I never in those days quite knew because it so continually changed. A great deal of it was about money—whether Mr. Wang, the evangelist at the West Gate chapel, should get ten dollars a month instead of eight, for instance. I hoped for ten because I rather liked round-faced merry little Mr. Wang who brought me packages of sweet rice cakes on New Year's Day. Hours went into the discussion of two dollars. But it seemed the two dollars would give Mr. Wang notions—he might want twelve some day—there would be luxuries, perhaps—mission money was sacred—a trust. Mr. Wang must have only eight dollars. Carie got up and went out, her face very red. I followed timidly.

"What's the matter, Mother?" I wanted to know.

"Nothing," she said, pressing her lips together. "Nothing—nothing at all!"

But I saw everything in her face. I went back, crushed, only to find Mr. Wang was quite forgotten now and they were arguing over repainting the church door or about an appropriation for tracts or over opening a new station. Andrew was always wanting to expand the Work, to open more stations, and the others did not want him to do it. Listening to them, my heart swelled with helpless tears. It seemed to me they were always against Andrew and Carie, those men and women with their leathery skins and hard mouths and bitter determined eyes. Andrew sat there, never looking at them, but always out of the window, across the valley to the hills, that brow of his white and serene, his voice quiet and final. Over and over again he was saying, "I feel it my duty to push further into the interior. I regret if it is against your will, but I must do my duty."

Thus Andrew did his share of quarreling, but in his own fashion. He never obeyed any rules at all, because they always seemed to conflict with what was his duty, and he always knew his duty. The others might vote and decide, for the Work was supposed to be carried on by a sort of democratic decision of all the missionaries, subject to their financial boards in America. But Andrew listened only to God. Lack of money never stopped him. If he had no money, and he never had it, he wrote to anybody he knew who had any, asking for it shamelessly. If he got it, and he often did, he was supposed by mission rule to re-

port it and put it into the common budget. But though he would report it if he thought of it, he never gave it up and he used it as he liked—always to push on into the interior, to open up new little centers for his preaching. I have seen other lesser and more bureaucratic missionaries grow almost demented trying to control Andrew. They shouted bitter words at him, they threatened him with expulsion if he did not cease disobeying rules, over and over they called him a heretic, once even called him insane because he seemed to hear nothing they said. He was a rock in the midst of all the frothing—unmoved, unresentful, serene, but so determined, so stubborn in his own way, that I know there have been those who, seeing that high, obstinate, angelic tranquillity, have felt like going out and groaning and beating their heads against a wall in sheer excess of helpless rage. But Andrew did not know even that they were angry with him. Had he not told them God's will? He must obey God's will.

Well, God's will led him along the line of battle all his life. He waged continual war—battle and skirmish, but no retreat. One of his wars, which time and his own determination won him at last, was on the subject of an educated Chinese clergy. When he went to China he found the Chinese clergy for the most part very nearly illiterate. They had been coolies, servants, gatemen in mission compounds, humble men who were easily converted and who more easily stepped into the slight supremacy of standing in a pulpit and haranguing a passing crowd. Andrew was shocked to the soul. He was a scholar and a lover of learning, and he perceived the intellectual quality of the Chinese and how little Chinese of worth and standing could respect these ignorant men. It was, he felt, to bring the Church into contempt.

It seems absurd now, more than half a century later, to realize what a tremendous uproar Andrew made by such a belief. He was called a heretic, he was denounced for liberalism and modernism, for not believing in the power of the Holy Ghost, for trusting to men's brains rather than to God's power—all the hue and cry familiar through centuries to those who have dared to differ from orthodox religion. For, cried the orthodox—do they not always so cry?—God could do anything. He could make a gateman into a great preacher. Human knowledge was nothing but deception, "filthy rags," St. Paul had taught them to call all human righteousness.

Andrew, his head high above the surge, began to gather about him a little group of young intellectuals, five or six, whom he taught in a class in his own study. They were already learned in their own language. He taught them history, religious philosophy, Hebrew, Greek, homiletics—all the things he himself had been taught in seminary. He continued that class over years, its members changing. He never used an uneducated man in any of his churches. Fifty years after he began that war he saw a thriving theological seminary established and he closed his class. His world had caught up to him.

Then there was that question of religious denominations. One of the astounding imperialisms of the West has been the domination over the Chinese of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and what not, to the number of well over a hundred different types of the Protestant Christian religion alone. This has been, in China, more than a spiritual imperialism—it has been physical as well. There has been much talk of political spheres of influence, of Japan and Germany and England and France, dividing China into areas for trade and power. But the missionaries divided China, too. Certain provinces, certain areas, were allotted to certain denominations for propaganda and there was supposed to be no overstepping.

Andrew was, of course, a born overstepper, because he always did as he pleased. He went where he pleased to preach. If some irate Methodist missionary pointed out that in a certain town there was already a Methodist chapel and that therefore Andrew had no right there, he pshawed and preached on briskly. Accused, he said calmly, "The Methodists aren't accomplishing anything there. The man at their chapel is a stick. I can't let all the people in that town go without the Gospel." Yes, I know he was maddening.

For, illogically, he could be merciless on any who stepped into his preserves. A bogey of our childhood was a certain one-eyed Baptist missionary who, I know now, was a harmless good man, not more obstinate in his ways than others, but who throughout my childhood I felt was a spirit of darkness. I gathered that impression from Andrew because the man believed in and taught immersion as the one true baptism while Andrew, being Presbyterian, only sprinkled the heads of his converts. But the one-eyed Baptist went about in Andrew's territory telling everybody sprinkling was wrong.

It was a nice situation, humorous only to the impartial observer. For the ignorant people, believing that if a little water was a good thing for the soul, more was better, too often followed the one-eyed man, to Andrew's intense fury. Moreover, it seemed there were certain passages in the New Testament which disconcertingly supported the one-eyed missionary's theory that Jesus walked people entirely under the water. The only thing that really helped Andrew was that a good many of the Chinese were disinclined to get themselves wet all over, especially in the winter, so that immersion was unpopular except in the hot season.

The war went on year after year, and it was the more difficult because Carie maintained a friendship with the pleasant wife of the Baptist. We sat silent through many a meal while Andrew with unwonted fluency said what he felt about other denominations, especially about the folly of immersion, and most especially about the lunacy of telling ignorant people they must be immersed. In his defense it must be said that it was of course extremely trying for him to labor to secure a good Presbyterian convert in one season only to discover upon the next visit that he had been immersed into a Baptist. It was like harboring a cuckoo in the nest. One taught and labored and suffered all the trouble of instilling the fundamentals of Christianity into a heathen and at least one should be able to put down a new member in the statistics. It was nothing short of religious thievery when the member was added to the Baptist glory.

After thirty years of strenuous warfare, the situation was settled one morning by the one-eyed missionary being found dead in his bed of heart failure. Andrew felt he was completely vindicated. He was at the breakfast table when the sad news was brought in by the compound gateman. He poured tinned cream into his coffee and put in a little extra sugar before he answered. He secretly loved sugar and was very stern with himself about it. But this morning he stirred it up. Then he looked around at us all and said in a voice of calm and righteous triumph, "I knew the Lord would not allow that sort of thing to go on forever!"

Afterwards he was a complete and untiring advocate of denominational union. But that is the story of another war and he died before it was finished.

The truth is that the early missionaries were born warriors and very great men, for in those days religion was still a banner under which to fight. No weak or timid soul could sail the seas to foreign lands and defy danger and death unless he did carry his religion as a banner under which even death would be a glorious end. The early missionaries believed in their cause as men these days do not know how to believe in anything. Heaven was actual, a space filled with solid goods. Hell did burn, not only for the evil unbelieving, but far more horrible, for those who died in ignorance. To go forth, to cry out, to warn, to save others—these were frightful urgencies upon the soul already saved. There was a very madness of necessity, an agony of salvation. Those early missionaries were fighting in a desperate cause—to save those who were being born more quickly, dying more swiftly than they could possibly be saved. They laid vast plans, they drew up campaigns over hundreds of thousands of miles, they sped swiftly from soul to soul. They even estimated two minutes to a soul to tell them the way of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—you believe? Saved, saved!"

It is not a thing to smile at, not even in these days of casual disbelief. It was a terrible thing, a crushing horror, not upon the blessed ignorant who died peacefully and went to hell all unknowing, but upon those frantic desperate men and women who felt upon themselves the responsibility of saving souls. None but the strong could have borne the burden—none but the strong, none but the blindly hopeful, could have eaten, could have slept, could have begotten children and lived out their days under such oppression.

But they were strong. I have not seen anywhere the like of Andrew and his generation. They were no mild stay-at-homes, no soft-living landmen. If they had not gone as daring missionaries, they would have gone to gold fields or explored the poles or sailed on pirate ships. They would have ruled the natives of foreign lands in other ways of power if God had not caught their souls so young. They were proud and quarrelsome and brave and intolerant and passionate. There was not a meek man among them. They strode along the Chinese streets secure in their right to go about their business. No question ever assailed them, no doubt ever weakened them. They were right in all they did and they waged the wars of God, sure of victory.

Ah well, they are all gone now! There are no more left like them. Those who take their place in our modern times are shot through with doubt and distrust of themselves and their message. They talk of tolerance and mutual esteem, of liberalizing education and of friendly relations and all such gentle feeble things. They see good in all religions and they no longer wage any more wars and they serve their lives out for a small security. There is no taste in them. I can hear Andrew reading sternly from the Book of Revelation, "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth!" The giants are gone.

My memory of that circle of half a dozen soberly dressed people is grim. Now, of course, after years away from them, after knowing what people are like in ordinary places, I realize the impossibility to which their human souls were stretched. The real story of life in a mission station has never yet been told. When it is told it must be told, if it is to be told truthfully, with such vast understanding and tenderness and ruthlessness that perhaps it never can be done justly. The drama in it is terrifying. Imagine two, four, five, six—rarely more—white men and women, some married to each other, the others starved without the compensation of being consecrated to celibacy, imagine them thrown together, hit or miss, without regard to natural congeniality of any sort, in a town or city in the interior of China, living together for years on end, without relief, in the enforced intimacy of a mission compound, compelled to work together, and unable, from the narrowness of their mental and spiritual outlook, to find escape and release in the civilization around them. Within those compound walls is their whole real world. Their real companionships are with each other, or else they live utterly alone. They seldom become proficient enough in the language to enjoy Chinese society or literature, even if their prejudice did not forbid it. There they are, struggling to maintain standards of Christian brotherhood, struggling against their own natural antipathies and desires, wasting their spirits in an attempt to be reconciled to that which is irreconcilable among them.

And what incredible stories, what pathetic, human, inevitable stories! They are hushed, guarded against, kept secret, for the sake of the

Work, for the sake of the "home church," for shame's sake, for God's sake—but what stories!

There was that old white-haired gentle man who worked for so many faithful years, only to go at last so strangely mad, so quietly mad, shielded by his agonized loyal wife. The story crept out, as it always comes out, through servants. He had a concubine—a fresh-faced Chinese country girl. Yes, his wife knew. Yes, they had prayed over it in such distress, so long—there was that insatiable thirst in him for—such things. It was hard to understand—he was so good, really. And then his wife had thought of old Abraham, longing for the young Hagar, and it seemed to her she was like Sarah, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham. And God was not angry—God understood. But the story came creeping out, and the old white-haired pair were hastily retired.

And there was the strange little grey-eyed, brown-haired, pallid Chinese child, running about with a native pastor's flock of children. And there was the tall lonely missionary whose wife was years away, educating her own children at home. No one ever knew how that story came creeping out of a little village. An enemy did it, perhaps. No one is without enemies in China. But when the Chinese pastor was asked why among his dark brood there should be the one pale child with foreign eyes, he answered candidly enough, "The white man who is my head lives a very lonely life. And did not David take another man's wife, yet he was the Lord's beloved?"

And there were the two old missionaries, man and wife for forty years, living dangerous, brave, sacrificing lives, and suddenly their life fell into pieces when they were old, and the man, sensitive and worn to his bones, cried out that he had hated his wife for years, that his flesh had revolted at hers, and he had lived in desperate unhappiness. He cried over and over only one thing, shuddering, "I don't want ever to hear her voice again. I don't want to feel the touch of her hand!"

And there is the story of that pleasant-looking missionary, subject for years to moods of mania, when he imagined his kind dark-eyed wife was unfaithful to him, and he would seize a knife from the table or a chair or anything at hand, and try to kill her. Their four little children grew up with the horrible secret and not one of them spoke, because their mother, after the mood was over and after he had made

her do penance by crawling around him on her hands and knees, laid it upon them with passion that they were never to tell. So they never told. They grew up with a strange quiet tensivity of look, but no one knew. Then the faithful wife died and the missionary married again, a gentle spinster, and she would not tell, and so it went until at last he revealed the truth himself in a fit, and all the years of torture came to life again in the shuddering words of the children, released at last to speak.

And no one has told the story of the spinsters for Christ's sake, the women who in the sweet idealism of their youth go out to lonely mission stations. Year by year they grow paler and more silent, more withered and more wistful, growing sometimes severe and cruel with their fellowmen, and sometimes, too, growing into miracles of pure and gentle selflessness. Most of them never marry, because no man ever asks them—there is none to ask them. Sometimes they marry a man inferior, an older widower, a rough river captain—even, sometimes, though this is never to be told, their Chinese associates. But that is so rare I think it truly need not be told.

And those missionary widowers, marrying so quickly when their wives die that even the polygamous Chinese wonder! The missionary cemeteries are full of wives. I think of one black shaft of a tombstone in a certain walled spot beside the Yangtse River where an old son of God lies buried with three wives and seven of his children about him. But the shaft is raised only to him. Yes, the blood of such white men runs hotter than the blood of the heathen, even though they are men of God.

Yet to understand the impossible narrowness of that mission life is to forgive every bond that is sometimes burst. In that hot foreign climate, in the storms of wind and dust, in the floods and wars and risings of mobs against them, in such uneasiness of life, in such impossibility of achieving what they have set themselves, in bitter isolation from their kind, in the inward oppression of their own souls, that oppression which looks out of their somber eyes and sounds in their voices, apathetic if they are not angry, the wonder is not that men of God quarrel with each other so often, but that they do not kill each other or themselves more often than they do.

They do sometimes kill themselves. There was that missionary wife

who rose from her husband's bed after she had borne him eight children and ran in her white gown through the night on a Chinese street and leaped from a cliff into the Yangtse River. And there was that gay and pretty Southern girl who rose in another night and crept downstairs into her own kitchen and with a common chopping knife tried to cut her throat and could not die, and she went up into the attic, her husband and her four little children sleeping, and found a rope and hung herself, and she leaped from the window and the rope broke and still she could not die, and she staggered, dripping blood, upstairs again into the bathroom and found poison and so died at last. There are such stories, but nobody wants them told, for the Work must go on. I say the wonder is not that there are these stories and scores like them, but that there are not many more than there are. Conversion does not really change the needy human heart.

But of course I only came to know all this afterwards. In those days of my childhood I may as well confess I was afraid of Andrew and all of them. My own private real life was lived entirely elsewhere in a place where there was no God at all.

There were mornings, bright sunny spring mornings, when one woke up to imagination. Usually it was a day when Andrew was going away on a journey. I may as well tell still more of the truth. A certain relief came over us all when he was going away on one of his preaching tours. The servants ran briskly to fetch and pack. There was always a bedding roll to get ready, a long bag of brown homespun cotton cloth into which was put a thin mattress, a blanket, and a pillow. Andrew was fastidious about lice in inn beds. If he were traveling by land this bedding was thrown across the back of his white donkey. Then he, wearing a sun helmet and a light grey cotton suit, or earlier his Chinese robes, and carrying a cane under his arm to beat off dogs, would straddle the donkey and the bedding roll, his long legs dangling until his feet were not two inches from the ground. He always said drily that if the donkey tried to kick up he simply held his feet on the ground. But it was a sturdy beast and trotted off with dogged gayety, its ears cocked wickedly, tail swishing. We watched that gaunt indomitable figure disappear down the cobbled, willow-shaded lane, and then a sense of peace fell over us all. The servants dawdled. Carie went to

the organ and sang a long time or she read a book, and I—I went out into the garden and played all day there was no God. And Carie often helped unconsciously by saying at twilight, "We'll skip prayers tonight and take a walk instead—just for once God won't mind." God! There hadn't been any God all day.

On one such evening I carried imagination to a dangerous pitch. I decided not to say my prayers at all. I could not sleep for a long time, dreading the darkness. For in the darkness I knew of course there really was a God—there was that Eye that saw everything. But I stuck to my wickedness and fell asleep to wake, to my astonishment, perfectly safe, the peaceful summer sunshine streaming in my window. I never feared Andrew quite so much again. God had not done anything to me.

Now that I am no longer young, I know that Andrew never meant to frighten a little child or dreamed that he did. There were times, I remember now, when he came back from his long tours spent and weary but in a sort of glory of content, his work well done, God well served. He seldom saw beauty, and yet there were times when he said at supper, "The mountains were pretty today, covered with red and yellow azaleas everywhere." Sometimes he even brought back an armful of the flowers, if it so happened that his heart was content with what had happened to him. Sometimes he told us what he had seen—a small hill panther had crouched at the side of the road, and he had not known whether to go on or turn back, but he had promised to be at a certain village at noon and there would be those who waited for him. So he went on without seeming to notice, and the beast had not sprung. Wolves he saw often in winter, sometimes running down into the fields where the farmers chased them. But I was disappointed when I first saw a wolf because it looked like a big village dog and little more, except it was an odd dull grey in color.

In the spring Andrew was always gone. He grew restless as winter closed and as soon as the spring floods began to well into the canals from the river, swollen with melting snows in the upper gorges, he began to plan his long preaching tours by junk or upon his white ass. When Carie lay dying she said to me, knowing well enough that some woman would have to look after Andrew, "Look out for spring! About the first of April he gets hard to manage. It won't matter if he's

eighty, he'll want to get away over the country and behind the hills preaching." Well, it was a good thing he always had the Gospel to preach so that he could go into all the world and be happy, feeling it was his duty. Not everyone is so lucky. But then I always said Andrew had a happy life. God always seemed to have told him to do what he would have wanted to do anyway.

In all my life I heard Andrew speak of only two men with unmeasured praise, and though I never saw them myself, for I was born too late for that, I have always thought of them as giants. For all I know they may have been men of ordinary size, but I see them tall like gods. They take their place with Goliath and David, and for goodness they stand among the elder prophets. Otherwise Andrew would not have praised them. For he might give away silver and gold carelessly, but he never so gave his praise. I waited years to hear a word of approbation from his lips, and when it came I knew I deserved it or he would not have given it to me then.

It seemed that Andrew was utterly dissatisfied with the plans of expansion in the narrow mission group in which he worked. "Creeping from village to village!" he exclaimed. "Satisfied with a street chapel or two in a town! Why, we have to think in terms of a continent and of millions of people!" He began to plan a scheme of rapid northward expansion which seemed nothing short of insanity to his fellow missionaries. But opposition was energy to Andrew.

It happened that this was the time when Carie came down with tuberculosis and they went to a northern seacoast where she could recover. While she was busy about this, Andrew investigated, as he set forth on his preaching tours, the methods of missionaries in that province of Shantung, a region which belonged to another religious denomination. So he found the two giants, whose names were Corbett and Nevius. They did not work together. In fact, I believe they were mortal enemies. But both were so statesmanlike, both so large in their plans, that Andrew admired them completely. He went with them, listening, observing, learning. For years he discussed the relative merits of their opposing systems of spreading the Gospel. One worked extensively, over wide areas, taking advantage of every chance, content with less than satisfactory results sometimes in order to see constant expan-

sion. The other worked intensively, perfecting and completing each center before he opened another, making a continuous chain of churches rather than scattering them widely. Both were men of shining intellect, imperious wills, and volcanic physical energy. But one was a rough crude son of an American farmer and the other a polished and cultivated gentleman. Out of such extremes do sons of God come.

Andrew, in the illimitable extravagance of his ambition, planned to adopt the best in both their methods. He would expand and develop, too. "Those months were the most useful of my life," he wrote. "Those two great missionaries set the plan of my own missionary career." When Carie was well again and they returned to Central China, he was in a frenzy to begin his real work. He had already been nearly five years in China, but he felt that only now had he really begun. He left his family in a rented house in Chinkiang and set sail eagerly up the Grand Canal, alone.

V

I KEEP forgetting, as I tell this story, to say anything about the birth of Andrew's children. I am possessed by Andrew. I see him, as I so often saw him, eagerly, eternally setting out on a new journey. I hear him in his old age telling me, in his fragmentary fashion, his own story, and he never said anything about the children. I was not born yet, so I cannot tell my own story of him then. But when he sailed up the Grand Canal to begin his work of opening up new territories he had a son living and a daughter dead and another child soon to be born. Carie told me that.

He never told me anything of the birth and death of his children. He did tell me, chuckling, that in a city up the canal where he decided to make his first center, he rented what he called "a splendid house" for almost nothing at all. No Chinese would live in it because it was haunted by a fox. "It was nothing but a weasel," he said with a dry laugh, seeing no likeness between their fears and his own secret twinges at ghost stories. He had the place whitewashed and made clean and then went and fetched his family and left Carie to settle things while he traveled northward. But he always spoke a little fondly of that house. He was rather proud of himself for having found it, and he thought of its simple comfort warmly when he was on his prodigious journeys. I have no picture of it from him for he could not tell such things. But they brought one of the stoves from Shanghai and it was warm in winter and he had a study of his own where he could put his books, and he had a good student lamp on a big Chinese table and an easy chair. Those were things to remember when he lay on a brick bed in an inn or jogged over the intolerably rough roads on his donkey.

That he might travel more quickly he planned and made with a Chinese carpenter's help a sort of wagon with springs of a crude kind. He stood by the ironsmith's forge while they were being beaten out upon the anvil, and around him gathered a great crowd, staring at his strangeness, dubious of those great iron pieces. Were they not parts of some sort of foreign sword? Then he bought a mule and hitched it to the wagon and clattered up and down the countryside in great content, to the excitement of all beholders.

So great was the envy of his wagon, however, that at last some robbers heard of it and came and took it and all he had, except his tracts and Bibles which they threw into a ditch. And Andrew walked thirty miles barefoot and in his underwear, and upon his back were three great open cuts which they had given him when he resisted. For he had put up a stout fight, Carie discovered upon close questioning. She got the story out of him by bits. Yes, of course he had said he wouldn't give up his cart. Why should he? What did he do? Why, he hit them with his whip until they pushed him off the seat, and then he jumped up and cracked a lot of their heads together! He was so much taller that he could do it, but there had been too many of them—he could not crack enough of them quickly enough. Carie washed his wounds and bound them and he complained bitterly of having to sleep on his stomach for weeks, and more out of his irritation than anything else he went to the local magistrate and demanded his cart and mule again. The magistrate was a peace-loving, opium-smoking old scholar and he said mournfully it was impossible—he would give Andrew money. But Andrew insisted on the cart and the mule. He threatened international complications if they were not forthcoming. Andrew always made use of international treaties and extraterritoriality. Had he not a perfect right to preach the Gospel? The magistrate sighed and promised. The mule never came back—the magistrate apologized profusely and said unfortunately he had been eaten. But the cart came back quite ruined, and Andrew looked at it a little grimly but satisfied. At least no one else was getting the good out of it. He went back to donkey riding again, as being safer and more suitable after all to a man of God.

This was Andrew's method of procedure in his days of militant expansion. He would ride into a large village or into a town he had chosen as his next center and search out the largest tea shop and tether

his donkey to one of the bamboo poles that held up its blue cotton awning and go in and sit down at a table near the street. His great height, his big nose, his bright blue eyes, his whole most foreign-looking figure would within a quarter of an hour draw a great crowd. Within an hour, or as long as it took for the telegraphic speed of the mouth-to-mouth message, "A foreign devil is in the tea house on the Big Bridge," everybody in the town would be there, unless they were bedridden. The tea shop keeper never knew whether to be pleased or terrified at such a mob. Certainly he never had such a customer before as this giant.

But Andrew smiled amiably and drank bowls of tea, and asked questions about the town—how many families lived here, and what was the chief business, and who was the magistrate? The few of the more bold among the crowd pressing against him answered, a little fearfully—for why should a foreign devil want to know these things about them?

Then the boldest would ask a question of him: "What honored country is yours, Foreign Devil?"

"My unworthy country? America!"

The crowd breathed more freely. Ah, America—America was good. There was an unblinking pause while they stared at him. So this was how Americans looked! They examined him minutely, and made the next question. "What is your business, Foreign Sir?"

"I am a Jesus church man."

Again the crowd stared, nodding to each other. Jesus church—they had heard that word. Well, it was a good thing—all religions were good—all gods were good. They felt easier, having placed him.

But Andrew shook his head. Not all gods were good, he said firmly. There were false gods—gods of clay and stone—but his was the one true god. They listened, humoring him. After all, he was a foreigner—he could scarcely be expected to know manners.

He handed out tracts and now they shook their heads. "None of us can read," they said apologetically. It was better to take nothing from him, not strange papers with pictures. "I have some books, too," he said. "I sell them for a penny apiece." Well, selling was different. That was to be understood. A few in curiosity, two or three, fumbled in their belts for pennies and took the small paper-bound books. He sat

there for an hour or two, and then he went away. Behind him the crowd made their judgment—a harmless good man doing a religious penance, doubtless. He must have made a vow to a god to do a good deed, else why leave home to wander over the earth? He was laying up merit for himself in heaven, it must be. Perhaps he had committed a crime in his own land. Well, he was an ugly fellow with such big hands and feet and a nose like a plough, and eyes like a demon's—but a good man, doubtless, selling his little books to buy his rice on his journey. Well, it was time to go home.

In a few days Andrew would be back. There would be a crowd again, not so large, but friendly and familiar. "Back again, Foreigner! You like our village!"

"Yes, it is a good village. I should like to preach here."

"Preach—preach what you will—we will listen!" they said, laughing.

So Andrew stood up in the tea shop to preach. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Out of these words, solemnly repeated, Andrew had worked a brief compact exposition of the whole scheme of salvation. God—His son—believe—not perish—everlasting life. His whole creed was there. "I devised a short sermon," he wrote gravely, in after years, "which comprehended all the essentials of Salvation, so that the unsaved soul, hearing perhaps but once, could understand and so take upon itself its own responsibility."

Again and again Andrew would return to that place until his figure became familiar to them, and then he would look about for a room to rent, a room that opened upon the street. When it was found it was whitewashed clean, some cheap wooden benches bought, a rough table for a pulpit, a text painted on the wall behind it. Behind the table Andrew stood regularly to preach, twice a week, three times perhaps, as often as he could, and the crowd came and went. Weary farmers set down their baskets on their way back from market and listened as they rested. Curious citizens came in and sat a while to hear a new thing. Mothers came in out of the sun to sit on the benches and nurse their babies.

But the women were always an aggravation to Andrew. "They never really listen," he complained. "They call across the room to each other,

asking silly questions about cooking and children. They never understand anything, so it is no use wasting time on them."

"Well, I suppose they have souls, Andrew," Carie always said with spirit.

But Andrew would never answer. It was evident that he doubted it. Anyway, a woman's soul could scarcely count as a full soul. In his records of converts he always noted them. "Seventy-three received this year (fifteen women)." A really successful year was when the percentage of women was low. When they came up for examination into church membership he never treated them quite as he did the men. "They haven't much real idea of what they are doing," he said. "It's beyond them."

As soon as there was a little group—two, three, four converts—he pushed on to fresh villages, leaving in his place an older convert from an earlier center, whom he had trained to be a preacher of sorts. Twice a year, on his long spring and autumn tours, he would visit every village, examine new converts, baptize those who seemed to him sincere, hear complaints and troubles, and sprinkle the heads of infants whose parents were converts. One of the proofs which he insisted showed the stupidity of women was that these mothers whose babies were sprinkled could never understand that it did not make the infants members of the church. Time and again at a communion service I have seen his face grow stiff with horror as he saw an innocent Chinese mother cram the holy bread into a tiny baby's mouth and pour in a gulp of wine. There was always a roar of protest from the baby—not one of them seemed willingly a Christian! Andrew always "spoke" to the mothers. They looked at him, frightened at his serious, shocked face.

"Will he die of it?" one sometimes whispered.

"No—no—it isn't that," he would explain. "Don't you see . . ." he went on to explain. They listened, trying to understand. They all listened, men and women, as he preached, trying to understand.

There was something about those little handfuls of converts that wrings my heart even at the distance of these years. They were infinitely pathetic somehow. Why had they come out from among their people to listen to this stranger? Why did they come out from the safety of their people to believe him? They were so alike in every village—one looked and saw the same ones, the old woman whose

patient face was shaped and sculptured by disappointment, deep and long. Life was nearly over, and then what was there? Her eyes were always too intelligent, too profound. She had been born with more wisdom than her fellows. It had not been quite enough for her, the common life of marriage and bearing children. She had enough for all this and something more. Ask her why she was there and she would answer a little painfully, "I have tried all the other ways to find peace, but I have not found peace."

"What ways, lady?"

"I have prayed to many gods. I have listened to many priests, but I have this aching in me." She puts an exquisite old hand delicately upon her breast.

"What is it that aches there?"

"I do not know."

"You have sons?"

"Yes, I have sons—three sons—it is not that."

"You have everything?"

"Everything—but no peace."

"How do you know you have no peace?"

"I wonder so much—night and day I am restless with wonder."

"What wonder?"

"I ask myself, why am I alive? Why are all these about me alive? What does birth matter and marriage and birth again, since at last there is only death? What does this mean?"

"And you hope to find peace here?"

"I do not know—only here is a god I have not known, and here is a strange priest I have not heard."

"You believe what he says?"

"I do not know, but I feel at least he is to be believed because he so believes himself. It is something when a priest believes himself. So I will try."

There is another old woman who sits near her, a common old soul with a pocked face who sits sleeping while Andrew preaches, her jaw hanging.

"Good mother, why are you here?"

She grunts, opens her eyes and laughs and rubs her head to wake herself.

"Why, you see, it is like this. I have no son, accursed that I am, and only two daughters, now married. I am old, so my man, who is only a clod at best, has not fed me for these ten years, and I do a little work as I can. I mend socks for the soldiers or I wash vegetables for an inn-keeper or I scrub out night pots for the slaves of the rich who are too dainty to do such things for their mistresses—anything I can I do, because I cannot be always going to my daughters' doors with my bowl empty, or their husbands make it hard for them. So I must shift for myself. I came here to see if this foreigner would give me a little work."

"But you said you believed in his talk! You let him put water on your head!"

"Eh, yes—a little water—well, I let him have his way, because I thought he would be pleased and help me a little. Do you know him? Will you speak for me? Tell him . . ."

On the other side of the aisle where the men sit, there is that slight pale lad who sits with his knees crossed and one restless foot tapping the brick floor as he listens and does not listen to Andrew. For sometimes he opens a hymn book restlessly and sometimes he stares out of the little dirty-paned window.

"Why have you come, young sir?"

"I want to learn English."

"Why?"

"I want to get away from this miserable village. I want to get a job in a big city—Shanghai. If I could speak English I could get a job in a big foreign office."

"Who told you?"

"I have heard it said."

"You do not believe what he says?"

"This tall foreigner? I do not believe in any religion. I do not want religion. I want money. I want to see the world."

There is an old man—there is always an old man.

"Old sir, why have you taken the bread and wine?"

"Religion is good—all religion is good—it brings peace."

"Do you believe in other gods as well as this man's god?"

He smiles gayly and delightfully, his face as calm as a Buddha's. "I believe in all gods—all gods are good."

There is a tall Mohammedan. There is Arab in him; it is in the lean line of his cheek and in the curve of his nostril and in the thin arch of his lips.

"You have left Allah?"

"I see that Allah for whom I have sought is this man's God. He has compelled me to belief."

"How has he compelled you?"

"There is fire in him. There is fire in me. The flame in his soul leaned over and caught at the flame in me, and I was compelled."

"Have you not been disowned by your friends, your family?"

"Yes, I am disowned. I have no friends, no family. My name is gone from the family names. They struck it away on the day when I told them I was a Christian."

"What will you do now?"

"I follow after this man."

"And then?"

"I will follow him."

This man indeed followed Andrew all his life, and Andrew made him into a great preacher. He might have been Andrew's brother, they were so alike; both of them tall and lean, their faces spare, their noses bold. Andrew was fair, and the wind and sun had burned his face dark red, and the same wind and sun had burned the Mohammedan's face a dark copper brown. But they were soul brothers.

Thus they came, some for one thing, some for another. Those who came only to see and hear a new thing fell away. But there was always the handful who stayed to listen, to learn, to eat at last the bread and drink the wine. Then, having eaten and drunk they clung to Andrew. For after that they were lost. They had separated themselves from their fellows and they could never be again as they had been. Christians! The color of their souls was changed. They had taken foreign substance into themselves. They could never go back to the old close, quarreling, merry-making life of streets and tea shops and market-places. Nor could they ever again go before the old gods. Their brothers, their fellows, never trusted them wholly again. They had eaten the flesh and drunk the blood of a new god.

Somewhere in this time Comfort was born, but it was entirely insig-

nificant because it made no difference to Andrew, especially since she was a girl. Yet he should have been a little grateful because she helped him, merely by being born. It happened this way. Carie had lost two children in swift succession, and suddenly she broke, she whom Andrew had always thought was so headstrong, so invincible. She broke and begged to be taken home.

Nor was Andrew himself unmoved. Carie told me once she had never seen tears in Andrew's eyes, but the nearest she had seen to a dimness in their clear bright blue was when his son Arthur died. That night when his little fair body lay waiting for burial, Andrew and Carie read together their usual scripture before they went to bed. Andrew turned to the story of King David mourning over his dying son. "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!"

"He choked a little," Carie said. "Then he went on and read the rest in his usual firm way. 'Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' He shut the Bible and was himself again."

For Andrew so believed in God and in Divine Providence that it was not in him to grieve. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" For him this vast serenity covered the universe.

But when the second child, a girl, died, Carie became nearly demented with grief. Years after he said in a shocked voice, "I never saw so hard a heart, so unreasoning a mind, as were hers in those days. Nothing I could say would move her. The doctor in Shanghai said she must be diverted or she would lose her reason. So I engaged passage for Europe. I would have preferred the Holy Land, but she would not go there because somebody had told her the village dogs were mangy like those in China and the people were poor. So we went ashore at Brindisi. I remember at Lucerne there was very nice honey for breakfast. In Rome there was a great number of naked statues. It seemed strange when one considers that Rome is the center of the Christian religion. For I suppose, though Popish, Catholicism is nevertheless a form of Christianity. I grew tired of Europe."

The truth was, of course, that Andrew grew quickly tired of anything except his work. For he had made huge plans for which any life was too short. The continent of China lay before him. Only by un-

ceasing steady marching on could he succeed in completing, before he died, the campaign he had so plainly in his mind. Carie used to say she believed Andrew's brain was a map of China. He knew every province, every city, every river and town. He marked as his own those where he had planted his little chapels. Once one was established, and added to his chain of centers, he went on to new territory.

To this unending zealous preaching, this desperate salvation, he brought a deep inward emotional tensy that ate him up, body and soul. It flamed in him like fever under his serene exterior. When he was visiting cathedrals in Rome and Florence, he was still really in China, planning, planning, thinking, worrying lest the apostle Chang was too weak to be left alone, lest Li would be too domineering over the souls left in his charge.

But he was more afraid of his fellow missionaries than of anyone, lest they change his plans, dismiss or move his ministers, disturb with meddling his intricate campaign. When he came back to the hotel room he would take a sheet of paper and begin printing in square, clear Chinese letters his warnings and admonitions and instructions. "Do not listen," he wrote over and over to his comrade, Ma, once the Mohammedan, now Ma the Christian, "do not listen to any of the others, but to me who am your spiritual brother. Remember the plan we made together—follow it until I come." He stared out into the Roman street and saw the sunlight fall upon a marble church. "Rome is full of images," he said, "infinitely worse in their nakedness than the gods of the heathen." He would put his hand to his forehead in a gesture of agitation. "I ought to be about my Father's business," he muttered. "I must be about my Father's business!"

He went about Europe like a chained and quarrelsome lion, intolerant of all local customs. He was particularly furious at the incessant tipping. What—give a fellow he had never seen a sum of money large enough to hire a week's preaching of the Gospel, enough to buy an Old and New Testament, for carrying his bags? He lugged them himself, striding into hotel lobbies, brushing aside lackeys like flies. Only once was he beaten. He put Carie and Edwin into a train for France, and then, since there were ten minutes to wait, he went into the station to the lavatory. There he glared down the station attendant who held out his hand and strode on. But Andrew was worsted for

once. The attendant locked him in and listened unmoved to Andrew's poundings and all but profanity. No one knows what Andrew said, since the attendant spoke no English and Andrew would say nothing himself beyond the bare facts. He came loping toward the train at the last minute, to the intense relief of Carie and Edwin. "Got locked in," he muttered, panting.

Carie instantly saw what had happened. "You have to pay them a little," she said.

"I wouldn't have if the train hadn't been going," Andrew said, firmly, finding his breath.

"After all, it's their country," Carie said gently. "We're foreigners here."

"That doesn't excuse robbery," said Andrew. Obviously there had been a tussle of wills, and as Andrew said, the train was going. The sole effect on him was to make him more obdurate than ever. He was particularly triumphant over the French and came more nearly than any other American ever did toward no tipping in France. Yet Andrew cared nothing for money—he could give it away with mad generosity when it was to buy Testaments and tracts and books of biblical research, or if it was to help a struggling divinity student toward graduation from seminary. But merely to give it—that was as foolish as it was to waste time away from the Work. He felt it equal sin, and he was always intolerant of sin. Years later his too sensitive children suffered and shrank from the contempt upon lackey faces as his tall lean figure marched by, laden with bags and bundles.

"People don't," they murmured in the misery of adolescence.

But Andrew set his big jaw firmly. People! He listened only to God.

After Europe, he looked with impatience toward his own country. There at last was a Christian nation, where men were honest and not looking always and only for money. He was droll with suppressed gayety on the day the ship docked at last at New York. He carried the bags ashore and deposited them abruptly in the nearest horse cab.

"Take me to a decent and reasonable hotel," he commanded the driver.

Carie, with the memory of the fray in Europe, said with unusual caution, "Hadh'n't you better ask the fare?"

But Andrew, with unusual recklessness, said, "We are in a Christian country now, thank God!"

They drove rattling through streets they did not know. "It's a long way," Carie said.

"Pshaw, Carie, the man knows what he is doing," Andrew replied. The horse stopped at a jerk of the bridle before a modest hotel.

"How much?" asked Andrew.

"Five dollars," the cabman said.

Andrew was dashed. Five dollars! It was a lot of money. But it had been a long drive. He paid, still in high humor. "We're home," he said, climbing the stairs with Carie and Edwin. They entered the room which they had taken. Carie walked directly to the window, as she always did in a strange place. She gasped.

"Why—why—Andrew, come here!" she cried, and burst into laughter.

"What is it?" he said in alarm. He came to her side and his gaze followed her pointing finger. There, not two blocks away, was the ship they had left nearly an hour before.

"What are you laughing for?" said Andrew, with a certain grimness. Five dollars!

"Because," she gasped,—"because it's such a—a Christian country!"

They went home by train, down through the states, through wooded hills that looked strange and furred after the shorn Chinese hills, over rivers that looked like creeks after the flooding Yangtse and the Yellow River, through towns whose houses looked unreal, they were so orderly and clean after the heaped mud and the confusion of Chinese villages. For ten years in China Andrew had not even seen a train, and he took an innocent pleasure in speed and ease, although still not too much ease. To have ridden in a Pullman he would have thought unbecoming in a missionary. What, take the money the church had gathered that the Gospel might be spread in heathen lands and spend it upon a softer bed for his body and for the bodies of his wife and children! He would have been made miserable. They traveled tourist or in day coaches, and even so he doubted the luxury. As for dining cars, he looked on them as sinful extravagance. To pay so much for mere food! He bought sandwiches and enjoyed them doubly as food and sacrifice.

The return home was a strange division. When ten years earlier he and Carie had gone away, they had felt they were leaving home indeed, forsaking father and mother to be worthy of their cause. The great old sprawling farmhouse had stood as certainly for home on this earth as heaven above was home for the soul. His parents had seemed endless in life, secure upon their land. But now he came back to find that the house, the home, was like a shell outgrown. His eyes had seen strange things. His feet had traveled many miles over other soil. He had begotten children under another roof and three of them lay buried in foreign earth. This old farmhouse was shrunken and old—and gone into decay. What had seemed so spacious and sound in his youth was grown into an old frame structure that needed paint and patching. The wooden pillars of the porches sagged, the roof leaked and the fence was so broken that the pigs could come in easily now. Within the house the hot old man still lived, but his heat had passed into smoldering. The quarrel between him and the woman had never mended. Every night he lay on the floor before the fire as he always had, staring into the coals, and she berated him in the same way for not sitting decently in the armchair opposite her own.

"Foolishness—you're getting old—you'll catch your death . . ."

It was true that of the two of them she was the stronger, the quicker, the neater. But then she did not fret herself as he did. She did nothing except sit on the porch or by the window and enjoy herself. Every now and again, upright and chipper, she would dart into the kitchen and find something to eat, a wedge of pie, a slice of salt-rising bread and apple butter, a cold fried chicken leg, a piece of ham, and with this she went back to enjoy herself.

"Snacking!" the old man would grunt. "Everlasting snacking!"

But she stayed as lean and strong as a hickory tree and lived far beyond him.

Every son had long gone out of the house except the youngest, and now he was grown and chafing to go. Son after son, they had gone out to preach and he wanted to go, because he too had the call. But the old man would not let him. One of the boys had to stay on the land. So the youngest son, tall and with the ice-blue eyes they all had, pushed the plough rebelliously and planned how as soon as the old man was dead he would be as good as his brothers. He would go to school and

to seminary and stand in a pulpit and direct the people and tell them what was God's will. Meantime he married a buxom Irish girl with snapping black eyes, a famous cook and housekeeper. It was she who scrubbed and cleaned, baked and mended in the house, and added her word to the old man's or to the old woman's. She had a tongue of her own and an Irish temper, the kind the black-haired, black-eyed Irish have, and her cheeks were red, and her mouth sullen. Yet her heart was kind enough and her table was laden with food and anybody was welcome to sit down to it.

But the brothers and their wives were scattered over the states. David the learned had long been minister in the small village which had been Carie's home, Hiram the handsome had married a young beauty and bluestocking and knew what a rare thing he had done. He was preaching in the South. Isaac was in Missouri, frail still from the years in prison, Christopher the Methodist was doing what the others grimly called "rampagin' around in the Methodist church." John the prudent, married to his rich widow, was managing her fortune, living in her huge comfortable brick house in the midst of broad and fertile acres and being elected for legislature. The house was empty of them all.

Andrew could not stay there, either. When he came home the old necessities fell upon him—cows to be milked, hay to be cut, horses to be fed. He fell into the old destroying labor and it was horrible to him. Every moment he was mindful that there were millions in China dying without the knowledge of God which he was able to give them to save their souls, and here he was milking cows and making hay! The old dreadful impatience came upon him.

And he was still Andrew the younger. The moment he came into this house he ceased to feel himself God's chosen. He became the younger son, less favored than any of the others. His mother, staring at him, remarked that he was yellow. His father snorted, "Heathen climate and eatin' heathen stuff!"

His hands grew hard and broken again at the nails. He had for years been secretly fastidious about his hands, ever since one of his brothers—Hiram, perhaps—had teased him about their size and boniness. "They look like an old man's hands," he always said. And his mother, hearing, always remarked placidly, "Andy ever did have hands like an old man, even when he was a baby." When he was really an

old man his hands were extremely beautiful, large and skeleton thin, but delicate and full of grace. But then Andrew hated manual labor, although he did it conscientiously, as he did everything, to his best ability, hating it.

In after years the one great grievance he kept remembering of this first visit home was that no one asked him anything about his life or his work.

"I couldn't understand it," he said earnestly. His blue eyes were full of pain and clear wonder. "They never asked me anything about China."

It was an old hurt, carried in his heart over all the years. For he had come home a man, full in stature and wisdom, ripe with experience beyond any of theirs. He had been far beyond the horizon of hills and fields, beyond even the West that seemed so far, beyond the seas. He had eaten strange foods, had walked the streets of other countries and had learned to speak a foreign tongue. But here he was only Andrew come home again. No one cared that he spoke, read, and wrote Chinese excellently; no one asked him, "What do they eat over there and what do they wear?" They examined briefly a few gifts Carie brought. The old man was far more pleased when she took his old coat and ripped it apart and turned it and made it look new again.

Andrew, dwelling upon it when he was an old man, said, the painful dry red creeping into his cheeks, "They said I was very quiet and that I didn't talk. But they didn't ask me anything. Why should I tell them what they did not care to know?"

They were an undemonstrative clan. Carie said once, laughing, with a catch of sadness in her voice, "Poor old Grandfather Stone! I suppose no one had kissed him for years. I remember the first night we were there Edwin kissed us good-night as he always did and then in the fullness of his warm little boy heart he went and kissed his grandfather on the cheek, and the old man looked so astonished I was afraid he would frighten the child. He never moved or said a word and his face did not change, and Edwin drew back, dashed. I was so sorry—sorry for them both."

So to be at home was not comfort for Andrew. It was only to return to the old inferiorities. Nevertheless, it was Andrew out of all the sons who, in his furlough, helped his father to collect his rents from lazy

tenant farmers upon the place and put his accounts in order, Andrew who re-roofed the enormous old barn and painted the house and mended the stairs. Duty drove him as ambition or love or pleasure might drive another man. He never shirked what he hated, if he once saw it his duty. For God had said, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Sternly and with grim patience he honored them.

But there were times when Andrew could find the satisfaction for which his soul thirsted. He was sent to preach in churches for missions. He did not preach often in city churches to proud people, smartly dressed, who wanted a condensation of China's needs into half an hour. Andrew went to country churches, where people were not hurried, and where they expected something long enough to be worth putting on their Sunday clothes for, and driving a long distance over rough dirt roads. Farmers and their wives listened peacefully to the stories Andrew had to tell of sin and misery, comfortably aware that they themselves had no sin and very little misery. After he had finished they did not look at the clock, and they put a little into the collection, and somebody always asked him home to dinner.

Those dinners! Remembering them in after years Andrew would exclaim with a sort of accusing pleasure, "Such waste! Fried chicken and cold ham, beaten biscuit, four or five kinds of vegetables and potatoes, salads and preserves and pickles, and pounds of cake and pudding and like as not ice cream! It would have served the Lord better to have put more in the collection plate and less in their stomachs!"

But then Andrew kept his horror of self-indulgence. He loved good food as well as any man, but he would not eat more than he thought necessary for strength to do God's work. The rarer the dainty, the more stern he was to refuse all or more than a morsel. Plain food, eaten slowly and sparingly, was his rule. And yet his innocent pleasure in a cup of tea on a cold afternoon, in a bowl of hot soup at supper when the day's work was over, was as keen as any gourmet's at the sight of terrapin or caviar or any useless and delicious food. The result of doing his duty was of course that he lived to eighty as strong and spare as an oak, and when his flesh was washed for burial it was as smooth and fresh upon his body, below the strong dark sunburn of face and neck, as any child's could be.

He recorded little of those two years in his own country. They stayed

the two years sorely against his will, because Carie was with child and she had refused to go back until the child was born. He would have persisted and won except that Carie's father, that man whose stature was the stature of a little man, but whose soul was the soul of Hercules, and more bold, reminded him of his three dead children.

"This child shall be born under my roof," he decreed. So Andrew waited with Carie in her old home, impatient to save other souls already born, until this small soul appeared. It was a girl, not quite worth waiting for. Andrew never made any bones about that. Years later when the child was grown and began writing books, Andrew was not impressed. Novels—they were worthless, a waste of God's time even to read, much less write. He picked up one of hers once, a thick volume, and glanced at it, and turned a leaf or two, and closed it. "I think I won't undertake that," he remarked with his habitual vague gentleness, and not in the least meaning to be unkind. Once he said, in duty, "I hope you never write anything not true, daughter," but he did not wait for her answer. It did not matter what the answer was. If he had spoken, his duty was quite finished.

Andrew never pretended he liked daughters as well as sons. His daughters existed, as his wife did, to take care of him. This, if he had been aware of his selfishness, they might have found difficult to bear. But he was not in the least aware of it. He was as touchingly, as confidently, selfish as a little child. He looked to wife and daughters naïvely for all material things, taking for granted the comforts of food and proper clothing, warmth and light and all that he wanted for home. Once when he was an old man, or nearly old, and Carie was gone and he was dependent for these things upon a daughter who was herself a mother, a wife and bread-winner to boot, he fell very ill, and after a few days of incessant nursing when he would have no one but his daughter near him, the doctor compelled him to go to a hospital. He was very sad and miserable, having no confidence in strange women. "I want to go home," he said the third day. "I have a daughter at home who has nothing to do but take care of me." It was what daughters were for.

But when he was young he did not need them, and he was in haste to be about God's business. Once again he bade his home and his parents good-by. But this time it was not in doubt and ignorance of

what was ahead. He was in the full strength of his maturity and confidence. He knew to what he was going, and he was sure of himself now, as well as of his mission.

He was never to see home or parents again. When, years later, he returned once more, they were dead, the obstinate placid old woman and the domineering high-spirited old man, who declared before he died, "God's cheated me! I begat seven sons and I haven't one left to live on the land," and so went grumbling into eternity. As for house and lands, they were sold at a bargain, and when the price was divided between seven sons and two daughters, there was only a pittance for each. They had chosen one brother to do the selling for all, and when he had done it, they railed at him for being a bad business man—all except Andrew who, ten thousand miles away, cared nothing. He took his pittance and put it into his New Testament. But then Andrew, like all his brother sons of God, was a very bad business man, too.

VI

WHEN Andrew's feet touched Chinese soil, he changed. Anyone seeing him in his own country would never have recognized him in China. In his own country he appeared a little ridiculous—a tall thin figure in ill-fitting garments made by a Chinese tailor, his prophetic head stooping on his gaunt shoulders, his eyes doubting and bewildered. On ship-board he appeared to smarter looking passengers as the missionary of story books, absorbed in his mission, mingling with no one. Not that he cared what they thought of him! He came and went among them, oblivious of them. It did not occur to him, I think, that ship's passengers had souls. Certainly women had not. He saw their frivolities with strong disfavor. But then he was one man whom no woman could blandish. Once on board ship he sat on deck reading a Chinese book, seeing nothing that was going on. It happened that a collection was being taken at the time among the passengers to buy prizes for some sports, and a committee of pretty women had been chosen to do the soliciting. Evidently they considered Andrew difficult. I saw them arguing among themselves, throwing glances in his direction, to which he was completely impervious. Suddenly the prettiest and gayest said, boasting, "I'll do it! I've never had a man say no to me yet!" She sallied forth and putting on her very bewitching smile, she sat herself down on the arm of Andrew's chair, and began, coaxingly.

What she said no one ever knew. For Andrew gave her a look like the wrath of God and rose in mighty dignity and strode down the deck, his coat tails flying. But then he never looked at any woman. I

used to complain to him that he never recognized my friends, and indeed that he passed his daughters on the street without speaking to them. To which he replied gently and firmly, "I never look a lady in the face. I consider it rude to do so."

By ridicule and contempt he was totally unmoved, for the simple reason that it did not occur to him to consider what people thought of him. Had their laughter been pointed out to him, he would not have cared. "What can man do to me?" he used to say. The world was divided into those who would be saved and those who would not. Those who would not were already lost and not to be heeded as alive any more.

It must be confessed that into this latter category he put most white men and all white women. "They have the means of salvation," he used to say, "and they do not take it." He was thinking of the churches in every town and village in his country. But I think he felt about souls very much as some people feel about eggs—he wanted them brown, and a brown one was worth any number of white ones. So far as I know he never endeavored to save the soul of a white man or woman, not even his own children. Certainly he never said a word to us on the subject of religion. Night and morning he held a simple form of prayers in his home for us, at which he did no preaching. He read a chapter from the Bible, heard us, when we were small, recite a verse apiece, and then he prayed.

When he prayed he became transfigured by his own belief. I have heard many men pray carelessly or fulsomely or for the ears of men rather than to God. I have seen them reading prayers aloud, openly or secretly, prepared prayers. But Andrew, when he prayed, did so with utter intense sincerity. He never opened his mouth and began to talk. He began always with silence, a moment, two moments, as many as he needed, to realize himself in the presence of God. Over his face would come a deep and solemn tranquillity. We felt him no longer among us. Then, his very voice changed, deepened, full of reverence, he addressed God and with him drew us, too. He never, in all the thousands of times I heard him pray, asked for any material benefit, except, in case of illness, for the sick one's recovery if it were in accordance with God's will. His prayers were always for the soul, for further understanding of God and duty, and the strength to do God's will. Even

grace before meat was, after thanks, "Bless this food to our use and us to thy service, forever, amen."

So Andrew did not hear laughter or see ridicule. He was safe in the sanctuary of his own soul. But when he stepped upon the Chinese shore, he no longer had the air of a foreigner that he had in his own country. He was home again, not home in a physical sense so much as home in his place, in his work, in the fulfillment of life. Happiness was in his look, in the unwonted eagerness of his step and voice, in his impatience to be out of Shanghai and back in the interior among the common people whom he had come to save. All the paternal instincts of his heart went out to those who were his flock. His children never felt that warmth, but it was there—any Chinese soul in search of God could feel that priestly fatherliness in Andrew. He could be as gentle, as persuasive, as brooding over a soul as any father over an earthly child. He went back to them gladly, and they gave him the honor he never found in his own country.

There was therefore no strangeness in that return. He took passage upon a Yangtse River steamer and upon its deck piled the box of books he had brought back, the boxes of fresh tracts he had bought in Shanghai, and boxes of cheap writing paper, for he had already in mind a new task which was to occupy the rest of his life. Among the boxes was the round-backed trunk in which his wife Carie had packed her trousseau ten years before, and his own smaller round-backed trunk. But Carie's trunk held children's clothes now, too, and a little stock of needles and pins and thread, bits of lace and wool, all the small things which women need to make small garments, and which were not to be bought in the streets of a Chinese city. They all walked across the narrow gangplank, Andrew and his son Edwin and Carie carrying her baby daughter, then four months old. And once again they marched upon the heart of China.

Some of the most redoubtable battles that Andrew ever fought were upon those Yangtse River steamers. They were small, stockily built vessels, for the most part built in England, and their polyglot crews were headed by blasphemous, roaring, red-faced old English captains who had rampaged along the Chinese coasts for years and had retired into the comparative safety of the river trade. Not one of those captains

but was full of tales of the pirates of Bias Bay and of bandits along the shores of the river, and they all had one love and one hate. They loved Scotch whiskey and hated all missionaries. Andrew was unmistakably and proudly a missionary, intrepid in independence, afraid of no man, and meat for any self-respecting captain. The fray usually began with some insult tossed out by the captain, for Andrew was always quiet and apparently gentle in demeanor. The favorite insult had to do with the obscenity in the Bible. The captain would proclaim in a loud hearty voice to his mate, "Fact is, it beats me how these missionaries can hand around a book like the Bible. It's got more dirty stories in it than you can find in any other book. Corruptin' the heathen, that's what it is!"

A dark red would begin to creep up out of Andrew's collar.

"You seem to know certain parts of the Bible very well, Captain," he would remark.

"You can't deny it, can you?" the captain retorted.

Andrew, lifting his piercing blue eyes to the captain's face, replied with the immense tranquillity that we all feared when we heard it. "The Bible, it is true, has certain accounts of sinful men and how God dealt with them. They were punished for their sins. He who reads aright, reads to the salvation of his soul. But there are those who read to their own damnation." And he would help himself serenely to the inevitable rice pudding and stewed prunes of the ship's fare.

Sometimes the fight went no further than a snort from the captain. But if it went on, Andrew fought it to the end with great pleasure and without animosity. It was only in the very lean years a little later, when the printing of his New Testament was eating up all we had, that he escaped the duels with the river captains, and then because we could not afford to travel upstairs with other white people. We put on Chinese clothes and traveled below decks with the Chinese. Andrew took advantage of the enforced congregation then, and went among them with his tracts, preaching and talking. They listened to him willingly enough, those who were not smoking opium or gambling, because there was nothing to do. They listened, yawning aloud with boredom, as he told them fervently how Christ died for their sins. They did not know what he meant by sins, or who this man was who wanted to save them, or why he did. They stared, half-listening, drop-

ping to sleep in grotesque attitudes upon the deck, where they sat leaning against their bundles.

As for me, beginning then to see and feel, to perceive without knowing, I can never forget the smells of those ships. For we were come into the lean years as early as my memory goes, and I remember the darkness of the square low-ceiled saloons. They were always the same. At one side was the huge opium couch of wood and rattan with a long low table to divide it. There were always two drowsy figures outstretched, their lamps smoldering upon the table, and the thick foul sweetish fumes rising and creeping into every cranny. From the half-opened doors of the tiny cabins came the same smell, so that the close air seemed swimming with it.

Almost as large as the couch was a big round table upon which meals were served twice a day, but every moment otherwise it was used for gambling. Early in the morning the click and clatter of bamboo dominoes began, and it went on at night until dawn. The table was always crowded with players, their tense faces fierce with eagerness over the game. In the middle of the table was a pile of silver dollars which everyone watched covetously, closely, with terrible longing. The pile dwindled and grew, but occasionally it was swept away by a single lean dark hand. Then a strange growl went over the crowd of gamblers and over the crowd of onlookers always pushing one another around the table. They would not have stopped even to eat except that the dirty stewards swept the dominoes ruthlessly to the floor and set wooden buckets of rice upon the table and clapped down four or five bowls of cabbage and fish and meat, and bowls and bamboo chopsticks. In the same grim silence in which they had played they ate, bowl after bowl, searching in silence for the best bits of meat and vegetables. When the passengers were satisfied the stewards and cabin boys, all dirty and all insolent, gobbled up the remains.

But Andrew was imperturbable. He took his bowl and filled it sparsely with rice and cabbage and went to the deck and stood eating, looking away from the grimy multitude, out to the smooth green banks of the river. He had a way of maintaining himself intact wherever he was, and people gave way to him in a sort of astonishment because he was continually in places where one did not expect to see such a figure as his, moving with dignity among the mean.

But he was always quite at home anywhere. No magnificence could awe him nor any poverty daunt him. He slept peacefully in the dirty upper berths of the vile little cabins. In the lower berth with Carie I remember seeing his large bare feet protruding far beyond the end of the berth above. They were always too short for him, those berths, and he used to take turns resting his feet or his head, for as he remarked, he couldn't sleep both ends at once. But he never complained, having chosen what he wanted to do.

As for Carie, she spent her time keeping the children as antiseptic as possible with carbolic lotion and watching that their possessions were not taken from them. For the river ships were full of professional thieves. When they became so great a pest that business was lessened because of them, the owners of the vessels paid the thieves' guild a certain sum of money to stay off the ships for a while. But there were always some and they were very skilful at abstracting whatever they wanted. Once Andrew came back into the little cabin and Carie's sharp eyes spied an emptiness about his vest.

"Your watch is gone!" she exclaimed.

It was indeed, and a few minutes later when Andrew had need of his fountain pen, that was gone, too, and he felt for his purse and it was gone. While he had been out in the crowded saloon preaching, some clever-fingered thief, pressing close in apparent zeal to hear, had taken everything. Andrew looked stricken for a moment, especially over the pen, which was a gift and dearly prized and much used.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed.

It was as near as he ever came to "damn" and it meant the same thing and he always felt better after he had said it. But nothing cast him down for long. He was an invincible optimist, being always sure he was doing God's will, and therefore that everything would be all right in the end.

Back in the interior city where they had lived before, Andrew found no great welcome from his fellow missionaries. He found that his furniture had been cast carelessly out of the house which Carie had made into a home. Everything had been put into an outhouse, and the white ants had reduced his goods to nothing. "I took up my bookcase," he said solemnly, "and it fell into dust." Worst of all, his few precious

books were ruined with mildew. He never quite forgave or forgot that. "I had a good commentary of the Bible," he used to say, remembering, pain in the memory. "I tried to paste the good bits onto separate sheets of paper."

There was some discussion over the house, now occupied by others. "We thought you weren't coming back," the other missionary said, excusing himself.

"Not coming back!" Andrew exclaimed. "I don't believe it!"

Then the story came out, bit by bit. He was, he was told, heretical in his views. He believed too much in human knowledge—else why did he spend time in educating his pastors? Why did he not, as the other missionaries did, trust to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost? Christ took ignorant men and made them his chief apostles. Indeed, they felt so strongly about it that they had written to the home board and to the supporting churches urging that he not be retained because of his unsound views. Andrew listened grimly until they had had their say. Then he told them what he thought of them.

"What did you say?" we asked in after years.

"I told them they were lazy," he said. "I told them they wanted to live in comfortable houses and to care for their own families and pamper their own bodies. I told them they were not worthy of their high calling. In short," he said with energy, "I told them they were hypocrites."

"Father!" we breathed.

"Oh, I said it all very kindly," he said peaceably.

But the upshot of it was that they told Andrew he might go where he liked and they would vote that he be allowed to do so. He always ended the story by saying triumphantly, "They cast a vote of confidence in me and gave me the money to open a new station wherever I liked."

He was too guileless of soul to see what they had really done. They wanted to be rid of him at all costs—rid of his indefatigable energy, to be rid of his undying determination to be worthy of the calling which to him was holy, to be rid of his singleness of heart in his duty. Most of all they wanted to be rid of his sympathy for those whom he had come to save. He grew to love greatly the Chinese. It was a complaint against him that if the choice were given him to believe a Chinese or

a white man, he always believed the Chinese. "I've learned bitterly that I can trust them more," he used to retort, grimly. He was rewarded by their devotion to him, and this did not make him better loved by his fellows. The truth was that Andrew was completely intolerant of the policies of missions. It was the policy of the missionaries to stand together at all costs against the "natives." If any individual missionary had a clash with a convert or a Chinese preacher, all the missionaries upheld the white man, regardless of right or wrong. "It wouldn't do," it was often said, "to allow the natives to undermine the authority of the missionary." For then what would become of the authority of the church?

But Andrew would sweep such talk aside with a gesture of his great hand. "Oh, pshaw!" he would say. He had no reverence for any human authority whatever. "There's the right of a thing," he used to say. And many a humble Chinese pastor, struggling in a little village church at ten dollars a month, had Andrew to thank that he had even so small a place of security. That miserable wage! Andrew battled for wages all his life—though never for his own. And when he could get nothing he squeezed out a dollar or two himself for the man who had been refused.

Yes, they wanted to be rid of Andrew's intolerance of race superiority and priestly authorities. "A prince of the church!" he used to say. "Oh, pshaw—there's no such thing possible!"

So he packed his few remaining books and Carrie packed everything else and they went northward again into a new city.

There was no home to be rented in this city. No one would rent to the foreign devils. The best that Andrew could do was to find three small rooms in an inn so poor that the opium-smoking landlord was willing, being hard-pressed by his hunger for the drug, to let him have them at a high rent, since he had no guests anyway. The rooms were earthen floored, and the windows were very small, mere holes in the mud walls. But once a roof of any sort was over his family's heads, Andrew let it go at that and hurried to his own business.

And now it seemed to him he had never had a greater opportunity. For hundreds of miles he was the only missionary, the only white man. There were no other denominations with their interfering teachings.

He had to himself an area as large as the state of Texas, full of souls who had never heard the Gospel. He was intoxicated with the magnificence of his opportunity.

But he had not come away alone. By now wherever he went there were some who followed him, Chinese preachers who chose him and his ways. Chief among them always was the tall Mohammedan, Ma, whose Arab blood was so clear in his thin haughty face and in his proud bearing. With this man and the few others Andrew planned his new campaign. The field—he always called the area for which he felt himself responsible his field—was drawn out upon a map, and a certain part apportioned to each for surveying. For Andrew must always know the material aspects of his fields—how many walled cities there were, and how many souls lived within the walls, and how many temples there were and what religion they belonged to, and what the chief business of each city was, and whether people lived well or poorly. These walled cities were to be the centers. Then he must know how many walled villages there were, and how many market towns, and where the chief tea houses were where farmers from the lesser villages gathered after they had sold their produce and had time to linger and listen. His goal was a church in every walled city and a chapel in every market town. But there was never any force about this. He always used to say proudly, "I never established a church or a chapel in a place where people did not want it."

"How did you know whether they wanted it or not?" we asked him when we were old enough to be wicked.

"They always did want it after I talked to them and told them what it meant to refuse God," he said.

What Andrew never knew was that one religion more or less meant nothing to the people. There was always the possibility that there might be an extra god somewhere of whom they had not heard, and whom they should propitiate for benefit. To add a white man's god could do no harm. Buddha himself had been a foreigner, though black. It was only when Andrew preached boldly that his god was the one true god that hostility arose. It was when Andrew told men that they must leave the worship of ancestors in their family halls because to bow before a man was to give what belonged to his god only, that many went away and ceased to follow him. But Andrew

was never daunted. He had the faith that those whom God had called would remain, and those not predestined to remain would go away, and he let them go, unmoved.

Nevertheless, Andrew at this time of his life certainly set himself to the winning of souls. For one thing he put on Chinese garments and let his hair grow long and braided it into a queue. This was because his tall body and his foreign looks were terrifying to country people. Sometimes when he went into a village the whole population fled across the fields, leaving only the yellow dogs to bark at him. But he was never at home in Chinese robes. His long legs would get entangled and he grew impatient at once. "Oh, pshaw!" he would mutter and tuck the robes into his girdle as a coolie does. The long hair was especially intolerable and after much groaning and endurance he cut it off and bought a false queue which Carie sewed firmly inside his round black satin Chinese cap. It was not a bad imitation and freed him from the outrageous business of combing tangles out of his hair—it was not a bad imitation until he took his cap off, as he did everywhere, and hung it up on the wall. Then the effect of the queue was odd, to say the least.

But the Chinese costume did not last long. The loose sleeves and flying skirts soon became intolerable. Andrew liked his clothes buttoned tightly about him, and above all, he liked them plain. The silks of a Chinese gentleman he would not wear because they were too fine, and the cotton clothes of a poor man were limp and hung so grotesquely upon his huge frame that Carie refused to let him wear them. So he went back to his own garments after a while.

Andrew hated anything pretentious or strange in apparel. He scorned mightily the robes of the professional priests; nothing infuriated him more than a bishop's costume and he particularly scorned a clerical collar. "Nobody knows where they button," he used to say. "They slip on like a halter, maybe." Then he would add, with a touch of characteristic grimness, "A man oughtn't to need a uniform to show he serves the Lord God. It ought to be apparent in all he says and does."

He stoutly refused to wear anything but a plain business suit. He did own a Prince Albert, unwillingly bought for his own wedding, and some of the rousing scenes between him and Carie were over the wear-

ing of this coat. Carie sometimes won by coaxing and a touch of flattery.

"You're tall enough to wear a long coat, Andy. Tall men look so nice in them."

Andrew was more susceptible even than most men to a little flattery from Carie—he had never been quite able to forget Mrs. Pettibrew—and he more often than not capitulated only to come home bitterly complaining of the discomfort of sitting on his tails.

"You shouldn't sit on them," said Carie. "Divide them, and sit between them."

But Andrew pshawed.

"I can't have my mind on such things in the presence of Almighty God," he retorted.

So the Prince Albert turned green with age and he would never buy another. Instead he went about obviously in the cheap suits the Chinese tailors made for him. Yet he had his own curious formalities. He would never take off his coat in the presence of a lady, or on the hottest day sit down coatless to a meal. Nor would he ever wear any but white shirts and stiff winged collars, always very clean. He never looked himself without those collars. If one caught him, collarless, wrapped in his dressing gown on his way down the hall to or from his bath, his neck rose a little too thin for the large and nobly shaped head. It gave him a curious childlike and helpless look. One was glad to have him put the collar on again, because without it that childlikeness in him was exposed and he was somehow betrayed.

And he had that quality of childlikeness. He was always easily deceived. There was not a shred of shrewdness in him. He believed happily, for instance, everyone who came to him saying that he wanted to turn Christian. Andrew was incapable of distrusting any convert, or of questioning anyone who said he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. It would have been to distrust Christ himself, for he thought one who believed was predestined to be saved, and he received each professing soul with a deep and touching confidence.

At a baptismal service Andrew was an amazing experience for anyone who saw him. Four times a year he received converts. They gathered in the chosen center, coming in from all over the field, a small crowd of simple country folk for the most part, but with a

scattering of townspeople and, rarely, one who looked learned or a man of place. Andrew did not receive them lightly or baptize them at once. They stayed for as long as a week sometimes, while he taught them and examined them in their knowledge of the new religion. For weeks and even months before, his assistants had been teaching them, those who could not read to read the simple tracts Andrew had prepared for them, the others the Scriptures themselves. When they came up for baptism Andrew questioned each one carefully, both as to knowledge of the principles of Christianity and spiritual experience. Sometimes when ignorance was too blatant, he regretfully bade them go home and prepare further and come up again. But when there was earnest profession of belief he received them. In the church, before the congregation, they came up, one by one, and he called their names, and dipped his fingers in the plain pottery bowl he held, and sprinkling their heads, he prayed, thanking God for every soul thus given to him.

The expressions upon the faces of the baptized varied from terror to hopefulness. Often there was the look of those who searched sincerely after God. But as often there was the look of a smug and pious rogue. Nevertheless Andrew received them all as precious, and after they were baptized, he gave them communion. What they thought of the whole proceeding varied according to the sincerity of their purpose. There were those who declared publicly, as soon as the water touched their heads, that they felt as if a stone had been taken away from the door of their hearts, and there were those who said privately that they felt nothing at all, and could notice no change in life whatever, and it was a hoax.

But none of them mattered. What mattered was that on those days Andrew's soul touched ecstasy. He was literally transfigured with a joy not of this earth. He came home to Sunday dinner looking as though a lamp were burning brightly within him. He was not gay—his joy was too deep for that. He sat quietly, eating in his sparing way, not hearing anything that was said around the table, but there was a luminescence about him. I used to look at him and be sure I saw a pure pale light standing around him as though it came from his body. His eyes were particularly pellucid and blue. After dinner he invariably shut himself in his study for many hours, to emerge at last in a happy exhaustion.

Because of such hours, which none of us shared, indeed which no one could share with him, that study was like no room in the house to us. We never thought of playing there or indeed even going into it for any reason except to take him a necessary message. Later on I used to have to go there for him to hear my Latin lessons, and I never stood up to recite to him—and not to stand was unthinkable—without feeling that more than man was listening.

Out of that new field the converts came in like homing birds. It was a poverty-stricken region, plagued by famine, for the Yellow River wound its wilful way through those plains, shifting its bed, drying up one course to flood another. The people were angry with their own gods and weary with suffering, and one heard it often said, "No god can be worse than ours! Let us try the foreign god and see if any good comes of it!"

Some good came to a few, for Andrew and Carie got together food, begging money from home and the home churches, and relieving what distress they could. The people, eagerly hoping for far more than was in Andrew's power to give, crowded into the chapels, clamoring to be saved. When they found there could not be enough for all, many went out again, and yet some stayed, so that Andrew was greatly encouraged.

He was away from home continually, preaching and teaching. With him went his band of followers, whom he was training into a Chinese clergy. In each center as it was established he put a trained man to preach and to conduct a school. For Andrew loved learning, and wherever he put a church he put a school, too, where for a small sum the children of church members or any others could come and learn to read and write and be taught the principles of the Christian religion. If for reading they read the classics of Confucius, it did not disturb him. There was a magic in the Scriptures which could not be overcome by heathen literature. Thus he believed.

In the midst of all this success and growth he was struck a blow. It came from a point at which he could least have expected it. He came home one day from a long preaching tour. It was early spring and he had been away many weeks. Now he felt he had earned a week at home. It had been a wonderfully good tour. Everywhere he had been heard eagerly, and many had wanted baptism. Now, happy to his

heart's core, filled with the knowledge of success in the work and of the consciousness of God's blessing, he let himself think of the pleasure of a hot bath and a clean bed, of good food, of the pleasure of speaking his own tongue—it had been long since he had heard or spoken English—and of seeing his family. He deserved a holiday—he could enjoy for a little while without a sense of guilt in enjoyment.

But when he entered the courtyard of the inn and got down from his donkey there was Carie, waiting for him—not only Carie but the three children—a son had been born not many months before—and the children's nurse. They were dressed for travel, and all the household goods were packed into loads ready to be carried by waiting men.

"Why—why—" Andrew gasped, stammering, "what does this mean, Carie?"

"It means," she replied, "that I and the children are going to find a place where we can live. You can preach from Peking to Canton, but I and these little children will never go with you any more."

"I know that speech of hers by heart, because she said it to me so many times in telling it. And she knew it by heart because she had said it so many times in the weeks that Andrew had been away. She said it over and over when she was nursing the baby through pneumonia, with the water flooding into the rooms so that the furniture had to be put up on bricks and they walked about on planks laid like gangways from room to room. Hers had not been the joy of saving souls and preaching to the crowding multitudes. Bit by bit she had saved one life, the small life of her baby son—if indeed she had saved it, because he was still so frail.

I do not know exactly what took place there in that courtyard. Andrew always looked grim when he came to that point. "She was utterly beyond reason," he would say. For neither of them was it a struggle between a man and a woman. It was a woman defying God. She fought against God, against Andrew's call, against the success of his work, against the promise of the future.

"She did not care a whit for all the souls yet to be saved," Andrew said once in the bitterness of remembering. "She was like a wild wind—nothing could stop her."

In the end she won, as she had determined and planned to do. The rooms were empty, the landlord paid, the carts engaged and waiting to

take them to the junk already hired. She had closed every door behind her. Andrew need not come, she told him—she could go alone. But he went with her, bewildered, angry, protesting. He turned for a moment to his comrade, Ma, and hastily promised to come back the instant he could settle his family somewhere. But he was greatly shaken. From within his own home a blow had been struck at him. He never quite forgave Carie for it, and from that day he went more solitary than he had before.

But then Andrew was born a solitary. He never had an intimate friend. When he was young he needed none. He had his dreams of escape from the labor he hated, and his plans for learning and his mission. Even when he was married he had no thought of companionship, for he had not seen a woman companion to a man. Among men he heard a crude scorn of women as creatures full of notions and whimsies, necessary to man and to be respected only in the simple functions of mating and housekeeping, and this scorn was slacked only by the brief aberration of courtship, to be resumed once it was over. It did not occur to him to look for or desire intellectual companionship or spiritual understanding in a woman. Occasionally, it is true, a woman was misled by a certain benignity in Andrew's look and by the quiet certainty of his manner and was drawn to him, and she made a sign to him of her interest. Nothing distressed Andrew more deeply or embarrassed him more profoundly. There was once at the breakfast table when, examining his mail, a look of shock spread over his face as he read a letter he had just opened. He handed it at once to Carie. She read it in a twinkling, her dark eyes firing with anger.

"The woman's a fool!" she said in her downright fashion. "You leave her to me—I'll answer that letter, Andrew!" She folded it and put it in her pocket. Then she glanced at him sharply. "You didn't go talking to her alone or anything like that to put ideas in her head?"

A clear sweat stood out on Andrew's high beautiful brow. He shook his head, too agitated to speak. Then he cleared his throat. "Wait a minute," he said hoarsely. "She asked me to talk with her a few minutes one night—I remember Mr. Jones was called out. She did not grasp fully the significance of St. Paul's conception of salvation by grace, and I explained it to her."

"And then she thanked you and said she had never understood it so well before!"

"How did you know?" he asked amazed.

Carie gave her short musical laugh. "I know how women get around men—they always begin by wanting advice on something or wanting something explained! Don't bother any more about it. I'll attend to her."

Andrew finished his breakfast in silence and went away, at once relieved and slightly sheepish. Immediately after breakfast Carie sat down at her desk, and wrote swiftly for a few moments. "There!" she exclaimed, addressing an envelope. "Poor silly soul!" She laughed, restored to good humor. Then she added, "Of course I knew Andrew was as innocent as a lamb! But that's always the kind that get taken in."

I don't believe she ever fully trusted Andrew about women because he was so guileless. When she lay on her deathbed, in her anguish and anger because she loved life, she said something bitter about his marrying again soon. And he came away, hurt, "She seems to think I'm—I'm—an old Abraham!" I heard him mutter down the hall. But it was not that. I think she knew she had never penetrated to that fastness of his heart where he lived alone, and so she was doubtful and wondered half sadly and half bitterly if perhaps another woman might enter where she had not.

What she never realized was that no one could enter there. Andrew did not know how to open the door to anyone. There were times as he grew older when he longed to have someone come in, when he hungered to feel someone close to him, but no one could come close, because he did not know how to let anyone. He kept his soul guarded and his heart closed. A caress, even from one of his children, abashed him, and he could not respond to it and so they ceased to give it. They were grown before they realized that he was secretly pleased by such a sign of affection, and that a word of praise or approbation made the very tears start to his eyes sometimes. But people did not praise him easily because he was too shy to praise others, too afraid of seeming fulsome. In that childhood home of his there was much rude fun made among all of them, and only he was so sensitive as to brood over the thrusts and suffer. And then no one thought of praising anyone. It

would result in sinful conceit. So he grew up with a tongue that could criticize but could not, whatever the impulse of his heart, shape itself to the softness of praise. When his children were little they did not love him for this, but when they grew up and he was an old man, with the transparencies of old age, they saw that under a different and a kinder creed this soul would have flowered into a mellower humor and a freer kindness. There was the love of kindness there, and the craving that a child has, kept through all the scores of years, for affection and understanding. But none of this could he express.

So he felt that Carie never understood him—it did not occur to him to wonder whether he understood her—and he said nothing to her. He took her and the children down the canal to the river and then he found an empty house upon a hill, and he left them there and went on his solitary way again.

But God comforted him.

VII

THOSE eight years before the Boxer Rebellion were the years of greatest danger in Andrew's mission. Since he never stayed in established places, but was always pushing out into new and unknown places, he often found himself among hostile people. The Chinese have always been distrustful of foreigners, not only foreigners from other countries but even people of their own nation from other provinces or regions. This is perhaps because each village and town has maintained itself for centuries as a separate locality. There has been almost no government from above or outside, and the clan feeling is very strong. In some places it was the usual custom to kill any stranger who came unexplained by burying him alive. It was the very common thing in a village, as it is today, to set the savage half-wild dogs upon any newcomer. Andrew went on, doing no more than carry a stout stick with which to beat off the dogs. And the dogs, soon discovering him to be unafraid and wary of their tricks at his heels, learned to leave him alone until he pushed on into stranger places. They are cowards, those dogs!

No one will ever know exactly what dangers he endured, because he never talked about them without a great deal of questioning and drawing out. Then in a few sentences he might tell a story that another would have made into a day's tale.

There was the time when he lay asleep upon the brick bed of an inn and awoke, conscious of a light, to find the innkeeper standing beside him, a bean-oil lamp flaming in his left hand and in his right a meat-chopper from the inn's kitchen. Andrew, opening his eyes, fixed them full upon the man's face and cried aloud to God.

"Deliver me, God!"

He spoke in English and the man grew afraid.

"What are you saying?" he asked.

"I am calling to my God," Andrew replied, never moving his steady blue eyes from the man's face.

The man lifted the meat-chopper firmly and brandished it. "Are you not afraid?" he shouted.

"No," said Andrew quietly. "Why should I be afraid? You can do no more than kill my body, and my God will punish you."

"How?" asked the man, pausing again.

"You will live in torment," said Andrew with such calm certainty that the man stared at him a while and went muttering away at last.

"What did you do then?" we asked Andrew, breathless.

"I turned over and went to sleep," he replied.

"He might have come back!" we breathed.

"There was a guard over me," he said simply.

Once he was pushed from a crowded ferry boat into a river by a rough fellow who first cursed him, and finding him unmoved, jostled him and tripped him over. But Andrew came up out of the muddy water and caught hold of the junk's rudder and held on. The crowd stared down at him, but not one offered him a hand. But he did not ask for a hand. He clung on until the river bank came under his feet and then he walked out, dripping wet, but imperturbable, to hunt for his box on the ferry boat. It was gone; the fellow had taken it.

The crowd laughed. "It was full of silver dollars," they cried. "All foreigners travel with boxes of silver dollars!"

Andrew smiled and went on his way content. His few silver dollars were safely in his pocket and the box had been full of tracts and Gospel sheets. "God has ways for men," he said in telling of it, and was convinced that the man's soul would be saved.

More than once he was laid upon and beaten when he appeared unexpectedly in some strange town. They beat him, apparently, for no reason except that they had never seen anyone like him before, as dogs will set upon a strange dog they have not seen.

But the things he really minded the most were not these. He was a fastidious saint physically, and he came home often quite ill with

sickness at what he had had to endure of filth. Once he came in green with horror.

"What is it?" Carie cried.

"I have eaten serpent today," he said in a ghastly voice. "I ate it at an inn and did not know it until afterwards." And immediately he was sick with the thought.

The common custom of hawking and spitting he could not endure. He who was so infinitely patient with men's souls had no patience at all with their bodies. When the trains first began to run he rejoiced in the signs put up against spitting elsewhere than in the numerous spittoons provided. But no one paid any attention to the signs. The Chinese were accustomed to spit where they pleased. Most of them could not read, and those that could paid no heed. Physical convenience is the law of life in China. Andrew came home one summer evening looking very content.

"There was a great fat fellow on the train today," he said abruptly at the supper table.

We all looked at him, waiting.

"He had off his shirt and sat in his drawers and his belly was like a great frog's," he went on, disgust in his eyes. He wiped his mouth carefully. "He spat everywhere except in the spittoon. I could not bear it, and pointed to the sign."

"I hope it did some good," said Carie, skeptically.

"It did not and I told him what I thought of him," said Andrew.

"What did you tell him?" we asked.

"I told him he was filthier than a beast," Andrew said gently.

"Father!" we cried.

"Oh, I told him very kindly and pleasantly," he replied, in the same mild voice, and could not understand why we laughed.

He had, of course, enemies. Most of them, it is true, were among his fellow missionaries, but these he considered his natural enemies. Missionaries and magistrates he put in the same class as his enemies, that is, persons designed by the devil to thwart the will of God, or what he, Andrew, wanted to do. Magistrates he was ruthless toward, and he quite openly used every treaty right he had to force them to allow him to rent property for chapels. For though he never opened chapels un-

less there were those who wanted it, still there were always opposing groups who did not want the foreigner's religion in their town. These Andrew disregarded completely. If there were one soul who wanted to hear of God, it was that one's right to hear, though there might be a hundred who did not want to hear. So he went boldly to magistrates' courts, presenting himself again and again, waiting hours upon their whims. Sometimes a magistrate, not really meaning to see him at all, put him off from day to day with one excuse and another. Day after day Andrew presented himself at dawn to wait until night, only to come again, until everyone was weary with him. Nor would he use the slightest touch of silver upon the palms of the underlings. He knew very well that money would have opened doors, but he had no money of his own and he would not so use the church's money which he held to be for the preaching of the Gospel alone. At last, if the magistrate proved obdurate, Andrew would use force—that is, the force of the treaties made after the Opium Wars by which Chinese citizens were to have the right to be Christian if they liked and missionaries the right to preach. If the magistrate were himself a doughty soul and would not be awed by treaties even with the threat of gunboats behind them, Andrew appealed to his own consul who, however he might curse missionaries—and how many of them do curse missionaries and groan, I suppose, very truly, that life would be simple without them!—would nevertheless be compelled to send an official letter to the magistrate. This letter, written upon official paper bearing the large strange seal of the unknown United States, always did what Andrew wanted. Grudgingly, in terms of carefully worded contempt, the permission would be given. But Andrew cared nothing for man's contempt. He went away to preach in triumph, being the stubbornest of the stubborn sons of God.

Well, all those years we at home scarcely saw Andrew, and to his children he was a stranger, coming home very seldom, and when he did, not as one who came home but as one who came only for a night's rest before he went on again. Their lives were built without him, their days filled with other presences than his. They were fatherless, because his life was dedicated to others, but they did not even know him well enough to miss him. He felt this vaguely, sometimes, when he came

home and saw his son growing tall, and his daughter ceasing to be a little child, and the baby who had been born at the inn. But that one died when he was five, just before the last child, a girl, was born.

Sometimes he tried to enter into their lives. There were two times in the year when they remember him a little differently, not as a journeying angel who tarried with them a night, but as a man who shared the things they had to do. Of these two times one was Christmas and the other was when the boxes came from Montgomery Ward, and Christmas was really the less exciting.

For Christmas, of which Carie made so much for the children, was a somewhat doubtful occasion to Andrew. There had been no celebration of Christmas in his childhood home except going to church and having a dinner. There was no giving of gifts, no Santa Claus. His idea of gifts was strange, too. He could never think of things to give the children, except things he had wanted as a boy, and which they did not want. But if he did not know how to give gifts to his children, he knew less what to give Carie. Even the children felt the pain of an inadequate gift to her, and they knew enough to feel an ache in their hearts for her on Christmas morning when she opened a brown paper parcel and put it quietly aside without comment. But her eyes were shadowy. Yet we knew he meant nothing—only he never knew her, he did not know what she liked or what she wore or what she needed. The children, passionately adoring her, worked to give her what they could, spending weeks before Christmas to make "something pretty for Mother." They knew the secret craving of her heart for pretty things.

But of course Andrew, underneath all, could not bear the spending of money for anything that did not further the cause of his life. Money was the power to save souls—money to rent chapels, to open schools, to buy Bibles. He did not want anything for himself. So there was always a little ache about Christmas. And then he would murmur doubtfully, "No one knows the authentic date of Christ's birth. Besides, there is evidence that the festival is mixed with heathen traditions. We do not really know what we are celebrating—perhaps even the birthday of an ancient heathen god!"

"Fiddlesticks, Andrew," Carie exclaimed. "The point of it is to give the children a good time!"

But no one had ever troubled to give the child Andrew a good time, and he was more doubtful than ever. The truth is he was never free from the weight of his task. His happiness was measured by his success in that, and that alone. God had him.

But the Montgomery Ward boxes were another matter. They were necessities, ordered months before, paid for, and safely arrived. The children anticipated for weeks that morning when Andrew, looking up from the letters before him on the breakfast table, would say solemnly, "The boxes have come!" If he were not at home they could scarcely bear it, for Carie would not open them until he came. But he was nearly always there in the early winter. There was a regular routine to be followed, always exciting. Andrew must go down to the Customs office on the Bund and present the bill of lading and get the boxes through Customs. The children at home were waiting at the gate of the compound, if it were fair, climbing high so that they might catch the first glimpse of Andrew around the corner of the old Buddhist temple in the valley. If it were raining, they waited at the front door, their noses pressed white against the glass pane. Meanwhile Carie was preparing a place in the back hall for the boxes.

There was no greater ecstasy than the moment when Andrew appeared from behind the temple, followed by four or five coolies with boxes slung on ropes upon their carrying poles. The sound of their rhythmic step-keeping call floated up the hill and came nearer and nearer—"Heigh-ho—heigh-ho—" Soon, soon the boxes would be dropped in the hall, and the men clamoring about them in the dear confusion of the hour. Andrew would be waging a war over the tips the coolies were shouting for, slapping their sweaty breasts, pointing out the welts upon their horny shoulders.

"These foreign boxes are full of lead!" they would shout. "They are fit to kill us—and we came up the hill—and what is this mite upon my hand!" They would throw their coins down and spit upon them, and Carie would implore Andrew, "Give them a little more, Andrew—just this once!" And then very unwillingly he would give them a little more, and they would subside into grins and go away. And there were the boxes!

Some child always had the hammer and the big nail puller that Andrew had bought for such days, and breathless they watched while

the strong iron teeth sank into the wood as Andrew pounded and clutched the nail head and the nail came up, screeching with reluctance.

Every board was saved as it came off, because the boxes were good American pine, dry as no wood in China was ever dry. All our book-cases and bureaus and the chests in the attic were made of the Montgomery Ward boxes. Under the lid was strong brown paper. Carie pulled it away, and there were the things from America! It was our most real, most tangible touch with our own country.

Now, looking back, the things seem very simple, such things as the Americans order every day from their grocers and think nothing but necessities. But to us they were the dearest luxuries, things that could be bought nowhere around us, foods to be tasted and savored and enjoyed as precious, tools that seemed magic in complexity, garments made and ready to wear, marvels of fashion.

But really there were tins of coffee and bags of sugar, cakes of yeast and soap, a round keg of molasses for Carie's famous gingerbreads, and spices which perhaps had grown in the Orient and now were back again ready to be used. There were needles and pins, hairpins and threads, all the small things not to be found in Chinese stores—some ribbon in gay colors to be used to tie back little girls' curls on Sundays (dyed tape on other days) and there were other little luxuries—sassafras tea, which Andrew loved on a cold winter's night at supper, and a few pounds of hard peppermint candy, some packages of gelatin, jars for fruits that Carie put up against the winter. For clothing there were the necessities of long underwear for the damp Chinese winters in badly heated houses—Carie knitted our stockings and sweaters and little cuffs she called wristlets. And last there was always a little special thing that each child had chosen out of the fabulous catalogue. Oh, the lovely hours we all spent poring over the catalogue, searching for the one thing, costing not more than the dollar we were allowed, the heart-burning decisions as to whether it were better to have several small things costing less or the one beloved thing costing a full dollar! And the agony when the one beloved cost a dollar and nineteen cents! There was no use in going to Andrew—no child thought of it—but Carie, always too tender-hearted, could be persuaded, and when the bill was presented to Andrew's stern eyes, Carie could be trusted to

Speak up and say, "I told her she could, Andrew—I'll make it up out of something else, or take it out of the housekeeping!" So Andrew let it pass—although to do him full justice he sometimes let it pass anyway, if the work were going well and he was in a high humor.

Each child, then, had his little package, precious to receive, precious to unwrap and to look at and fondle and play with and put under the pillow at night. Yet the catalogue was a book of heart-burning, too. So many things cost much more than a dollar! There was one of Andrew's little girls, for instance, who yearned deeply over years for a certain large baby doll. To this day she has not forgotten that doll. The legend underneath read "life-size." That meant as big as a real baby. She remembers its round bisque face in a frilly lace bonnet, its chubby hands, its long dress and little knit jacket. But it cost three dollars and ninety-eight cents and was of course hopelessly out of possibility. She bought a little doll or two, but they were never the same. She prayed resolutely for years that some Christmas—but there never was such a Christmas. She had little cheap dolls, dressed exquisitely and completely by Carie's hands. But they were not life-size. Every Christmas Eve that child, having prayed hundreds of prayers, went to bed with her heart beating with hope. But the first glance at the stocking and at the tiny heap of packages swept the hope away again for another year. If Carie had realized, she would have somehow seen to it, by some prodigious slashing sacrifice, that the small heart had its desire. But she never knew, for the child never spoke, not dreaming that the fabulous sum was within her parents' possibility to give. Santa Claus—or God—might give it, but not Andrew who needed all the money. And Carie had no money of her own. So the doll remained upon the pages of the catalogue to dream over and at last to relinquish, except to this day that child, now long grown, cannot pass the doll counter in a toy shop—cannot have her fill, for that matter, of real babies.

But there were many little white children living in the heart of China to whom Montgomery Ward took place with Santa Claus and God. One child came home one day to say solemnly to her mother, "I feel sure Miss Nan and Mr. Rob are going to be married."

"How do you know?" the mother inquired.

"Because I saw them looking at a Montgomery Ward catalogue together," the child replied, astutely.

All this time a slow storm was rising out of the deeps of China. None of us realized it, certainly not I as a small child living in Andrew's house. Yet I remember being afraid in the night because of things I heard Andrew and Carie talk about. People were not as willing to hear Andrew preach as they had been, it seemed. He came home more often than he used to come, and very often he was dejected and downcast so that before he came Carie used to coax us to be especially good, to be affectionate with him and remember how tired he was.

"You children can't understand all the hard things he has to bear while you live safely here—" She paused, as though listening, wondering, perhaps, how safe the children were.

But they were warm-hearted little things and ran about doing things for Andrew's coming—picking flowers he never noticed, and putting his old leather slippers at the door for him to slip on when he came in—a thing he did notice and enjoy. There was a sort of symbolism in those large worn leather slippers, shaped to the angles of Andrew's feet. To a small child, carrying one in each hand, they seemed as enormous as a giant's shoes, and they had a sort of magic, too, because when Andrew put them on a different look came over his face. It was his home look—a desperate weariness of the body, a lightening of the heart, and a certain famishment in the eyes. But perhaps it was only eagerness for home and his own about him, an eagerness he was not able to put into words.

As the years went on which led to the Boxer Rebellion, he was more and more dejected when he came home. He spent hours sitting in his study, doing nothing, apparently. We used to see him sitting there in his old imitation leather armchair that he had picked up in a second-hand shop in Shanghai. It had, as long as I can remember, pieces of excelsior stuffing coming out of it, and spots where his body pressed upon it most hardly, especially in two spots where his elbows leaned when he prayed.

There was talk, too, because Andrew and Carie never hid the realities of their lives from their children. Andrew would say suddenly at

the table, "I've had to close up three more chapels this last month. The landlords wouldn't let me keep them. I can't find another place—nobody will rent me a place to preach in now. Something's wrong."

Or he would say, "We're having meetings at the houses of different church members. We have to have them as the Christians did of old—at midnight, secretly, as we are able."

Many and many a night the children woke to hear the clang of the compound gate and to see the flicker of Andrew's big old kerosene oil lantern which he carried at night and kept spotlessly clean himself. It was one of his small fastidiousnesses—a clean lantern, or at home, the lamp clean and trimmed. For in those days we used oil lamps and American kerosene oil. When we saw the flicker of light upon the whitewashed wall, we knew that was Andrew coming home from a secret meeting of Christians.

The whole house came somehow to be filled not with fear but with a sort of solemn waiting. One by one the servants, on some pretext or another, left, until there were only the nurse and her son. And Andrew was at home more and more, his face growing daily more grim. He went several times to see the American consul and came back to say to Carie, "He can't do anything—they're all waiting."

And one night he never came home at all! It was nearly noon of the next day before he came in, and his wrists were bleeding where thongs had held him.

When Carie, frantic with anxiety, cried out, he answered soberly, "Be glad I am alive. I was at Lin Meng's administering communion to his old mother when soldiers came in. They took Lin away and tortured him until he died. But he remained true. They took his ten-year-old son, but let him go today, and he came back and told me and loosed me. I was left bound, and the woman died as I stood there, bound to a post." His face worked, and he sat down and groaned. Then he looked at us all strangely, his ice-colored eyes shining, his voice solemn and triumphant. "Lin Meng has entered into the presence of our Lord, a martyr, to stand among that glorified host!"

He got up quickly and went away into his study, to be alone a while.

So it was everywhere. For soon there began to come rumors of death. In one town in Shantung the small missionary community were all

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killed, including the children. Several times missionaries we had never seen before were brought to us by secret friends among the Chinese, ragged and starved and ill, and Carie cared for them and sent them on to Shanghai and safety. There were sometimes children of eight or ten with them, a very few, but never any little ones or any babies. These had died of dysentery, of fever, of hardships too dreadful to be told. The children of Carie never heard the rumors, but they saw Carie rock herself in weeping and anguish and fear for her own. So the storm mounted and mounted, until that day when the American flag raised at a point long agreed upon warned us to leave instantly, and Carie took the children and went. But Andrew stayed, alone.

It is not possible fully to know what was in Andrew's mind when he went back, the solitary white man in that whole countryside. Never, not then or after, did he leave his post when danger came. He went back quietly. On the way he was spat upon many times, and curses were shouted after him. But curses were common and he paid no heed to them. He entered the empty house, bathed and changed his clothing, and sat down to his supper. One young lad, the son of the children's faithful nurse, remained to serve him.

The story of the Boxer Rebellion has been many times told and there is no use in telling it again. It remains, like the tale of the Black Hole of Calcutta, one of the festering spots of history. If the number of people actually dead was small, as such numbers go in these days of wholesale death by accidents and wars, it was the manner of death, the innocence of little children and babies, that makes the heart shudder and condemn even while the mind can reason and weigh. The mind can acknowledge the force of the Chinese right to refuse foreigners upon their soil, it can acknowledge the unwarranted imperialism of such men as Andrew, righteous though they were, and honorable in intent and of good meaning. The mind says people have a right to refuse imperialism. But the heart shudders. For those who were martyred were the good and the innocent, none the less good and innocent because they were blind. For the glory of God had made them blind. They were drunk with love of God, so that they saw nothing but His glory, could only see the one necessity, that all others should become like themselves. And so forsaking all else they went

out as blind men do, trustful, not able to see danger, or if seeing, not believing.

There is no reconciling these two, the mind and the heart. The mind may say a thousand times, and rightly, "They had no right to be there. They provoked what they received." But the heart answers, "They were innocent, for they believed that what they did was of God."

So there is no answer and there can be no just decision. Certainly Andrew belonged to the blind. It was his strength that he believed so deeply in what his soul said that the eyes of his flesh were never opened from birth until death. He never saw men except "as trees, walking." He would have been amazed if anyone had told him that the Chinese had the right to protest the presence of foreign missionaries upon their soil. It was as though they protested the actuality of the true God, his God. No man had any right against God.

He stayed stubbornly on in the square mission house with the one Chinese lad all through the hot brilliant summer. The lad, hanging about the streets at night, brought him rumors each day of new massacres of white people in other places. Andrew was the sole white man in the region. He came and went quietly, preaching openly in the streets until the fury of passersby and their shouts grew too threatening for him to be heard. Then with that high serene stubbornness of his he handed out his tracts, saw them dropped or torn, and went away to try in another street. His quietness, the extreme dignity of his tall figure, his lack of any fear seem to have preserved him. I know that from Ma, the Christian, who stayed by him still. Once he said to me of Andrew, "I thought many times that he would be killed. Many times I stood near, thinking I must, like Stephen, be witness to the death of a martyr. There were stones flung at him—once a stone cut him on the cheek, but he did not even put up his hand to wipe away the blood. He did not seem to feel it."

"Were you afraid?" we asked Andrew when he was an old man, remembering.

He considered. "There have been times in my life when I have been afraid. But it was always over small matters." He meant thieves, noises in the night, those stirs in the darkness which moved some childhood fear hidden in him so deeply that he did not recognize it. "But I never was afraid when I was on God's business," he said.

"Yet some were killed," we murmured.

"It is not death one fears," he said. It was one of his simplicities to which there was no answer.

But he was sustained in all those days so that afterwards he remembered with clarity, not dangers or fears, not stories of disease and death, but a sort of ecstasy. He lived, it seemed, outside himself.

"I seemed," he wrote, "without the body. For I was conscious of the presence of God with me like a strong light shining, day and night. All human beings were far away from me. I had almost no human intercourse except with Ma, once a Mohammedan, but now the Christian. He remained faithful. And every day I taught him exegesis of the scriptures, and together we planned for more effective spreading of the Gospel when the storm was abated."

For Andrew never doubted that the storm would abate, that evil must break down and good be triumphant. He prayed aloud in every prayer he ever made, "Keep us faithful until that sure day when evil is gone from the world and God is victorious." That sure day! Upon such surety he built his life, and being without doubt or shadow of turning, he lived happily in any circumstances. What more, indeed, does anyone need than the surety of his heart's wish?

Months went on. The summer ended, and the rebellion ended, as all the world knows, by a punitive expedition of the Powers from whom the slaughtered missionaries came. The foreign armies marched into Peking, the Empress Dowager fled with her court; apologies, indemnities, fresh concessions followed in the usual order. But the people remained sullen. They maintained a menacing refusal to hear anything about a foreign God. Andrew grew impatient. The cool weather came on, the sort of weather when he ought to be out over the country, preaching in sunny market-places, stopping in villages, talking to peasants gathered about the threshing floors. But they would not hear him. They threatened him, they set their fierce dogs upon him, they refused him room to rent or space even to stand. Twice a chapel was burned.


"God has not yet had time to work," Andrew wrote Carie.

It occurred to him that it had been nine years since he had seen his own country and that a furlough was due him. Carie, too, living in

close rented rooms in Shanghai, was ready for a change. Well, he would give God a little more time, then. A year of furlough, and then he would come back, and he and the Christian Ma would begin their campaign again. He shut up the square mission house and went to Shanghai. His children had almost forgotten him, although every night they had prayed, "God, please keep our father from the Boxers."

He appeared taller than ever to them, thinner, and his eyes were hoary blue in the burned red-brown of his face. And he was shy with them and did not know how to talk to them.

VIII

 OF THAT second return of Andrew's to America I can write with some authority because by then I can remember him on my own account. It is true I cannot yet give a consecutive story because my memory is not long enough for that. I see him not as a day to day figure, like Carie. The days came and went, and into them he broke irregularly and with violence. He must always have created a stir of some sort when he came, because those impressions of his presence are much more vivid than anything else, although a great deal was happening to me which had never happened before—all of America, in fact. I remember, for instance, my first glimpse of Cornelius, Carie's beloved brother, who had stood next to God all my life. He came out of the big white house in which Carie had told me I was born, his white hair glittering in the sun. He looked the oldest man in the world, and I thought he must be Hermanus, and I cried out, "Grandfather!" But Cornelius laughed, and behind him I saw still another older, more silver-haired figure, and that was Hermanus. Yet in all this excitement, in the excitement of cousins to play with, of an orchard heard of but never before seen, of cows and horses, of unvalled meadows—how strange and naked I felt at first with no wall to shield the house and garden, and then when I became convinced bandits would not attack us or anyone come in and steal our things, how glorious and free!

Yet upon all these memories Andrew's figure breaks in, in its own startling fashion. We stayed at Carie's home all summer and I was in a long ecstasy of happiness, day after day. Andrew was away visiting his own brothers and sisters—Carie, I think, felt them difficult to visit

with two small, amah-bred children. And he preached at churches whenever he was invited. I remember my anxiety, when he was asked to preach in Carie's home church, that he would not be able to preach in English, and my amazement when he not only preached but preached very long indeed. He had, I felt, more than enough to say. That was the church where Andrew's brother David was minister, David who looked so much like Andrew that I was quite bewildered by it. But he was quieter than Andrew, paler and more gentle. He was a silvery pale old gentleman then, his very skin as pale as silver, so that he looked ghostly. Even the blue of his eyes was beginning to be dimmed by a silver film of rheum.

Andrew threw the family into consternation because he was so late in arriving the Saturday before the Sunday he was to preach. I felt quite miserable and somehow responsible for it. Hermanus kept watching and snorting about the delay and Carie kept apologizing, and I felt, since Andrew was my father, I ought to be able to do something about it. It was a hot August day and most of the afternoon I sat on the stile under the huge old maple, watching the dusty road. Around the supper table the aunts and uncles looked severely at Carie. "Is he usually late like this?" they inquired of her.

"No—no, indeed," she replied hastily, "I can't think what's keeping him. He wrote me he was riding horseback from Lewisburg today over Droop Mountain."

"He'll be worn out if he does get here now," Hermanus said gloomily and added, "He's not such a good preacher that he can get up and do us credit offhand."

Carie did not answer, though I saw a kindling in her eyes. I felt at once an odd aching—it was strange that she, my mother, should be scolded like a little girl, and I wanted to defend her.

Then suddenly Andrew walked in, his suitcase in his hand, his shoes very dusty.

"Well, sir!" cried Hermanus.

"My horse went lame when she'd gone less than two miles," said Andrew, "so I walked."

They all stared at him.

"Walked!" cried Cornelius. "Over Droop Mountain—and a bag!"

"There wasn't any other way to get here," said Andrew. "I'll just

go and wash myself." He disappeared and I can still remember the clamoring and the astonishment. He had walked fifteen miles over a great mountain, carrying his suitcase.

I was suddenly very proud of him and piped, "There're always books in his suitcase, too!"

But Hermanus said grimly, "He'll be no good at all tomorrow." And when Andrew came in presently, very washed and speckless, he shouted to my Aunt Dorothy, "Go and fetch some hot meat! The man's famished!" and sat there, snorting a little from time to time while Andrew ate.

Whether or not Andrew was any good I do not remember, because the next morning after breakfast I suddenly announced my decision to join the church. It had not occurred to me until I saw my favorite cousin, just older than I, trying on a new white frock before breakfast. "I'm going to join the church today," she said complacently, turning around and around before the mirror. I stared at her, pondering. I also had a new white frock, ready for some occasion not yet arrived. Indeed, it had been a sore point between Carie and me that as yet there had been no occasion good enough. The idea struck me. I flew to Carie.

"I want to join the church, too!"

She was in her room, twisting up her heap of bright chestnut hair. She twined the coil in her hand, and looked at me in the mirror, her face very solemn.

"You can't just join the church like that," she exclaimed, outraged. "It's a very important step—you must think about it a long time."

"I have," I said quickly. "I've thought of it lots of times!"

"Then why didn't you say so before?" asked Carie shrewdly.

I twisted a bit of my frock. "I've always been afraid to go up alone," I said. "But today I could go up with Hilda."

Carie looked at me, thinking. "I don't know," she said finally. "You'll have to ask your father."

Andrew came in at that instant, his eyes tranquil from morning prayer.

"This child wants to join the church!" Carie cried.

I felt his eyes rest on me with more interest than I had ever felt in them. Indeed, except when I was in fault, I did not remember that

they had ever turned full upon me before. But to one in fault they were piercing, terrifying. Now they were different. There was an eagerness of interest in them—they were almost, if not quite, kind.

"What makes you think you want to profess Christ?" he asked gravely.

I pleaded my frock and said nothing, not knowing what to say. They stared at me. I could feel the two qualities of their stares. Carie's was shrewd and a little skeptical. A few more moments and she would be ready to forbid the whole business. But Andrew's gaze was softening, expanding, becoming exalted.

"You love the Lord Jesus Christ?" he inquired.

Suddenly there was nothing of father and daughter between us. He was the priest inquiring of a soul. Even I was awed and paused for a moment's searching. Did I not love Jesus? I had never thought about it, taking it for granted. He was, I had been told, kind to children.

"Yes, sir," I faltered.

He turned solemnly to Carie. "We have no right to forbid a soul's profession," he said.

"But the child's too young to know what she's doing!" Carie exclaimed.

I would not look at her, knowing the penetrating power of her dark and searching eyes. Besides, did I not love the Lord Jesus Christ?

"Of such is the Kingdom," said Andrew simply.

That settled it. Without a word, but her eyes still skeptical, Carie produced the white frock and I put it on and she tied the sash and adjusted my big leghorn hat, and we went to church. The family had been told of the situation, and my cousin and I walked side by side, behind Hermanus, feeling very special.

"You have to answer questions," Hilda whispered.

"I don't care," I whispered back. Had I not been nurtured on the Child's Catechism and the Westminster Shorter Catechism and hundreds of psalms and hymns? It is true that at least a million times I had been pettish and complained to Carie, "I don't see what good all these catechisms and verses will do me!" To which she invariably replied, "The time will come when you will be glad of them." Perhaps, I pondered, this was the time—although I had never believed her.

That was why Andrew's sermon seemed so long. I did not listen to

it, because I never listened to his sermons, feeling I could hear him talk any time at home. But being a shy child I began to wish I had not said I wanted to join the church. Now that it was inevitable, for Uncle David had been told, and it would never do to back down before all the family, my heart was throbbing in my throat like a dry and rasping machine. Only the thought of my frock upheld me. It was much prettier than Hilda's, and everybody would see it.

Of the rest I remember little. Before the benediction Uncle David rose and announced the receiving of two members, and invited all who would to remain after the benediction. Everyone remained. Carrie slipped the hat from my head, and Hilda and I walked up the aisle together, an unending aisle, it seemed to me, although afterwards Hilda said I went so fast she had almost to run. I know I could feel my curls bobbing up and down against my back. There was a moment of complete silence, and then Uncle David's silvery blue eyes looked into mine and he asked a question or two, to which I answered faintly, "Yes," and again, "Yes, I think so." He handed me an old silver plate covered with lace, upon which were morsels of white bread, and I took a bit. Then he gave me a chalice of wine and bade me drink. I ate and drank. But the bread was dry and tasteless in my mouth, and the wine burned my tongue and I hated it. And I had to take off the white frock just as soon as we reached home. When it was all over it was rather disappointing.

Andrew, it seemed, could not live in entire peace even in America where there were no missionaries and, presumably, no heathen. The next memory I have of him is in an old rented house in a small college town in Virginia, we having gone there to be with my brother Edwin who was in the university. Andrew had no idea of settling down. He felt, since America was full of money, that he had better get what he could to carry on his work. So he deposited his family, or tried to do so. But there was some sort of difficulty about the house. It was rented from a stately old Virginia lady who lived in a huge columned affair on the hill above, and who, although she went regularly to church and dropped two coins into the plate on foreign mission Sundays, profoundly distrusted all missionaries when it came to personal dealings. Whether she had had previous unfortunate experiences, I do not know.

But Andrew could brook arrogance from no one, having plenty of his own, and especially he could not endure it from females, whom he considered should be meek and yielding. It was a case of flint against flint, and a good many insults were given and taken.

It was not possible for a child fully to comprehend what was going on. One thing was clear. Andrew would not give her as much monthly rent as she wanted, and when she asked what guarantee she had for the year's rent, he replied with that furiously tranquil look of his, "The same guarantee, Madam, which I have—that the Lord provides for His own!" Evidently she was not fully reassured, in spite of being a Christian, for Andrew paused in the middle of a very favorite potato soup that night at supper to remark—as Carie put it, "out of a clear blue sky"—"That woman is a she-devil, that's what she is!"

"Why, Andrew!" Carie exclaimed.

We all waited for more, but Andrew had fallen placidly to his soup again, and there was no more. But whenever I saw Mrs. Estie riding by in her carriage, under a lace parasol, her ink-black coachman driving a pair of grey horses slowly down the tree-arched street, I looked at her hard. A she-devil! She sat very proud and erect, her white hair waved, her fine old profile conscious and haughty. She had once been a Southern belle and she had never got over it. But that disease is a curiously inverted one. It sickens almost to death any number of persons about her, but it remains robust and incurable in the woman who possesses it.

I have only one more memory of Andrew during that strange American year. He was almost always away, collecting money, but once he was at home and we were all going somewhere together to make a family call. I had, I remember, been dressed first, in a new frock of blue sprigged muslin. The skirt was smocked with blue silk upon a yoke, and the sleeves were short and puffed, and there was lace at the collarless neck. My long curls had been freshly spun about Carie's forefinger, and a blue bow sat on top of my head, and I swung my big hat. Thus arrayed, and feeling perfectly satisfied with myself, I stood at the steps into the street, waiting and spotless, when two small boys paused to stare. I pretended to pay no heed to them, of course, although I was acutely conscious of them. Indeed, I was a little sore from a recent

experience with a detestable boy, the dunce of my third grade class, who had chosen to subject me to his adoration in spite of my furious and loud protestations of my hatred.

These two unknown and personable little boys, staring, were therefore in the nature of balm, although outwardly I appeared oblivious of them. At last one of them heaved a sigh and said to the other, "Ain't she pretty?"

But before he could answer I heard Andrew on the porch.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed. He had come out ready to go, and caught the little boy's remark.

"You go and find your mother!" he commanded me. And as I turned reluctantly, for I would not have dreamed of disobeying him, I saw the two little boys hastening up the street, pursued by his blue and baleful glare.

"Hm!" I heard him say loudly after them. And he stood there with a distasteful look upon his face, as though he smelled sin afar off.

Searching memory, we seem to be suddenly back in the square mission house again. After the crowded American year it was very still, very lonely. For us who were the children in Andrew's house, there were no white children to play with, and the days were long and filled with whatever we could find to put into them.

Certainly Andrew was not in them. For now began the most prosperous part of his missionary career. He came back with a good part of the money he had wanted and he found a strangely peaceful, an almost ominously peaceful, China. During the year something had happened. Instead of hostility he met everywhere a mask of courtesy and compliance. He could rent rooms anywhere he liked for chapels and schools, and people crowded into them. It is true that they seemed people of a new class, people with axes to grind, with difficulties to adjust, lawsuits, grievances, ambitions. Andrew found himself, as all white men did at that period, possessing a power of which he had been unconscious.

The explanation, of course, was the summary punishment given by the white men to the Chinese for the Boxer uprising. Word had gone all over the Chinese empire, that word flying like wind from mouth to mouth, more quick than written page or telegram today. White

men, being strong and swift and fearful in retribution, came to be feared and hated and envied and admired and used. Every white man was a little king.

Andrew took it as God's triumph. He proceeded in great strides over that part of China which he considered his spiritual kingdom. With Ma the Christian to help and to advise and save him mistakes where he could be saved, he opened church after church, trained preachers to put in them who were responsible not only for their congregations but also for a certain amount of territory around them, and beside every church was a school. At one time Andrew had over two hundred churches and schools in his diocese. Twice a year he had a general assembly of all workers, and it was a sight to see the crowd who gathered to make report, to receive instructions and teaching. For Andrew never ceased to train and to develop and to teach those whom he had chosen to teach others. And Ma the Christian was always at his elbow, dark and silent except for a whisper to which Andrew gave instant heed.

There was something curiously imperial about the whole thing, and none the less because it was an empire of the spirit, although Andrew was guileless to the core and had no such dreams. But dark Christians had such dreams, and that kingdom was not wholly of God. There were those in it who used the power of the name of the white man and the white man's religion to further their own ends. For in that time it was enough for a man to boast before a magistrate, "I belong to the white man's church, and I have his protection," for the magistrate to fall silent and give him his way without regard for justice.

But Andrew did not believe such things could be, and would not believe, though he were told. Andrew's children, looking back, remember that Carie told him a good many times and warned him often. She was nearer the common people than he could ever be. Women were not afraid of her and they gossiped and told tales, and she heard that the preacher Li was charging three silver dollars for every admission to the church and if anyone paid five, admission was sure, but if you tried to get in on the old confession of faith it was impossible. Or she heard that the older T'ing had three concubines secretly, and that the preacher Rao was an opium smoker. She repeated everything to Andrew, and he refused to believe anything. It was a curious aspect of

his nature that he was able to disbelieve anything he did not like to believe.

"If you would only try to see for yourself, Andrew," Carie would exclaim. "Don't let yourself be taken in!"

But Andrew would only answer, "It is the Lord's business, and his is the responsibility for these souls—not mine. I merely sow the good seed—he will separate the tares from the wheat."

It did not disturb him at all when a flagrant hypocrisy among them became open.

"Christ, too, had his Judas," he said, and was not troubled.

Carie was not the only one who battled with Andrew on this point. The other missionaries attacked him again and again and there were some who tried to discredit his whole work, feeling it was better to have only two converts and have them real, than Andrew's hundreds. But Andrew only laughed at them in his silent and dry fashion. He had a strange laugh, a wrinkling of his leathery face, a sudden shining in his eyes that did not in the least soften them, and one "Haw!" of sound. And with a touch of unaccustomed shrewdness he would say, "Polson and his precious pair of converts! Just as likely as not one's a hypocrite and that's fifty percent of his membership false! It's safer to have five hundred."

The missionaries made all sorts of checks and rules designed to curb Andrew's ways, but he was bound no more than Gulliver by the threads of the Lilliputians. He went his own way serenely, and they foamed and scolded and Andrew's children early were imbued with the feeling that the hands of their own kind were forever against their parents and therefore against them. Later, when they grew up, they were surprised to discover that these same people were good enough in their way, simple honest folk who were trying to do their duty as much as Andrew was. But between them and God were the mission officers and mission rules, while Andrew dealt only with God.

It fits here, perhaps, to tell Andrew's side of the war of the New Testament, which was the major entanglement and achievement of his life. Early in his career Andrew decided that the Chinese translation of the Bible was balderdash. There were all sorts of absurdities in it because, he said, the translators had not sufficiently understood Chi-

nese idioms. Elijah's chariot, for instance, was translated "fire-wagon," a word later used for railway train, so that the passage led innocent heathen to believe that Elijah went to heaven on a railroad, and a good deal of geographical confusion resulted from this idea. Andrew decided, therefore, that as soon as he had time he would make a new translation straight from the Hebrew and Greek into Chinese. It was about this time that the missionaries themselves became convinced that they should have a new translation and chose a committee to make it, and Andrew's scholarly proficiency in the language being one thing at least which they appreciated, he was asked to be a member of the committee.

The scheme was simple. The New Testament was to be the first portion translated, and its chapters were divided among the committee in equal shares. Each man was supposed to work on his share at home with an approved Chinese scholar to help him, and in the summer they were to meet at a chosen spot to compare, criticize and confer upon each other's work.

It was to Andrew a work of the most sacred sort. With Ma as his aide, he pored at night over his assignment, all through one winter and spring. Early in July he and Ma went north to the meeting place. There was a certain solemnity about the departure. Carie had been at great pains to furbish up his clothes and by dint of much talk and some flattery she had persuaded him to get a new white suit. Her saint should be as personable as any of them.

He was to be away eight weeks. We settled down to the long hot summer with a certain sense of freedom. With Andrew gone leisure descended upon the house like coolness over heat. We all had things we wanted to do. Carie was going to teach me how to sing alto that summer, and she had saved up a little secret hoard out of the house-keeping money and had bought from Shanghai four new books that we were going to read aloud—two of them novels for a treat. And we were going to make new curtains for the living room. And Carie was going to have the umbrella tree cut out of the garden. Trees were a continual argument between Andrew and Carie. Carie loved sunshine, but in the warm heat of the Yangtse Valley the trees grew huge and weedy and shaded the house and made the mildew grow overnight

like frost upon shoes and garments and the straw matting. But Andrew never wanted any tree cut down at all. The umbrella tree had been a particular bone between them. He would not hear of its being cut, although its huge fanlike leaves flapped all over one corner of the porch, and the garden snakes loved to creep around its wet branches. Carie abhorred the tree and her too quick imagination imbued it with a sinister influence. She had said months before to us, "The minute Andrew is out of the house this summer I'm going to have that tree cut down. He makes a fuss for it, but I don't believe he'll notice it if it's gone."

And Andrew was scarcely out of the compound gate before she had the gardener chopping at it. She stood triumphantly to see it fall. It fell with a groan and instantly a great beam of sunlight shot into the shadows of the porch.

"There!" Carie said. "I can breathe again!"

It was well she did not delay, for in less than two weeks Andrew was back. He had told us nothing, for his letters were always noncommittal. "The flies in Chefoo are fearful," he had written. "It is an Egyptian plague and the mosquitoes are worse." He made a few complaints about his fellow workers. "Barton is lazy. He does not begin work before eight o'clock of mornings. It's his English morning tea habits and too big a breakfast, I tell him." But later there had been other more severe complaints of the English missionary. Andrew wrote in every letter, "Barton wants everything his own way." Carie, reading that, laughed and said, "There isn't another like him there, is there?" She wrote him, counseling patience, forbearance, the possibility that eight might be more right than one, and the majority should decide. But when did majority mean anything to Andrew, who was so used to being the minority of one? "Barton is insufferable," he wrote.

"I'm afraid Andrew isn't going to make it," said Carie regretfully.

It was the day after that he appeared, Mr. Ma darkly silent behind him. Andrew had on his new white suit, which he had forgotten to wear before, but had remembered when he thought of seeing Carie. He looked splendid and triumphant and very happy to be home. He was unusually jovial all evening, although we could not make out much of what the trouble had been, except that Andrew had wholly

approved of no one's translation except his own. In fairness to him it must be said that this seemed to be a fairly unanimous state of mind among the committee. But Barton had been the worst.

"The fellow isn't even educated," Andrew said, eating his supper with a vast relish. "He quit school at sixteen and went into a draper's shop in London—he doesn't know a word of Hebrew and Greek."

"Maybe he knows Chinese," Carie said. She was always somewhat inclined to take the other side against Andrew.

"Pshaw!" said Andrew. "I have no confidence in him."

"What are you going to do now?" we asked.

"Make the translation myself," he replied.

"So you will know it's right?" asked Carie, laughing.

But Andrew looked at her with surprise and gravity.

"Exactly," he replied.

As for the umbrella tree, Carie was right. He never noticed it was gone, although two years later, when Carie in a mischievous mood told him of it, he instantly declared he had missed something all along, and had not known what it was. And he was so positive that we did not dare to laugh until he had left the room.

So in that manner began the work which to Andrew's children took on, as the years passed, the aspect of a giant inexorable force which swallowed their toys, their few pleasures, their small desires, into its being and left them very little for their own. But that does not matter in this tale. For to Andrew it was excitement, creation, fulfillment. And he had the need to create, unrealized until now. More and more he put the work of superintending the churches and schools into the hands of the Christian Ma, and more and more he immersed himself in Greek roots, in Pauline theology, in Chinese idioms. He withdrew yet further from the world, spending days and nights in his inviolable study. We could hear the strange music of Greek as he read aloud the text, and the chanting intonations of the Chinese. Slowly, very slowly, the heap of pages in Greek, interlined with Chinese written in his large script, grew upon the table under the paperweight which was a Buddha that one of his converts had once worshipped, renounced, and given to him, and which now stood there ironically holding together the Christian scriptures.

His fellow missionaries objected vigorously to this use of Andrew's time. Nobody, they said, had given him permission to translate the New Testament alone.

"Nobody except God!" said Andrew, and he looked as high and as cold as an alp.

Most of these wars and skirmishes between Andrew and his fellow missionaries took place, not from day to day, but at an annual gathering known as "mission-meeting," where all the missionaries and their wives came together to give report and to discuss rules and make laws and policies. Not that the wives had anything, presumably, to do with it. The mission of the church in which Andrew had been bred and now worked was and still is made up of a group of Americans from the South, who present a mixture of human qualities of the most curious and fascinating sort. To this day they maintain an incredible narrowness of creed which accepts in entirety the miracles of virgin birth, water changed into wine, the dead raised to life, and the second appearance, hourly expected, of Christ. Their judgment upon those who do not or cannot so believe is inhumanly cruel—such persons simply do not exist for them—no friendship is possible, no acquaintance desired. But within their own group of sympathizers they are friendly and kind enough, endlessly helpful in illness or need. Religion in their case, as in so many another, has hardened their hearts and made it impossible for them to see, except through the dark glass of their own creed, what life is or ought to be.

One of the more amusing aspects of their creed was the wholehearted adoption of St. Paul's contempt of women. In that little band of missionaries no woman ever raised her voice before men, either to pray or to speak in meeting. In their meetings the women knelt mutely before the men, who knelt before God and alone could speak to him. And Andrew was one of them. Once at a prayer meeting an English woman of another faith in all innocence prayed aloud when, according to the custom, the meeting was thrown open for prayer. Three out of the five men present rose and stalked out. I opened my eyes to see how Andrew was bearing it. He was restive upon his knees, but Carie was kneeling beside him, her eyes wide open, fixed upon him, daring him to move. Andrew would not look at Carie and he did not go out, but

he was doing what no one had ever seen him do before—his eyes were wide open and he was staring out of the window. As far as he was concerned, there was no praying going on.

The annual mission meeting was, therefore, as good as a circus. For the wives of these early missionaries were no weaklings. They were pioneers as much as their men were, and if they could not speak in public they made up for it by a great deal of private speaking. There was Mrs. Houston, for instance, from Georgia. Everybody knew the story about her. When Mr. Houston came to marry her on their way to China, he grew nervous as the train approached the town where she lived and he went straight on to the coast and took sail, without stopping for the wedding at all, although the bride was dressed and waiting and all the guests were in the church. But Jenny Houston was not in the least daunted. She packed up her wedding finery and came straight after him in Shanghai and married him and made him a strong, able, domineering wife, who in a voice, full of Southern softness and drawl, commanded him altogether for his own good.

And there was Sallie Gant, so much better a preacher than gentle little Lem Gant, her husband—Sallie who proclaimed loudly her complete obedience to the Pauline creed and bowed her handsome blonde head to that yoke. And yet no one needed to do more than see the two together to know that Sallie had Lem's gentle soul between her thumb and forefinger and that she pinched it cruelly.

For of course the inevitable result of this religious subjection of women was to breed in them an irrepressible independence and desire for self-expression, born of their innate and unconscious sense of injury and injustice. All subject people so suffer. If men were wise they would give women complete freedom and their rebellions would dissipate into mildness and uncertainty.

But in those repressed, strong, vigorous missionary women the blood ran high. Their very faces were stormy and hewn into lines of determination and grimness, with more often than not a touch of humor. There was a good deal of pathos about them, too, particularly among those not yet quite old, who still longed for a little pleasure or were interested in a new dress or what "the styles" were at home. If one were to choose between the men and the women, the women would have won for the look of strong patience in their eyes and for the stub-

bornness upon their lips. And in mission meeting, though only the men could rise and speak before the assembly, beside every man sat his woman, her hand ready to grasp his coat tails. How many times I have seen a man leap to his feet, his grizzled beard working, his eyes flashing, and open his mouth to speak, only to sit abruptly, subdued by a strong downward pull upon his coat tails! There would be a vigorous whispered conference between man and woman. Sometimes he was as stubborn as she, and if he could not say what he wanted, he would say nothing. But more often he stood up again after a few moments, the fire gone from his eyes, and clearing his throat, he would begin to speak, and his voice came out as mild as a summer wind. They all knitted, those women, while their men gave reports and passed laws of the church and made prayers. Their strong hard fingers flew while they had to remain mute. Into those stitches went what curbed desires and stubborn wills and plans! They would have burst, I think, without that vent.

But there were some women who were not married and had no men to speak for them. These did full work in the mission and then they wrote out the report each year of what they had done and asked some man to read it for them, and sat silent while men voted what money they should be given and what they should do with it. There was little Dr. Greene, for instance, who ran a big hospital for women and children and had a school for nurses besides, and was one of the most extraordinary women who ever lived. Florence Nightingale's life was a mild story compared to Dr. Greene's lonely hourly struggle in that far interior city of China. She was very beloved and the sick came to her from far and near, for they trusted her. Yet every year she gave the written report of her thousands of cases, her incredible, terrific operations, her huge numbers of lives saved, to some man who read it aloud to other men and then they voted what she could and could not do. It is true she sat peacefully smiling, not knitting, just resting for once, and when they had decided for her, she went back again and did exactly as she pleased. But I remember her best thus: I as a child was once in the courtyard of her hospital and a poor slave girl was brought in dying of opium which she had swallowed. Dr. Greene, hearing of her extremity, rushed into the courtyard, but it was too late—the poor thing died at that instant.

I had seen plenty of dead people, even at that age, but this was my first sight of a soul passing out of a body. And the girl was so pretty—so pretty! I could not keep from crying and I begged Dr. Greene, "She won't go to hell, will she? God wouldn't send her to hell, would he?"

Dr. Greene's gentle pale face moved a little, and she sighed, "I don't know, my child—I don't know. It doesn't bear thinking about." And she stroked the girl's fading, cooling hand.

It was a heresy, of course. It would never have done to say such a thing in the presence of the saints. Not to know! It was a sin not to know.

And yet these stormy, human Christian saints, as full of their original sin as any people could be, with none of the tempered grace of the civilized heathen whom they were trying to convert, could at the appointed hour lay aside their differences and their furies, and together break the bread and drink the wine of communion, and then a strange strong peace filled the house in which they sat. It was the peace of complete belief in that which they lived, the absolute certainty of their minds, the total surrender of their souls to that to which they had committed themselves. It made no difference whether, absolutely speaking, they were right or wrong. They came, believing they brought salvation and happiness to all who accepted their creed. And in a sense they were right. All who could believe as they believed were saved from the doubt and distrust and the unhappiness bred of a mind uncertain of its own being. But none were as happy as they were themselves, for none were so blind in their sureness. Their hearts were empty and swept, the light in their minds extinguished. No question was allowed to enter them. One of them once roared at me, discovering in my trembling hands Darwin's *Origin of Species*, "I would no more think of reading a book against my belief or talking with an unbeliever except to preach to him, than I would of taking poison into my body." Yes, they built their own citadel, and the walls were high as heaven, and there was only one small gate by which to enter. But if there was war within, there was also peace.

Andrew always came out of the mission meetings greatly whetted and refreshed by the conflict and by communion. He was one of perhaps three men in the group of two score or more who paid no attention to any pull on his coat tails. Sometimes Carie, driven to speak by

intense disagreement, would make her whispering at his ear, but I never knew him to be in the least affected by it—that is, not in the way she hoped. “Oh, pshaw!” he would say aloud, and get up in his seemingly mild fashion and say exactly what he had been going to say anyway. The knowledge of impotence was bitter in Carie. “Your father is stubborn as a mule,” she once said passionately, and then added furiously, “and he’s right a good deal of the time, which doesn’t make things any easier!” However Carie might complain privately about Andrew, publicly she always upheld him.

Once, in a romantic adolescent moment, dreaming over Tennyson’s *Princess*, I looked up to ask her, “Mother, were you and Father ever in love?”

She was sewing at some everyday garment, and for a moment I could not fathom her sudden look at me. It was—was it pain, shock—what was it? But it was not surprised enough for pain or shock. It was as though I had opened a secret, unconsciously. Then the look closed.

“Your father and I have both been very busy people,” she said, her voice practical and a little brisk. “We have thought of our duty rather than how we felt.” She turned a hem quickly and went on sewing.

But Andrew was not to be moved by wifely counsel or by love. It was about this time he developed a new war. There was, of course, always the war of the New Testament. Each year in mission meeting he reported how many more chapters were done, and listened benignly while the others voted he was not to go on with it and that no money was to be given him for it. But the new war had to do with the establishment of a center for training Chinese clergy, a theological seminary, in short.

It was an enterprise far too large for any one group to begin and maintain, but several denominations had decided to subscribe to it, and Andrew’s denomination was contemplating the matter. From the first Andrew was eager for it. To found a stable seat of training for the leaders of the Chinese church—his mind leaped ahead, planning. And he had risen to his feet at once to speak for it.

So was begun that long war which was continued year after year. For Andrew and a few others had overpersuaded, by their fiery tongues, the more conservative majority. It soon appeared that the union would never work. There were the Methodists and their bishops

concerning whom Andrew remarked drily, "They are perfectly willing to unite with everybody provided everybody joins the Methodists." And the Baptists who insisted that the budding Chinese clergy must be taught the essential doctrine of immersion, and the Episcopalians—but then, no one expected the Episcopalians to join anything. And most dreadful of all were the sects which were tinged with modernism. It soon became evident that union with other denominations was impossible, and the war was on. But year after year at mission meeting, Andrew, son of generations of grim Presbyterian fathers, Calvinist, predestinarian, believer in the second coming of Christ, fought the battle for union.

"Not for modernism," he would proclaim when he was accused. "Never! But the only way to change a thing is to stay in it and change it from within. You can never accomplish anything by pulling out and going off by yourself!"

It was a long losing war, continued over twenty years. I say losing, because his denomination pulled away at last from the union—they came, every man and woman of them, from seceding Southern blood. But Andrew never gave up. He flouted them all by giving the last years of his life to the union from which the majority had long since voted to withdraw. But then, as I said, a majority vote meant nothing to Andrew. He spent all his life being a ruling minority of one.

In these eight triumphant years after the Boxer Rebellion Andrew saw his work established over a wide territory. His lists of converts were well up into hundreds each year. His New Testament translation he was publishing book by book as he finished it, and the four Gospels he put into one early volume. Again he was heaped with criticism—it was, they said, too "common" in its style.

For again Andrew was too forward for his times. He had already realized that one strong reason for ignorance and illiteracy in China was that the language of books and the language of the people were entirely different. It was a situation paralleled in ancient England, where almost all literature was in Latin, of which the common man knew nothing. Andrew, therefore, in deciding to use a simple vernacular style in his translation of the Greek New Testament, was

revolutionary in the extreme, antedating by a score of years those later Chinese revolutionaries who brought about what was called the Chinese Renaissance, on exactly the same principle that Andrew had seen so clearly. But they were too patriotic ever to recognize as forerunner a white man and a Christian.

Andrew had chosen, then, to use not the classical Chinese beloved of old scholars but the strong vernacular mandarin of the people. He could not, it is true, make it too vernacular, because of his own purist instincts, but he chose a clear, somewhat compressed, plain style, without allusion or furbishing, corresponding somewhat to the Moffatt edition of the English Bible. The few old Chinese scholars who were converts complained that the vernacular had no literary value, and that Andrew had made a book fit only for the common people. Andrew, himself a scholar, smiled his wry independent smile.

"Exactly!" he said. "Now when a common man learns to read a little he can make something out of Christ's teaching."

And he went on translating and polishing each book as he finished it, paying for it all by incredible pinchings and scrapings and even begging. He was not in the least proud about begging for money to carry on his work. He scattered his little books everywhere he went. But he would never give them away, having observed that any bits of valueless paper procurable were at once made into shoe soles by the indefatigable Chinese wives. So he made everybody pay a penny or two for salvation. But he paid more than any of them.

All these years Andrew's children were growing up in his house. In after years, after he had been old and was dead, they looked at each other trying to remember him, but they could not. They remembered him in certain moments of vivid action, but there was no continuity to their memories. The days went on without him in the peaceful busy round of the house. He came home at certain times and nothing seemed quite natural until he was gone again. They tiptoed about, because he was tired, they fetched his slippers and books, they gave up Carrie to him, and wandered a little desolately on the fringe of rather stormy talk about "the Work," or about the newly come missionary. "A good man, but not overly bright," Andrew summed him up at the dinner table.

These visits of Andrew's to his home were not perhaps entirely fair to him, for Carie was too soft-hearted to whip any of her children, and yet she had been reared in the belief that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. So major punishments were reserved for Andrew's coming. He did not waste much time over causes. After all, there were only two or three things a child could do which in Carie's opinion merited whipping and chief of them was a lie. And he always took Carie's word.

Andrew, in his study, would look up from his book at a small liar, standing trembling before him. "Go out and cut me a switch," he would say with ominous mildness. When it was brought in, he examined it for size and pliability. It need not be large, but it must not be small.

"Down with your things!" he said, if he were satisfied. He turned in his swivel chair. "Stand still!" he commanded.

We never thought of disobeying him, or even of roaring unduly, although with Carie and her wavering punishments we bellowed shamelessly in the full knowledge of her soft heart. But once the most naughty of Andrew's children bent the switch secretly in a dozen places and presented it thus, apparently whole but really shorn of its strength. Andrew laid it upon the small thigh where it fell harmlessly. He saw instantly that he had been deceived. "Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed. A glint of steely humor came into his eyes, but he rose and went out and cut a beautiful switch from a willow tree and snipped off the twigs and smoothed it down to extremest efficiency.

But wait! There were a few times—was it perhaps Christmas Eve or a birthday?—when Andrew played crokinole with us. We do not remember any other games with him. Carie played checkers and taught us chess, which she loved, and advised Authors for our education. But one year the Montgomery Ward boxes held a crokinole board, and there were evenings when Andrew played. He enjoyed it immensely, taking an unexpected pleasure in it, and forgetting everything else for the moment. He had an extraordinarily long strong forefinger and great accuracy of aim, and he knocked the little round wooden pieces with terrific force into the net bags where they were supposed to go. We all crouched a little and held our breaths, because if they hit a small peg in the middle of the board they bounced and

struck like a shot. One small daughter of his went with a sore spot on her little breast bone for days.

And wait again! There were certain other evenings when prayers with the servants being over, he read aloud to us all and to Carie while she sewed. It was always the *Century Magazine*, to which he subscribed regularly for many years, and each year sent to Shanghai to be bound. There were years of them in a row on the bottom shelf in his study, and one after the other of his children in their time stole in and surreptitiously slipped out a volume and spread out the others to cover the space. For they wanted the books for the stories in them and Andrew did not approve of "story books." Only once did he read aloud a novel and he was inveigled into it by seeing the first few pages inadvertently. He had picked the book up to forbid it, and glancing at it had broken into his "haw" of laughter at a sentence he saw. The book was *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. He kept on turning over the leaves and we held our breaths again. He put it down and said nothing. But after supper he took it up.

"I suppose you'd like this," he said to Carie and began to read it aloud. We all sat and listened and laughed, and none of us laughed as much as Andrew. His eyes would run ahead and begin to shine and his voice choked and his face turned red. He tried to go on, but it was too funny for him. He laid the book down to laugh and to gasp over and over, "Oh, pshaw—oh, pshaw!"

It was a sad day when it was over. We had never had such a good time before. I have never seen the book again, but it remains to me the funniest book in the world. Not even Mark Twain was quite so funny. Carie thought Mark Twain a little coarse and Andrew found his humor marred by certain irreligious tendencies. But Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine! They were two absurd and delightful old women, and Andrew could laugh at them with no sense of sin. Remembering, one day, it made us wonder what manner of man Andrew might have been with that strong wry sense of humor—what manner of man he might have been, that is, if God had not caught his soul and Calvin had not held fast his heart!

IX

THAT those successful years were happy ones I know from Andrew's own record. "It seemed that before I knew it eight years were gone and it was again time for furlough." The early term of service had been ten years; now it was shortened to eight—an unnecessarily short time, Andrew felt. For why should a man need a rest from work which his soul delighted to do? He would have taken no furlough except that a daughter was ready to be sent back to college, and Carie wanted to go with her. America was strange and different now, and the child was used to nothing but these quiet Chinese villages and hills. Besides, there were the kinfolk. So grudgingly Andrew gave up the year, consoling himself with the hope of getting money for his work and of working on his translation.

To those children of his who accompanied him that was a memorable journey. For Carie suddenly decided that she could not again cross the Pacific which made her desperately ill, that the children ought to see Europe, that she wanted to see Russia, and that they would therefore all go up the Yangtse River to Hankow and take train for the north and thence to Russia and Siberia by train to Germany. It was a stupendous plan, for we always remembered that Andrew was no executive when it came to the matter of tickets. He could direct the efforts of hundreds of churches and schools and thousands of souls, but the intricacies of ticket buying confused him. The whole journey was a series of major and minor catastrophes. His children remember less of Russia than they do of Andrew, cooped up in a small railway compartment with nowhere to put his long legs all day.

He who needed space and privacy was reduced to nothing of either.

There was not even a lavatory, and we were compelled to do all our washing in turn out of a small enamelled basin we had brought along, and water was very scarce and to be had only at stations and then by rushing out with a can and buying it.

There was one dreadful morning when the smallest child forgot to empty the basin after she had used it, and Andrew, always absent-minded and now in deepest gloom over his situation, sat down in it and ruined his only pair of trousers. He had not recovered from this when he found a cup half full of water, and wanting to use the cup, he threw the contents out of the window. He was too nearsighted to see that the glass was up, and the water flew back at him, wetting his front very thoroughly. Carie laughed. It was too much. He sat down. "There is nothing to laugh at," he said severely, and for the rest of the day he stared gloomily at the flat Russian landscape and muttered over and over, "I don't see anything to this country—there's nothing to make a fuss over, here!" The hearty Russian fashion of kissing appalled him. He watched the bearded dirty peasants greet each other with loud kisses and shuddered. This was worse than a heathen country, he said.

Later, he was to grow more appalled. When we stopped at various places for a few days he wandered inevitably to the churches, and stood there by the hour, watching the hordes of people come in, poor and ragged and miserable, most of them, but a few of them rich too, and poor and rich all bending to kiss the relics of cloth or bone or skin left from some dead saint. Strangely, he felt no pity or responsibility for these souls. "They have the Bible," he said. "They could get at the truth if they would. But it's an easy way—to live in sin and go and gabble to a priest and kiss a bone and call it salvation!"

So we were all glad when we got Andrew into Germany, and yet the very first day in Berlin we saw a sight we had never yet seen—Andrew so incensed that he offered to fight a cabman! The fellow was a huge, burly, heavy German and he shook his fist under Andrew's nose in the railway station in the presence of innumerable people because he considered his tip inadequate, whereupon Andrew, who felt tips were of the devil anyhow, doubled up his fists and pushed them into the fellow's fat jaw. We were so amazed we could not

believe this was our Andrew. Carie screamed and held his arm and fumbled in her own bag for coins to placate the Teuton, and at last roaring throaty oaths, he went his way, and we led Andrew hastily to a hotel, taking care to hire the meekest looking porter in sight to transport our bags. Andrew went with us, looking more ungodly than we would have believed possible, giving as he went his opinion of the white race, which for the moment was even lower than usual. Indeed, I believe this incident more than anything else was responsible for Andrew's strong stand against the Germans in the World War, and his complete readiness to believe all atrocity stories.

"That fellow!" he would mutter for years after, "the Germans are capable of anything!"—this in spite of his own early German ancestry and an innocent pride he always took in his proficiency in the German language.

How Andrew looked in America a certain daughter of his will always remember. She sat, a timid freshman among other freshmen in a college chapel, waiting in some anxiety. For Andrew had been asked to lead vespers, and among the few friends she had eagerly made, the first friends of her own race she had ever had, she was anxious that all impressions be of the best. She looked at Andrew with some misgiving as he came in, tranquil as ever, behind the president. No man could move with greater dignity than he before a service he was to give. Everybody looked at him and his daughter saw him with new detachment, a very tall, slightly stooped figure, the noble head carried with native pride, his big profile pointed straight ahead. But then she only saw that his frock coat was the same old coat, rusty and given a little at the seams and of an obsolete cut, and well she knew the scene there had been before he put it on.

Carie said, "Andrew, you're not going to preach at the college in that old grey suit!"

"Old! It's not old—it's a good suit—good enough for a preacher."

"Andrew!" Carie's dark eyes went on speaking, fixed upon him. He looked away from her doggedly.

"A preacher oughtn't to be all dressed up," he muttered.

Her eyes, pinning him, went on speaking.

He went on, restlessly, "I tell you I hate that old long-tailed coat! The armholes are tight."

"I've been wanting you to get a new one for years." Carie's voice was dangerously mild.

"What for?" Andrew demanded. "It's perfectly good!"

"Then why won't you wear it?"

"Oh, pshaw!" he said, and got up, beaten.

There was a whisper beside his daughter in the chapel. A girlish voice said in a soft, innocent, Southern drawl, "He looks as though he'd be right long-winded!"

There was a bitter moment and then Andrew's daughter said, her lips dry, "He's my father."

There was a shock of silence, "Oh, I *am* sorry!" the pretty voice said.

"It doesn't matter," said Andrew's daughter sternly. "He *is* long-winded!" and sat there suffering, while Andrew preached on and on.

For she never knew what to do with him. He fitted into no niche as a father. Great missionary he was, intrepid soul, but there was no fatherhood in him. He had to be viewed, to be considered, not as a father but as a man. His children were merely accidents which had befallen him. Else how explain that amazing incident when having discovered to his horror the minimum cost of a college education, he decided he would not rob the New Testament and so wrote to a certain rich man of his acquaintance to ask if he did not want to educate an incipient missionary? Carie, opening in his absence the polite, amazed refusal, was quite out of her mind with outraged pride and could not keep it to herself. That daughter of hers, hearing, was struck to the heart. She felt somehow that she had been sold into slavery. The ugly college sitting-room where she and Carie sat is forever imprinted upon her mind. From outside came the voices of girls, American girls, born free of the bondage which all unconsciously Andrew had laid upon his children. Not one of them knew what it was to be always nothing in comparison to a cause, to a work, to a creed.

"He needn't bother about me," she said, strangling with pride and hurt. "I can look out for myself. I'll leave college this very day and go and get a job at the ten cent store. I can look after myself. He doesn't even need to feed me."

"Don't—don't take it so!" Carie begged her. Tears were in her eyes. "I oughtn't to have told you. He didn't mean anything—you've got

to understand that he isn't like other men. He's—he's like somebody in a dream!"

Yes, that was it. Andrew was somebody in a dream, a soul possessed, to whom life and the human heart had no importance. He never lived on earth. She knew what Carie meant. She did not blame Andrew, not really—but she felt herself fatherless. In after years she grew closer to him, as close as any human could, and came to understand and value him, to know why he was as he was, both great and small. But all that later knowledge cannot quite wipe away the bereavement of that hour. For Andrew's children were bereaved in what they never had, in what he could not give them, because he had given everything in him to God.

Andrew came back to find again a new China. During all those years of too great peace, too easy triumph of God's will, something had been happening. It was a deep rebellion, a revolution brewing upward from the South, taking that easiest way of all revolutions, of antagonism to the foreigner and an outburst of nationalism. Andrew and Carie and their youngest child were scarcely back in the square mission bungalow when the false peace of eleven years exploded, and Sun Yat-sen and his followers overthrew the old empire.

It is another story, often told and belonging now to history, and other events have robbed it of much meaning. But Andrew at the time viewed it with enthusiasm. He was so weary of the corruption of Chinese officials with whom he had often to deal that he would have welcomed any force, even to an earthquake and their being swallowed up. So when old careless opium-smoking viceroys and mandarins and magistrates began to escape into hiding, he took open part with the revolutionists. Especially was he happy at the passing of the Empress Dowager. He could see no drama or beauty in that splendid old figure. To him she was that most horrible and unnatural of all creations, a woman ruler. He did not even hold Queen Elizabeth in honor. Indeed, his estimation was low of any nation willing to set a woman to rule. "Jezebel," he called the Empress Dowager, and would recount with relish the end of that queen, when having been thrown from her high tower she was devoured by dogs. There was that in Andrew which could have stood by gladly and watched it as a just retribution. Born

a generation earlier, he would have burned witches. There was a deep unconscious sex antagonism in him, rooted in no one knows what childhood experiences and fostered, sad to say, by the presence of Carie, that flashing quick mind which he could never comprehend, but against which he struggled to maintain himself. For he could not bear better than another man a woman more clever than himself. Besides, St. Paul justified him.

He allied himself, therefore, with the young men's revolution. For it was a young men's revolution and Andrew was always drawn to young men. He gloried in every step they took—even in their ruthless new laws that cut off queues by force. Andrew liked ruthlessness. A thing was always either right or wrong, and if it was right, it was right to enforce it.

It was somewhat dismaying to discover that in spite of Sun Yat-sen's being a Christian, there was a strong anti-Christian feeling in the revolution. But Andrew had complete faith in the triumph of God. "Tares in the wheat," he said. "God will uproot them and cast them into the fire."

So he began again his long journeys by horseback and by boat. Ma the Christian had held the churches together wonderfully well, working with that dark burning eagerness which was so compelling that it made men uncomfortable, not sure whether it was good or evil. He had been so much with Andrew and he so loved him that he had unaware taken for his own many of Andrew's gestures and tricks of speaking and preaching. If one shut one's eyes and only listened, it would have been hard to tell which of them was preaching or praying.

But Ma was not a revolutionist. He had not Andrew's optimism and guileless faith in men who said their purpose was good. He kept silent publicly, but in many ways he restrained Andrew.

"Let us wait twenty years and see," he kept saying to him, "twenty years for a test." When the years had passed and most of the self-denying ardent revolutionists were long established in power and had reverted to all the old official corruption and to not a few tricks from the West besides, he was quietly complacent. "No governor is good," he said. "A good governor has never been heard of, in the past or now."

But Andrew could not believe ill of young men. And he welcomed every change—indeed, he had a childlike love of the new, always thinking it must be better than what was old. Not until he was set upon and stoned in a certain city by young revolutionists, and driven out because he preached a foreign religion and was a citizen of an imperialistic foreign power, did he even concede the presence of tares. Imperialism! It was the first time he had heard that word, but he was to hear it often in the years to come. He never had any idea what it meant. "It's one of those words people use," he used to say in his own imperial fashion, and there was an end of it.

But his work proceeded with increasing difficulty. He had long since so enlarged his territory that the white horse, which had replaced his donkey, was growing old, and was not enough. The newly running train to Shanghai reached a part of his field, but there was a large area which could be reached only by boat. For years Andrew had waged battles with junk men in the process of hiring a small junk to take him along the interior canals of the country.

The boatmen of China are undoubtedly and universally of the breed of pirates. There is not one who has not a pirate's heart born in him. Time and again Andrew would be delayed in setting forth on a tour because the boat captain was demanding more money than he had agreed upon. So the idea came to Andrew to buy his own boat, and he happened to have a sum of money for it. A man in America had given it to him to build a chapel in memory of his dead wife, but Andrew decided it would be more useful to God to buy a boat with the money. It did not occur to him that the donor might not want a boat in memory of his wife. And according to his custom, Andrew, having thought of a good thing, proceeded instantly to its completion. Only when the boat was built and finished did he write to the man and tell him that there was a boat instead of a chapel.

Andrew did not at all anticipate the outcome. The man was filled with fury. It seemed his wife was always seasick and particularly hated boats. He refused the boat and demanded the return of the money at once.

Andrew was amazed at such lack of reason. He folded the man's letter and remarked in a tone of complete and calm righteousness, "How can he ask for the money back when he knows it is spent? Be-

sides, I told him very clearly that a boat would be more useful now to me than a chapel." With infinite dignity he added, "I shall pay no attention to him." It was perhaps his most frequently repeated phrase in a disagreement.

But the man was a rich man, accustomed to having his own way, and he considered Andrew as a little higher than a menial, but not much. Missionaries! What were they? Servants of the church, and he practically owned the church, because he gave it so much money. He complained furiously to Andrew's mission board, who wrote to Andrew sternly. This board, it happened, was the one organization Andrew heeded somewhat, because it could deprive him of all funds, salary as well as work funds, and he never distinguished clearly between the two. He used money as long as it was there, chiefly for his work. Even Carie could not touch it. He did not believe in women having check books, and the idea of a joint bank account filled him with horror.

"Why, you might take out money, and I wouldn't know where I was!" he exclaimed once in consternation when she suggested a check book of her own.

"I never know where I am!" Carie retorted. "I have to feed and clothe you and the children and I never know what there is to count on."

It was a crisis in a long war between them, waged through their whole life. Andrew never thought food and clothes ought to cost anything. Anyway, the Work came first. Carie made miracles out of pennies, but he never knew it. She said once with a twinkle and a sigh, "Andrew ought to have married that widow in the Bible who had a bottomless cruse of oil and a flour bin that was never empty. Ever since he heard of her nothing I can do satisfies him!"

But he was harder on himself than on anyone else, and none ate more frugally or clothed himself more poorly than he, for God's sake. Nevertheless, there was that war between them, and it went on for forty years, when suddenly, for no apparent reason, Andrew gave up one day and handed her a check book to a joint account. Carie by that time was past the need of it. The children were grown and her great desires were over. Nevertheless, for victory's sake she took it and under direction made out a check or two and then put the book away. But

it was a comfort to her. She could draw a check if she wanted to, at last.

To be confronted, then, by his mission board with a demand that he account for a thousand dollars given for a chapel and spent on a boat was somewhat terrifying even to Andrew, and catastrophe to Carie. She reproached him, seeing her children with nothing, and in a foreign country where the people were increasingly unfriendly.

"If you wouldn't be so headstrong!" she said mournfully, and quite hopelessly. Andrew not headstrong would not be Andrew.

But any such reproach was always strength to Andrew's purpose. "I know what I'm doing," he said severely.

Unfortunately for its own authority, the board member who wrote the letter was foolish enough to add, thinking it would be a whip over Andrew, "Mr. Shipley is one of our wealthiest donors and it is most unwise to offend him in any way."

A glitter of ice shone in Andrew's eyes as he read this. So he was to obey a man merely because he was rich! A rich man could very hardly enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and yet he, Andrew, was to obey him before God! He sat down at once in the freshness of his scorn and wrath, and wrote what his children called one of his God-almighty letters, inquiring of the board in simple, brief phrases what they meant by bowing their heads to Mammon and how they thought themselves worthy of their positions as directors of God's work? As for him, he would not listen to any rich man or to them, but only to God. The boat was built and he would use it.

He never again heard anything on the subject from either the rich man or the board, and he used the boat happily and in triumph for many years until he grew too old to make his journeys any more.

After the first success of the revolution was over it came to be apparent that the changes it had brought about were not fundamental. Sun Yat-sen, living so many years abroad as to have become a foreigner in his own country, made a profound mistake in the object of his revolution. Observing Western countries, he decided that a good central government could make all the changes he longed for in China, and that the first and most important step was to change the form of

that government, and this he did, and it remains the chief thing he did do. For what he did not understand was that central government in China is not important as it is in many other countries, and never has been. The life of the people, their lives and rules of life, have proceeded not from central government but from themselves and out of their family and group life. To overthrow a central government and change its form was not of deep importance to the people. The Chinese people have not, as has England or the United States or France, created slowly, by one means and another step by step through centuries, their own form of central government. Such government in China has been primarily by conquerors, either native war lords or foreign ones, who established a sort of suzerainty. The people were not ruled by them in the sense that other governments rule by force or laws made and obeyed. The life of the people went on, therefore, in the same old ways fundamentally, because the real and local government was not changed.

And the foreign powers made haste to present claims and protect treaties and the lives of their citizens. The weak new revolutionary government, inexperienced and easily alarmed, did not dare to create enmity so soon. Within a very few years Andrew was able to proceed as boldly and safely as ever, preaching wherever he would, and because he was a foreigner he was free to do as he liked. Again his work prospered.

It never occurred to any of us that Andrew could ever grow old. His body had always been the same, lean as a pine, his skin weathered to a dark bronze red. He never added a pound to his weight, and his waist stayed as slim as it had ever been in his youth. There never was, in fact, a saint who had the flesh so subdued as he. Wherever he was, in whatever inconvenience of circumstance, his regimen remained immovably the same—a cold bath at rising, and he rose invariably at half-past five; from six to seven he spent in prayer and meditation; at seven he breakfasted, invariably the same breakfast, and it always included a dish of porridge made from native wheat washed and sun dried and ground in a little stone hand mill. Work began immediately after breakfast and continued until noon, when he dined, to work again until five o'clock, when he walked for an hour before his supper. In

the evening he preached at some chapel, or if he were free, he read and was in bed by ten. It was the simplest routine. Even his meals were absolutely regular in quantity. He enjoyed food, when he let himself. He was as rigid with himself as though he were his own physician. None of us remember a single lapse or any indulgence. And his magnificent body remained a miracle of vigor, his eyes clear and vivid, and his skin, where it was not burned, as white and smooth as a little child's. Nor was his face tortured by lines. He was never wrinkled, even when he grew really old. His high smooth brow was still tranquil, his lean cheeks unlined. Such it was to have a mind untroubled and sure of itself. He was a perfectly happy soul, living in a strong and subdued body.

So he went unscathed through sickness and disease everywhere about him and remained whole and untouched. If he had a little malaria, a dash of quinine instantly restored him, so quick to respond was his healthy body. And as time went on he seemed to build up his own immunity and never had malaria at all. Time after time he went into famine areas to do relief work and others came down with typhus, but never he. Smallpox he escaped, though even he wondered at that, because for years he did not think of being vaccinated. "It slipped my mind," he said calmly. Only once was he desperately ill in all the years of his youth and maturity and that was from a sunstroke, caught on a fiery July day in Shanghai. For six weeks he lay unconscious, fighting his battles in his dreams, arguing with his enemies, the missionaries and the mandarins, and planning for new fields of work. To enlarge, to expand, to reach more souls—that was his endless passion in his delirium as in his life.

But unconsciously he felt the shortening of his years, for in the decade after he was fifty he worked as he had never worked. His Testament was finished and he was revising edition after edition. He was on innumerable committees, for his energy and forthrightness were admired and trusted even by those who hated him. There have not been too many like him in that respect.

To be a missionary is an acute test of integrity. For a missionary has no supervision. He lives among a few equals, the other missionaries, and a great many whom he feels his inferiors, the natives. His governing board is thousands of miles away—there is no one to see how

many hours he works or whether he is lazy and self-indulgent. And the climate, the small but absolute security of salary, the plentiful number of cheaply paid servants, all make laziness easy, and a man's fellows are loath to tell of him even if they see, and the Chinese converts are helpless for they do not know to whom to complain. There is no one beyond the missionary for them. These stand next to God and are supreme in authority, having the right to give or withhold funds which mean life.

A missionary's integrity, therefore, must be beyond that of any other white man's, and sometimes, perhaps even more often than not, it is. For the Standard Oil or the British-American Tobacco Company can check sales lists and have the solid proof of money received, but even a list of church members means nothing at all—not in China, where the gift of tongues is universal, and where histrionic power is a common possession. The newest convert can, after a minimum amount of rehearsal, rise before the congregation and make a prayer so rich and fluent, so copious in spiritual experience that it would be the envy of any American bishop. Missionaries are human enough, God knows, and so do the Chinese. Doubtless most of them struggle against laziness as we all do, and some give up to it, but most of them struggle along. But Andrew was a flame of integrity. It was impossible to imagine him struggling. He was always in complete command of himself. His duty was done to the last ounce of its demand. Even his enemies never questioned that burning integrity. As for the Chinese, they trusted him like children. If he said a thing they knew it would come true. "He says it," was good collateral anywhere. Curiously—or was it curiously?—the fact that the Chinese loved him and trusted him increasingly did not make the missionaries love him better. But then it is quite true he always took sides with the Chinese. He believed, for instance, in a day too early for such belief, that the Chinese and American workers should have equal power of decision regarding policies of the work. He took no stock in the idea that the white men ought to stand by each other and maintain a fiction of rightness and authority before the Chinese. Such notions in his day were heresies.

So the idea of age came as an absurdity. It is difficult to remember when it began. He was making his long journeys as he always had, examining applicants for church membership, examining school cur-

riculums, holding conferences with preachers and teachers, going incredible distances on foot and horseback, by rail and by water. In these later years he met with little physical hazard because he was so known and loved.

Once in the hills of Kiangsu he was taken by bandits and they asked him who he was. When he told them they let him go and gave him back his purse they had taken.

"We have heard of you in many places," they said simply. "You do good deeds."

Andrew, seeing them in such a mood, stayed a while to preach to them and tell them the story of the robber who hung beside Christ on the cross and was received into heaven when he repented. He must have preached rather long, for some of the young ones grew restive, but the old bandit chieftain shouted at them—and Andrew told this himself with a grin—"Be still! Don't you see the man is trying to get to heaven by this task he has set himself to save our souls? We must help him by waiting until he is through."

So he compelled them to stay and Andrew gave them each copies of the Gospel tracts he had written and came home in much triumph, confident forever after that he would meet some of those bandits in heaven. For, he argued, he had been sent to save them.

"Weren't you afraid?" we inquired of him.

There was, he admitted, a nasty moment when one of the young bandits had a knife at his stomach and was making unpleasant screwing motions. "But it was certainly very nice afterwards," he said. "They sat so nicely and listened—they were really very nice men, in spite of their unfortunate calling."

There was something puzzling about Andrew. He seemed sometimes almost a fool for naïveté. One could not be sure that he really understood the situations in which he found himself. But he was God's fool.

When did it begin to occur to us that even his magnificent and unfailing body must break? I think it was when the Chinese began to say to us, "He must not rise so early and travel so far and work so hard. Persuade him to rest and take a little more food. He is no longer young."

Not young! We looked at Andrew. He seemed the same. He

pshawed away any change in his routine. No, he wouldn't take any more vacation. Why should he go into the coolness of mountains and rest when his Chinese colleagues could not?

It was after a long and particularly hot summer, which he had spent alone, that we noticed a weariness about him that had not been, a slackening that could not be defined, because he worked as hard as ever. But he did not work so eagerly as he had always done and he was sometimes too tired to eat at all. There was one evening, for instance, when he came home very late, having taken a much later train than usual from an out-station. He made no explanation, however. Instead he went upstairs and bathed and shaved freshly and came down to supper looking unusually well in a white suit of Chinese linen.

Something disturbed him, though—we could all see it—and when he was pressed he said shamefacedly and with a shade of bewilderment that was a little touching, "I don't know how I could have done it. But I went to sleep on the train and slept beyond my station. When I woke the train was at the end of the line and I was too late for the service, so I could only turn around and come home."

It was so unlike him to oversleep that we searched him for something wrong. But he seemed himself, after all. Then a week later he came back from a journey with a slight paralysis of the face—a drooping lid to his left eye, a twisted corner of the left side of his mouth. This was serious. He could not articulate quite clearly, but we understood that he had sat up all night in the coolie class to save money.

Carie was angry with anxiety. "Save money!" she cried. "And what of yourself? What's the good of a dollar if you're dead?"

He looked at her speechless, humble with his state. The doctor was called and he said a rest was necessary and at once. Andrew's furlough was years overdue. Indeed he had quite forgotten about furloughs, and Carie had made up her mind she would never cross the sea again anyway. But the youngest child was ready for college and she pressed upon Andrew the need of someone's taking her back to America, knowing that unless she could make it seem his duty to go he never would, especially when after a few days in bed his face straightened to normal again and he pshawed over the idea of more rest. But she prevailed, and exactly forty years after he had left his own country, Andrew went back again for what was to be his last visit. For he made

up his mind to that, fearful lest he die away from China. His illness, slight as it was, had made him realize his mortal body. He would go to America but only for a few months—he did not want to be away from China where he had lived his life and where his friends were and, most dear of all, his work. He went off, very resolutely, standing quite still by the rail of the ship's deck, staring at the fading outlines of the Shanghai Bund.

"I'll be back in exactly four months from today," he said. He had already bought his return ticket and had it pinned with a safety pin inside his "cholera belt," a strip of flannel he wore about his waist night and day.

We were not able to comprehend from his letters all that he felt about America. There were hints that it was an entirely new country, not in the least the sort of place he and Carie had known and which they had for nearly half a century away from it called "home." Carie, reading his scanty short sentences aloud looked up to say, "Andrew can tell less than any man in creation, but I never knew him to tell as little about anything as he does now about home. It doesn't seem worth going at all."

When in four months to the day we met Andrew in Shanghai, looking very well, we all cried at him together, "What is America like now? You didn't tell us anything."

"I didn't dare begin," he answered a trifle grimly. Then he added, "There were things I didn't want to put down on paper."

"What things?" Carie demanded at once.

"All kinds of things," he answered.

Bit by bit we pried out of him the salient facts of an amazing post-war America. Everybody was drunk, he said over and over—well, practically everybody. Andrew was no teetotaller, not with St. Paul advising Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. And he used to say meditatively that it must mean something that every race of humanity on earth had some kind of liquor. Carie flew at him when he talked thus—she had her own reasons for hating liquor. Besides, nothing started her off like quoting St. Paul. We listened solemnly while Andrew told us of drinking and smoking—even the women.

"The women are the worst," he said guardedly, and after a pause

he said diffidently, "I scarcely know how to tell you about the women in America."

"What do you mean?" Carie demanded with sternness.

He hesitated, being always the shyest of men where women were concerned.

"It's the way they dress now," he went on. We waited. "They wear hardly any skirts," he said quickly.

"Andrew!" cried Carie.

"It's true," he said. "Everywhere I went the women had dresses up to their knees. It was awful."

"Don't tell me my sisters did it!" Carie exclaimed.

"Well, theirs were better," he admitted, and then repeated with a sort of gloomy reminiscent pleasure, "Yes, everywhere I went they had all their dresses up to their knees."

We stared at him, shocked into silence.

"Their legs were awful," he said, remembering. "Big and fat, long and thin—"

Carie could not bear it. "It does seem you needn't have looked at them," she said with severity.

"I couldn't help it," he said simply. "They were lying around everywhere."

We sat in silence, overcome by the idea of a ruined America. It was Carie who brought us back. She rose briskly.

"Well, you're back safely anyhow," she said. But somehow she made us feel it had been a narrow escape.

Later from various relatives we heard bits about Andrew in America. He had expressed himself very freely, we gathered, on almost every part of life. "Andrew acted as though he didn't know he wasn't in a heathen country," Christopher the Methodist wrote.

"So I was," said Andrew grimly in parenthesis, reading the letter. He looked up. "Chris doesn't preach strong enough sermons," he went on. "I heard him—you can't save souls by a lot of soft talk."

"Andrew looked very well," his sister Rebecca wrote. "He's as stubborn as ever."

"What did you do at Becky's house?" Carie inquired.

"It was the hottest day of summer and she wanted me to wear my long coat when I preached," Andrew said guardedly.

Carie looked at him, speechless. There had been a sharp, short argument over the frock coat when he left for America, and she had put it into his bulging suitcase. But after he had gone, when she was putting away the winter things, she found it hanging in his closet hidden behind his overcoat. She had been exasperated, but helpless.

"He's in the middle of the Pacific or I'd go right after him with it in my hand," she declared, her eyes snapping.

Andrew looked away now. "I wouldn't have worn it if I'd had it," he said. "I wore a white suit as I do here when it's hot."

"But nobody wears white suits in America!" Carie cried.

"Then I was the only sensible man in the nation," he retorted.

Well, we never could do anything with him. And he came back from his four months' rest feeling as strong and eager as ever and plans were sparkling out of his eyes and in the eagerness of his step. He was nearly seventy years old, but he looked fifty. His hair was greying, but it was thick on his head, and his moustache and bushy eyebrows were as red as ever and his eyes as icy blue. He was at home only one day and was off again with Ma the Christian, sailing joyously down the Grand Canal to tour his field and talk over everything that had happened since he left. Ma, twenty years younger, looked older than Andrew. He had in recent years developed a slow chronic tuberculosis of the lungs which kept him bone thin and made his eyes more burning and hollow than ever and his black hair look dead and dry. His hands were the hands of death, they were so shadow-like. Andrew plied him with condensed milk and raw eggs and a great deal of prayer, and the disease seemed stationary at least, although Andrew regularly remarked, "Ma will never pull through another winter." But he did, to live in the end years beyond Andrew, still with that cough of his. Something else than food and flesh kept him living.

Looking back over the span of Andrew's life it can be seen that this tour was the height of his life. It was the hour when all his life's work lay before him in full fruit, organized, operating, in large measure self-governing and self-supporting. He had always believed, in opposition

to the policy of many missionaries, that the Chinese Christians should have full powers of self-government. They should, he said, be free of all rules and domination from the missionaries. He even went so far, heretic as he was, to say that if the forms of church government and creeds found in the various Western denominations did not suit them, the Chinese should make those which would fit their own souls, only bearing always in mind the Holy Trinity.

Such ideas made him loved by the Chinese and hated by many a missionary with an autocratic turn of mind, and most missionaries are autocrats. Andrew was himself, for that matter, for he knew he was right.

That autumn, then, was the height of his life. The work had gone well while he was away, and he spent the long shining autumn days, from morning until darkness, in surveying his field. I know that the beauty of the countryside struck him with unusual clarity, for more often than ever before he spoke of the splendor of the harvest fields of rice. It was a good year and there would be no famine that winter and such confidence alone brought exhilaration. He hated to preach to starving people, lest they were listening for the sake of a little food rather than for salvation.

And it was a glorious country. The wide golden Yangtse flowed through its midst and sprang aside into hundreds of canals and streams that fed the most fertile valleys in China. Beyond the valleys were rolling bamboo-covered hills where old temples had stood for hundreds of years, and where drowsy priests smiled amicably when Andrew told them their gods were false. He always felt he had to tell them, not rudely but with a twist of humor.

He would point his stick at a bowl of food set before a god and remark gently, "I suppose he will eat that when nobody is looking?" And the priest would grin and nod or he would say comfortably, "He sees it and takes the essence of it and he does not mind if we poor priests take the worthless matter that's left and eat it."

Then Andrew would go on and talk a little about the true God, and the priest would listen and murmur, "Every man has his own god, and to each his is the true one, and there are enough for us all."

But such tolerance did not suit Andrew. He was fond of quoting a

Chinese proverb which says that around the mouth of hell the priests cluster thickly.

Through the valleys and beyond the hills ran the old cobbled roads, worn into ruts by squeaking wheelbarrows—it is bad luck for a wheelbarrow to have no squeak, so that every man encourages it in his own—and smooth with the short-stepped trotting feet of donkey caravans. Andrew had always a strong feeling for the little grey donkeys of China—indeed, there was a softness in him for all animals, but particularly for horses and donkeys, and at home for a cat. There was something about a cat by the hearth which he liked. When he was old he sat by the hour with the cat spread across his knees, stroking it gently. And when he was younger he would often delay his hurrying trips to blame a donkey driver because the beast's back was sore from overloading. He knew, he said, that God's plan provided no place for beasts in heaven, and man ought therefore to take especial care that they had at least a comfortable life upon earth, since there was no other for them.

Everywhere he went he was welcomed and loved. It was an experience to travel with him and see how for hundreds of miles he was known and loved. "The Old Teacher has come back!" people shouted to each other from doorway to doorway. "Old Teacher, Old Teacher!" people called to him, and little street children trotted behind him to his great pleasure and followed him into chapels and crowded the front benches, enduring his long sermons with fair patience until they were over and they could roar out a hymn, which they delighted to do, and clamor for a Bible picture. The picture of Christ they always examined with particular closeness. Once a small dirty urchin, looking at a picture in the middle of the sermon, interrupted Andrew. "Why, this Jesus looks like a Chinese except his nose is too big. His nose is like your nose, but his skin is like mine!"

And Andrew, who would have tolerated nothing like this from one of his own children, smiled and explained that indeed Jesus Christ was not a white man, and went on with his sermon. He had infinite patience with the people to whom he felt himself sent.

Everywhere he went that autumn the churches seemed peculiarly prosperous. The members were not of the poorest class any more. They

were rich silk and tea merchants, owners of restaurants and shops, and they gave money willingly for the upkeep of the church. So far as eye could see, everything was in order among them. The services of the church were performed regularly and the churches were crowded. The schools, too, were doing well. The old days when the missionary had to bribe people to send their children to Christian schools by giving them everything, even food and clothes, were over. There could be tuition fees nowadays, when Western learning was coming into fashion and even the government schools were being reorganized and the old classics were being set aside for science and mathematics and most especially English. Everybody wanted to learn English. If a boy knew English maybe he could get a job in the Standard Oil or the tobacco company, or maybe he could even get a scholarship from the Boxer Indemnity to go to America and study. Little village boys with a turn for letters began to dream of going to America as their fathers used to dream of passing the old imperial examinations and becoming mandarins.

Not that Andrew ever encouraged any boy to go to America. It would be the ruin of him, he used to declare. America wasn't what it was, what with the automobiles and nobody going to church. He saw somewhere the figures of the year's deaths by automobile accidents in the United States and he never forgot it. He used to quote it solemnly when people talked of progress and motor cars. "Thirty thousand people a year, and most of them in hell! That's the sort of people who drive like that, undoubtedly."

Once a flippant child remarked, "So many the fewer souls to bother to save, then," to which he replied sternly, "I would not even want to see a Baptist go to hell by way of an automobile!" He was thinking of the one-eyed missionary.

But then China was his heart's home. He gave up any thought of other lands, knowing that here he would live out his life and here die. That autumn he traveled over the roads and stopped at cities and towns and the welcoming calls of the people warmed his heart. They made a sort of gala occasion of that tour of his, feeling him safely returned. He passed his sixty-ninth birthday, which made him seventy according to the Chinese reckoning, whereby a child at birth is already a year old, and they prepared feasts for him, gave him scrolls gilded

and inscribed with words of praise and wide banners of red satin embroidered with letters of black velvet, and last, the insignia of an honored official, a huge red satin panoply borne aloft on a tall pole. He was much embarrassed with it and pleased, too, and came triumphantly home with all his gifts. Carie was put to it to know what to do with so much magnificence of scarlet satin in the plain little mission house, and at last she put everything away in the little round-backed trunk in the attic. There was no place for honor and glory in that self-sacrificing house. Later the trunk fell into the hands of revolutionary soldiers, who divided the shining stuff among them, snatching at it with dirty claws of hands and screeching at each other in quarreling over it. Andrew was relieved to have it gone, and Carie was in the grave by then, and the only one of us all who was safe.

Andrew came home after his three months' tour in a high serenity of happiness. He had always been happy and zestful for his life. His rare fits of melancholy were always cured by work, and his work could never be done. All through the years his soul had been borne along on the lift of his ever enlarging plan, and again and again his own spirit was refreshed by the ecstasy of the knowledge that some other soul had found that source of reason for life which he found in God.

There is no way to explain that ecstasy in Andrew. The only thing I have seen like it is the ecstasy of a father beholding his child for the first time. There was a paternal tenderness in Andrew over every soul who came up to him for baptism. There was a look upon his face, a brooding joy when he lifted his hand to bless the newborn soul, which the children of his flesh never saw when he looked upon them. For Andrew's kin were not those of the blood, but those of the spirit, and he was knit in some mystic fashion to every soul he felt he had brought to salvation. By such ecstasies was he renewed.

But even we had never seen him in the exaltation of that autumn. It had not occurred to him that he was growing old or could ever be old. He never had looked at his face in a mirror to see what it was—Mrs. Pettibrew had settled that long ago when he was a boy in West Virginia. His hair had grown grey late and was not yet white, and his face was as ruddy and his eyes as clearly blue as ever. He was almost jocular with youth, cracking his dry jokes, laughing easily his "haw!"

of laughter, because he was so happy. He measured happiness by the success of his work, by the eagerness of souls crowding to be saved—else why should they want to become members of the church?—and his work was growing and there were souls by the hundred.

“What are you thinking?” we asked him one Sunday morning at breakfast when he put down his cup and seemed to be listening, his eyes shining, his whole face alight.

“It came to me suddenly that in thousands of homes today those who were heathen are preparing, young and old, to worship God, and in hundreds of churches and chapels they will sit and listen and pray.” It was the top of his life.

X

ALITTLE while before this there had come to the station which Andrew made his home a younger missionary and then two others. Indeed, after years of wanting to be alone in his field, Andrew decided it would be well to have a young man or two. He liked young men and had always had a half-joking, half-paternal way with these three, not taking them very seriously, teasing them sometimes about their mistakes in Chinese. There was that time, for instance, when one of them, thinking to use a festival day for the glory of God, brought it into his sermon. It was the birthday of the Flower God, or Hwa Shen, as the people called the god, and the young missionary preached eloquently against the god, adjuring the people not to worship him. But he used the wrong tones in the two syllables, and thereby all unconsciously transformed them into two others, meaning peanuts. The people sat in solemn bewilderment, not understanding why this American became so excited in pleading with them not to worship peanuts, which they never had worshipped, and Andrew sat choking with silent laughter. It was too good a joke not to tell, and he told it perhaps a trifle too often. And it was not a joke easy for a proud young missionary to bear. And there were others. Andrew knew a great deal and he was an acknowledged scholar in Chinese, and he had spent most of his life in China. It is a little cruel to laugh at the young, but Andrew did not think of that.

Then there was his stubbornness. He had been used to his own way for so many years. When the three young men voted against him in the solemn station meetings of four voting men and four non-voting women, Andrew was only amused. What—let these young fellows

with the milk of their mother seminary still wet on their lips tell him what to do? They quoted mission rules to him concerning majority votes, but he pshawed and gave his haw of laughter and did as he pleased.

It was Carie who fought for him, really—Carie with her French shrewdness which perceived that even the prophets plotted against each other. She used to say, troubled, "They are going to oust you one of these days, Andrew—see if they don't!"

"Oh, pshaw, they can't!" he would reply absently, his mind on his plans. He never knew how often when he was not there she defended him and by the very energy of her tongue, kept them quiet. There is that enmity between young and old.

It was when Andrew came home in such triumph, in such fullness of strength and success, that they came one day and told him of the new rule the mission had made while he was away.

"What rule?" he asked amiably. The mission was always making rules—a man would be busy just keeping up with them.

"A new retirement rule has been passed," said the eldest of the three. He had once been a clerk in a department store and God called him out of it to go to China and save souls, but he had never quite got over his feeling about rules. They came down from above. He went on solemnly. "The rule is that a missionary retires at the age of seventy."

They waited for Andrew to grasp it, these righteous young priests before an old son of God who had grown uncouth with his years of hardship and rough travel and living far from the cities. Andrew was no drawing-room figure, for all the distinction he had of a high bearing and a learned serenity and fastidious neatness. He never troubled himself to be thoughtful of anyone in small ways. No one ever saw him pick up a woman's handkerchief, for instance, or rise to give her his seat. And tact he scorned utterly as a subterfuge and a weakness. He stared from one to the other. Striplings—that's what they were!

"Pshaw!" he said loudly. It had just occurred to him that he was practically seventy years old. He grew very calm—even kind. What could these young men understand? They were so young. Why, there were a great many things which he himself was only just now beginning to know and to be able to do! China was a land where age added

influence and benefit. The people respected him for being old—that is, older.

But it was Carie who fought his battle, Carie with her quick tongue and fiery sense of justice and flying temper. She had been sitting unseen in the next room. They were afraid of her and had told Andrew at the door they wanted to see him alone.

"I didn't trust them the instant I heard them say that," she exclaimed, telling of it. She rose, overturning her enormous sewing box in her haste. We found buttons and spools of thread under things for days. She swept into the other room, her eyes fairly crackling, her very hair electric. We knew how she looked—had we not seen Carie in battle?

"What are you saying?" she cried. She never bothered about soft speaking at such times. "You will get out of my house! There's not one of you fit to—to wear his old shoes! You soft-living, ease-loving—He works harder than any of you! Seventy, is he? Get out!" They had gone.

So much she told us she said—"and a good deal more," said Andrew drily. He did not appreciate Carie's battles for his sake—after all, a woman—"I can really look out for myself," he said to her gently, but with firmness.

"You think you can, but you can't," she retorted. "They get ahead of you."

"They don't," he replied.

Their conversations were always made up largely of contradictions.

"They do," she said. He rose abruptly and went out.

"Andrew has no notion of the way people really are," she said when the door was shut. "He's so far above plotting himself that he doesn't know it's in the world. And somehow being Christians doesn't cure them of it." Carie was somewhat of a pessimist about human nature. But it was true that Andrew was guileless and blind.

Andrew said he would not worry about that retirement rule. Nobody could retire him—not until God called him to death.

"They could stop your salary and drive you out of this house," Carie said.

"They wouldn't do that," he said peaceably, and added, "If they did, there would be Chinese who would give us shelter and food."

It was the Chinese who saved him, though. When they heard of the

new rule there was such consternation as never was. The Old Teacher! Because he was old! But in China the old were to be honored, to be humored and given their way, not put aside for the very thing that gave them dignity and meaning. Besides, who wanted these young Americans? They were used to the Old Teacher and he understood them and they would have no one else to be their superior. Delegations of courteous but determined Chinese appeared and presented documents signed by long lists of names. In the end Andrew went on unretired and more triumphant than ever.

Looking back, I can understand how these young priests did not savor such an uproar about an old man whose ways of working were not their ways. It could not have been pleasant to hear that they were not loved as he was loved, nor welcomed as he was. Nor did they realize how many years it had taken him to win that love—how much persecution he had borne and how steadfastly he had visited the sick and stayed by the dying and how often upheld a struggling soul. None of us know how often he did these things, for he never told us. They were simply part of his work. Most of all the Chinese loved him because he knew no color to a man's soul and he took the part of the yellow man again and again against the white man—the lonely convert's side, the poorly paid native preacher's side, against the arrogant priest, the superior missionary.

But those young men were quite sincere. They thought that Andrew was a hindrance to the work, to the sound development of the church. He received members into the church without adequate preparation and examination, they said, visiting him again and again to remonstrate with him.

"I receive, by the authority of my office under God alone, such souls as profess repentance and accept Jesus Christ as their savior," he said with his high look.

It was not enough, they said. These professions were often hypocritical. It meant there were many on the church rolls who should not be there. It made for an unsound organization.

"God will purge them out," Andrew said with confidence.

It was not enough, they said. There were hypocrites even among the leaders. The native preachers themselves were not all true—perhaps most of them under Andrew's loose supervision were guilty of much.

There were hints of corruption, of fees accepted, of mishandling church funds, of secret concubinage.

They sat, the three righteous young men, before Andrew and Carie and made their charges. For Andrew let Carie come in now. He was beginning to grow bewildered. The young priests sat facing these two white-haired old people—Andrew's hair seemed to whiten in a week, and Carie's hair had for years been a heap of feathery snow. They had all their facts and figures and Andrew had never been good at keeping figures. He knew roughly how many souls had been saved and how many churches and schools he had and in general how much money he could spend. But these young men knew everything about his field. They had toured it all while he was in America, examining, asking questions, making notes. They had hirelings of their own go and seek out enemies of the church in each town and ask questions about the personal lives of those whom Andrew trusted. When they accused Ma, his close friend, he rose up trembling. "Now I know you're—you're absolutely wrong," he stammered. "I would trust Ma before I'd trust you—or myself."

They smiled. "Perhaps that's been your chief mistake—you seem to have trusted everybody."

The little thin one spoke. "You can't trust the Chinese."

Andrew came to life with a roar. A few times in his life he lost his gentleness and his voice came out of him like a great trumpet.

"If you believe that, why have you come to save them?" he shouted. "How can you save souls if you despise them? Shame on a follower of Jesus Christ who despises any man, however sinful!" He was on his feet, shouting. Carie sat by, silent for once, because he did not need her. He sat down again, suddenly—those moments of his were short, and terrible. He was silent an instant and began again more quietly, "It is necessary to believe in those to whom we have been sent. A soul cannot be won except through belief and patient understanding. I had rather accept some souls who are insincere than refuse one who is true. God will discern, He who sends rain upon just and unjust."

But there were the facts and the figures, there were proofs. They produced certain absolute proofs.

It went on for days, for weeks, for months, the steady undermining of all his work, the devaluation of all which he had so labored to build

up. He stoutly refused to believe any of it, but he began to be distressed. He and Carie argued endlessly. Some of what they said was true, she said—it was better to acknowledge what was true and try to correct what wrong there was. But he would acknowledge nothing. Her arguments always strengthened him to opposition, and on opposition his energies blazed freshly. He held everything exactly as it was, went on receiving new members, refused to dismiss anyone—no, not Lin whom they accused of opium smoking, nor Chang who they said was running a big tea house with sing-song girls on the proceeds of the church. He had to have more proofs than he had been shown before he would dismiss a man. Besides, there was Ma, steadily denying everything. He had always believed Ma.

What would have happened if Carie had lived I do not know. She was always beside him, defending him in public, and in private moving him to decisions, to energies, to defenses and fresh determinations by her restless mind, approving and criticizing together.

But Carie died that next autumn. He knew she had not been well, but then she had not been well for years and he had scarcely known it because her will was so large and so indomitable, her body so negligible. She took no consideration of herself and expected none from others. He had an idea that women were often ill—it seemed so in this climate. Besides, Carie never wanted him near when she was ill. It was inconvenient to have her ill, but he did not see anything he could do for her, and anyway there were two daughters in his house. She had been in bed a good deal, but he had been so harassed in his work, so worried—and then one day he saw she was very ill indeed.

At once the trouble with the young missionaries was less important. Carie begged him to go on, but he felt it his duty to delay going away from home until the doctor had made his examination. When the doctor made his report there was no question of going away. She was mortally ill.

When Andrew knew that unless God wrought a miracle Carie's life was soon to end, his first thought was of her soul. For once he asked no miracle and seemed to expect none. He was restless with anxiety over her soul. He felt he ought to speak to her.

"I have never felt entirely certain about your mother's soul," he said to Carie's daughter one morning.

Carie's daughter replied with a touch of sharpness, "Her soul is all right!"

Andrew did not answer. He went slowly upstairs to Carie's room. But when he tried to speak to her, she suddenly was impatient and flouted him in a way she had not been able to do for days.

"You go along and save your heathen," she said, and her eyes flashed for a moment. So he gave it up, after all, and Carie went on dying as she was.

When the end was very near, the nurse they had got from Shanghai came running into his study where he was working on a revision of the Testament—by some strange coincidence he was working on the crucifixion scene and the solemnity of death had already filled him.

"There's a change," the nurse cried, and he rose and followed her upstairs. He could not hurry—he was strangely afraid. Carie dying! It brought death too near. He had stood at many deathbeds, and some of his children had died, but death had not seemed near to him until now.

He went into the room he and Carie had shared for many years, where she now lay in the big double bed alone.

She was unconscious. He was almost glad, for he would not have known what to say to her. It was strange he could think of nothing he would have said. So he stood gravely at the foot of the bed, waiting. The room was full of an awful solemnity as her breath came, caught in her breast, and went out of her with a great sigh, to come no more. In the endless silence he turned and went downstairs, back to his study, and shut the door.

He did not speak of her again, and none of us saw him weep. Whether he was widowed or not, none of us knew. He took no part in any of the last preparations and when we called him to her funeral he dressed himself carefully and went with us. He stood tearless beside her grave, his face set in utter gravity, his eyes sealed in gravity. But he said nothing, and after it was all over he went back to his study again and shut the door. Carie's daughter, yearning over him, passed by the window, to see if he were grieving there alone. But he was working over the pages of the Testament, the Chinese brush in his hand, painting the characters one by one down the page. It was impossible to go in, and she went on upstairs into the bedroom, now his

alone, to straighten it for him. Upon the bed lay the frock coat. He had taken it down, pondering whether he would wear it for Carie's sake. But he had not worn it, after all, and it lay there upon the bed, and Carie's daughter took it and hung it up again.

He never mentioned Carie's name again as long as he lived unless a direct question were asked of him, and no one could tell if he grieved. And he never once visited her grave. But something broke in him, some strength of stubbornness. There was no one at home to contradict him, praise him, blame and scold him into energy. The house was very still with only one daughter left, and the other married and gone up the river to live. He had lived always in a routine and it did not occur to him to change it, but sometimes he wanted to change it and could not. Carie had always protested against routine; she loved change and different days. Opposing her volatility, routine had seemed important to him, and valuable, and the only way to accomplish anything—now it seemed less valuable, when there was no one to disturb it.

In the midst of his bewilderment the righteous young men were at him again, and Carie could not rise from her grave to battle for him. In the silent house he listened to their certainties, and for the first time in his life doubt began to creep in. Perhaps they were right—perhaps nothing he had done was any use. He put his hand to his forehead in his old gesture of bewilderment, and Carie was not there to cry out, "Not one of you is fit to step into his old shoes!" And they had proofs of everything now—bills for opium stamped with the church seal, signed confessions, sworn statements. Everything was shaking and tumbling about him. Carie was gone and the daughter was a young girl, filled with her own loneliness. There was no one to guide him by telling him to do something he did not want to do and would not; to make him believe in himself again. In this one moment of fumbling and mistrust, the righteous young men put before him something to sign—some sort of promise to turn over his field to them, so that for the sake of the honor of the church they could purify the work. Without knowing what he did, he signed the paper and gave away his work.

All during the winter he stayed at home in a sort of stupor of dismay. He was growing old—they had made him believe it now. He grew very white and, if possible, thinner. He worked a while each day

on his translation, and when the weather was fine enough he went to a street chapel to preach. But when before had Andrew stopped for weather? The source in him was failing. Even when some of his faithful converts came to beg him not to give them up, he shook his head helplessly. "I signed something or other," he said with a heavy sigh. He never was sure just what the paper had said, but he knew it took everything away from him. And Ma, who might have helped him, was low that winter with a fresh attack of tuberculosis.

Then spring came. Carie had said to her daughters, "Look out for spring. About the first of April he gets hard to manage. It won't matter if he's eighty, he'll want to get away over the country and behind the hills preaching." When the willows budded in early April and the peach trees bloomed and the wheat was green and farmers were busy about their land, one day he lifted up his head. He smelled the new air. Suddenly he put down his brush and got up and went out of his study to find his youngest daughter, who was now the woman in his house.

"Get my things ready," he commanded her.

"Something came over me," he said, telling of it years later. "I saw I had been a fool."

In a few hours he was on his way on his ancient white horse, riding over the old familiar cobbled roads, over the smooth paths into the hills. And with every mile strength came back to him. "An amazement filled me," he wrote in that story of his. "I saw that I had been in a sinful despair. I dismounted from my beast and going away a little into the privacy of a bamboo grove, I tied the beast and knelt and besought God for forgiveness for the sin of despair. And God heard me and I was delivered and never again did He suffer me to so lose Him."

By the time he reached his first village church he was in a fine anger at the three righteous young men and beyond weariness.

But it was a sad business. He found as he went from place to place that the young men had been very busy. Everything was reorganized. The Chinese preachers whom he had trained and trusted were for the most part gone—"dismissed," he used to say over and over again, "without a particle of real proof and only on rumor. Rumor! Christ was crucified on a rumor and by those who called themselves righteous!"

A fury of hatred filled him as he went about his ruined field. Some of the churches he found shut and the doors sealed, the schools closed. When he came home he went to the young men to demand an explanation. "We found such corruption," they said, "that the only hope was to close everything, scatter the members, and wait and begin again."

And the members were scattered indeed. New, unknown voices were preaching and a few strangers sat and listened half-heartedly. Everything was gone—his whole life's work swept away.

But anger was a strength to him and a healing. He gathered himself together. He would begin again. God would give him years. He would search out his old converts and build new churches out of them—not Presbyterian churches, not organizations subject to the dominations and whims of white men, but native independent churches, using no money but their own, self-supporting, self-governing. He began to plan and with planning despair was gone and after a while anger was gone, and once more he was happy.

And so the search began for the souls he had saved and lost and now was seeking again. He went about in village and town and countryside all that spring and summer, and Ma was better once more in the heat, and the two of them went together searching. Some souls they never found. They had disappeared in the purging. Others they found returned to their old gods, and some they found wavering and not knowing what to do and these were glad to come back to their Old Teacher and were joyful to see him again. And there were others, enough to comfort and reassure him, who had remained true, worshipping God in their homes when the doors of churches were sealed. These were the nucleus of the new church Andrew was to build, the church independent of the foolishness of denominations and the vagaries of men. These were they who were to look straightly to God. They met together in the poorest places, in the tiny living-room of a farmhouse, in the earth-floored room of a country inn. But Andrew fired them to independence. He was very happy.

The three young men found out what he was doing. They had hirelings of their own who brought them stories. Andrew, they said, was dividing the church. He was causing dissension. An independent native church! It was heresy.

When he came home they waited on him in a body and put before him the paper he had signed. But he was strong by now. He only pshawed, and refused to look at it.

"I signed it under compulsion," he declared. "It's not even legal. I'll swear to that before the consul, if you like."

He was free of them all once more, free of everything.

But he was old and they were young, and there were things they could do to him, though he forgot them in his old high humor. God's work was yet to be done. God would triumph—but meanwhile he was working his body as fiercely as he had in his youth. He pshawed aside every remonstrance from his daughter. And the young men were about to put on him the pressure of mission authority. He could be removed completely, sent back to America not to return, retired to die. His young daughter grew afraid.

There was not one of Carie's children into whom she had not poured her blood. Not one of them was her equal, but they were all fighters and afraid of no man. And her blood stirred in them now to fight for Andrew. He must be rescued and kept happy. He must never feel old again or set aside and useless. There must always be work for him to do—some sort of God's work, because he would not consider anything else worth doing.

They cast about to find salvation for Andrew in such a way that he could never find out that he had been saved, or ever indeed know he needed saving, proud son of God that he was. Where in the world of young men could he fit? There seemed no place for him. He must be taken away and allowed to work somewhere freely as he always had, for freedom was the only air in which his spirit could live and be.

It happened that part of the fruit of Andrew's life had been helping to build a theological seminary. That passion of his for a literate and educated clergy had gone beyond his training class for his own helpers into the planning and building of a school where young men might go and be trained. It had begun humbly enough many years before, but it had grown through donations, allotments and bequests into a group of brick buildings, sponsored by several denominations of the Protestant church into an institution of some dignity, although its traditions were always conservative. At that they were not narrow enough for Andrew's denomination, and it was for this seminary he had fought.

for many years with his reiterated slogan, "It's better to stay in and fight than get out and lose all hope of winning." Andrew was not afraid of modernism any more than he was of the devil. It made a good foe, and a good foe always whetted him.

To this institution, then, one of Carie's children turned speculative eyes. It would make a good place for Andrew to work in his old age. He would be doing the sort of thing he loved—teaching young men and associated with them daily, and they would learn from his experience. He would be taken out of the jurisdiction of the righteous three, and if they came near him she could be watchful. Best of all, he would be under her own roof where she could take care of him, for she lived in Nanking where the seminary was. He had grown too thin and his ruddiness had gone and left a sort of transparent whiteness out of which his eyes looked too blue and unearthly. But first she must get the place for him.

It was a task she loathed. She would never have begged for herself—Carie was in her. But she was put to it for Andrew. So she went, in as matter-of-fact a way as she could, to the church dignitary then at the head of the seminary and told the case plainly to him, and when she had finished she made no bones, having planned everything before. "And so you must find something for him to do here where I can look after him and keep him happy and not knowing anything about my coming to you."

The dignitary knew Andrew and knew the redoubtable family and the seven sons. And in his time he had had a passage or two with Carie herself over Andrew. He hesitated and fiddled with a paperweight on his desk. It was, Carie's daughter remembers, a little clay boy on a clay buffalo. "We have no vacancies," he murmured, and added something about wanting younger men.

"Not in China," Carie's daughter said decidedly. "Age won't matter here. Besides, surely there is something he can teach them out of all his years."

It appears there was not. Carie's daughter went away, refused but undefeated. It was not for nothing that she had been brought up in a denomination where women were given no recognized voice. They got what they wanted in other ways.

She returned again and again, until a look of terror came into the dignitary's eyes, and she learned to follow immediately upon the heels of an announcing servant before there were opportunities for any nonsense about being busy.

And the time-worn method of women had its reward. In a moment of extreme weariness he said, toying with the clay buffalo, "Of course we have planned a sort of correspondence course—"

She seized on it. "The very thing!"

"He could be given a couple of able assistants who could do the real work," the dignitary went on.

She laughed secretly. As if Andrew could be kept from real work!

"It wouldn't cost you anything—his salary from home would go on," she said diplomatically.

"It might work," he agreed without fervor.

It was enough to build upon, and she built. She built at both ends. She told Andrew he was going to be invited to the seminary and she saw to it that the letter of invitation was something more than half-hearted and that there were a title and a position as well as work for him to do. He was to be Dean of the Correspondence School—a school that did not exist. "But it will be the more exciting to make it," she tempted Andrew.

And she followed the invitation promptly herself, and Carie in her told her how to persuade Andrew.

"You can run all your independent churches just as easily as ever from my house and there won't be anybody to interfere with you, and you can be teaching at the same time, and you'll have plenty of time to work on your Testament."

It was an alluring picture of freedom, and he could not resist it. It was, he said, an enlargement of his usefulness, and therefore it was doubtless God's will.

"I'm sure it is," Carie's daughter said thankfully.

So the mission bungalow which Carie had made into a home for so long was dismantled. There was a pathetic little sale—there was nothing worth much money, and a few precious things were saved—Carie's desk and her organ, the rocking chair in which she had rocked all her babies, Andrew's books and desk, and a picture or two. They

were put on a junk and sent up the river, and the house was empty and the lovely garden left to loneliness. A strange life was to come into it—the wastrel life of the new revolution then rising. When Carie's daughter next saw that house, the last time she was to see it, the house that was so filled with childish memories of hot summer afternoons and Christmas mornings and Carie's voice singing and Andrew coming home, it was a tenement filled with the ruin and waste of revolution. Twenty families of refugees crowded into the rooms Carie had kept so dainty and the plaster was stripped to the laths, and the floors were inches deep in human filth, and the starving people looked out of the holes of windows like desperate dogs. And the garden, where Carie had grown her roses and where lilies had bloomed under the bamboos, had been beaten back to barrenness by the incessant tread of plodding feet. But Carie's eyes were safely shut in her grave, and I am glad for that.

Andrew was to have ten more years to live. He began them happily by disliking at once the room Carie's daughter had given him in her house. She had gone to great pains about that room. First she had chosen the biggest and best room, the one that faced the mountain and the pagoda, into which the sunshine poured cheer. She had furnished it with home things—the rug from Carie's living-room, his own chair, the clock he had wound regularly for forty years, his books in the bookcase—and she made curtains for the windows, very simple white ones, knowing Andrew. She was proud of that room. She ushered him into it.

"The whole house is yours, Father, but this is your own special room."

But it soon appeared that Andrew was uncomfortable. He ranged about the house, looking at various rooms.

"That room of mine," he complained, "it's too big—too much stuff in it—it looks too luxurious."

"You shall have any room you want," she said.

He chose a small room over the kitchen and his things were moved into it. Once more Carie's daughter hung curtains and pictures and spread the rug. Andrew was out when the moving was done, and he made no comment when he came back. But that evening after he had

gone up to bed they heard noises prolonged into the night. Carie's daughter went to the door.

"Are you all right?" she called through it.

"Yes," he answered serenely.

She tried the door handle, but it was locked, so after a moment there seemed nothing to do but go away.

The next morning when she went in after he was gone to his day's work she could not believe what she saw. The floor was bare and the curtains were gone and there were no pictures—not even the picture of Carie she had hung upon the wall. And the cushion she had put in the back of his chair to soften its wooden hardness was gone, and the extra mattress she had put to soften the hardness of the single iron bed he had insisted upon buying for himself was gone. She looked under the bed and found the rug and the mattress and in the closet were the curtains and the pictures. The room was a cell, and the sunshine streamed into it mercilessly to show it bare and hideous. But Andrew had arranged it to suit his own heart. A few times in after years Carie's daughter, suffering for its ugliness in a home she tried to make beautiful on what little she had, put curtains at the windows again, small unobtrusive ones, or she slipped in a surreptitious cushion, and any number of times she tried to soften that rigid bed of his with a secret quilt. But Andrew never suffered such things for a day. She always found them put sternly away, folded under the bed or in the closet, and Andrew had his own monastic way to the end.

He took his new work very much for granted and was completely happy. No one crossed him and he lived tremendously. He was busy from early morning until late night. There was constant conference with the men he had chosen to lead the new independent movement. Living cost him nothing these days. He had two good enough suits and saw no need for buying anything for years, if ever, for himself, and he could spend his whole salary on the independent movement. For of course there had to be someone to visit the churches, teach the people and encourage them in plans for expansion. Expansion! It was the old energy of Andrew's life.

I confess that those men from the independent churches who came

so regularly to take Andrew's money were not reassuring in their looks. But Andrew could bear no criticism of them. This was the salvaging of his life's work.

"Pshaw, he can't help the way he looks!" he would say when Carie's daughter expressed distaste for a man. "I don't like a pretty man, myself. He's a soundly converted soul and that's the chief thing."

But the soundly converted souls did disconcertingly often look out of amazingly shiftily eyes, eyes that would not meet the direct gaze of Carie's daughter, and the hands they put out of their long sleeves were repulsively dirty and eager for money. It is very probable that the three righteous young men were at least partly right, and that Andrew's wheat was badly sown with tares. He was so guileless and hopeful a soul! But he was happy, and Carie's daughter was satisfied.

He was perfectly happy. He came home in the evening exultant with the day, for he loved his work in the seminary. The sight of the young Chinese men who were fitting themselves to go out and preach the Gospel was unfailingly thrilling to his heart. He liked the men set to work with him and went to passionate planning for making a correspondence school of the best sort. He sent all over the world for correspondence school curriculums and took from each what he thought was its best. His New Testament found a new reason for being, too, for without any conceit whatever, Andrew considered his the best and only really intelligible translation into Chinese of the New Testament and in the fullest sense of duty, he put it among the required texts in his new curriculum. When he had everything ready the new school was announced and immediately met with remarkable success. In the course of the ten years Andrew was to see the student roll mount into hundreds and upon it were men from every country in the Orient and some of the South Sea Islands and a few were among Chinese in the United States. Andrew was especially proud of that. All the time he was working for the independent churches, and twice a year he hired a junk—for he had sold his own boat to get money for the new movement—and went out to visit all the members.

So Andrew would not grow old. But it could be seen that his body, in spite of him, was becoming increasingly insufficient for his soul's reach. He came home from every journey spent with exhaustion and white with a whiteness that made his flesh opaque. No sun could make

him ruddy in these days. He took on a frosty whiteness that made him seem more unearthly than ever. Carie's daughter begged him to give up the long journeys to the churches, at least, but he would not.

But the day came when he must. He came home unexpectedly one sunny October afternoon, and his daughter saw at once that he was desperately ill. He staggered up the stone steps to the front door, and the sunlight seemed to shine straight through him as though he were a ghost already.

He would answer no questions and she asked none, for she knew him. She put him to bed and sent for the doctor who came and said he was desperately ill with dysentery. Bit by bit as she sat with him through the night she got the story. He had felt he ought to eat the feasts his old and faithful converts prepared for him.

"They're poor people," he gasped; "there must have been something they got cheap—but they meant well."

He had returned to his junk and lain there violently ill for three days and two nights.

"Three days!" cried Carie's daughter. "Why didn't you come home or send a messenger to tell us?"

He could not, it appeared. The captain of the junk was a rascal and when he had an old man at his mercy he would not move without money. He took all Andrew had, his watch and pen and all his goods, and only on Andrew's promise that he would never try to punish him in any way did he at last bring him home, nearly dead.

But we were glad the man had not murdered him and thrown his body into the river—glad he had not quite let him die.

For a few days he came very near death, and then came the long difficult turn. The doctor had said Andrew must go to the hospital, but Andrew had refused with what seemed his last breath. He had never been in a hospital and he had no confidence whatever in trained nurses and their morals, he said. He was too weak to cross then, but when he was a very little better the doctor, by means of vast threats, prevailed on him to go to the hospital. But it was no good. Once there, he insisted on watching his schedule continually, half delirious as he was with fever, and he rang his bell every few minutes to remind the nurse he was a very sick man and that his medicine was due at such and such a time—he kept his watch in his hand. As

soon as he was fully conscious he insisted on being taken home. That was the time he said, "I have a daughter who has nothing to do but take care of me," and he raised such a storm that he had to be sent home then and there, though he was too sick to sit up.

So Carie's daughter took care of him and he grew well again at last. But he was never quite so well. The illness had frightened him. He sat in an easy chair in a sunny corner of the garden one day with a blanket over his knees and Carie's daughter came to bring him a cup of broth.

He raised solemn blue eyes to hers and said suddenly, "I'm nearly seventy-five years old!"

She looked at him and saw a childlike terror in his eyes. Her heart flew to him, but she resisted the impulse to gather him up like a child in her arms for comfort. He would have been miserably embarrassed as such demonstration. Instead she tucked in his blanket and said, "What's seventy-five? Your family is long lived on both sides. Besides, you're well again, and it's a glorious morning and I've been thinking you ought to revise your book on Chinese idioms. There isn't anything to take its place if you let it go out of print."

"That's true," he exclaimed, pleased. "I've been thinking I ought to do it."

But it was the first fear. He never went out on another tour and the movement for independent churches was never completed. Certain men came and went as long as he lived, and his money went out to them, but Carie's daughter asked him no questions. If independent churches made him happier, let him have them, though they were filled with rascals.

The work at the seminary, however, was the ideal work of his old age. Every morning he was up early and impatient for his breakfast and immediately after he was tucked into his comfortable private rickshaw—a victory Carie's daughter had over him—and in his office by eight o'clock. He loved the seminary life, the assemblies where he took his turn at preaching, the coming and going of young men to classes, his own stacks of letters and papers. He felt busy and needed. And young men came to him for advice and confidences, and he

listened to their stories of poverty and somehow or other pinched himself yet more to give them aid. Carie's daughter had to watch him or he would have had nothing left. Every week or two she went to his closet and looked over his few garments.

"Where's that knit vest you had for Christmas?" she would demand of him, or she would say, "I can't find but two pair of your woolen socks."

She knew very well that guilty look of his. "One of the young fellows looked awfully cold yesterday—the buildings have no heat and he is too poor to buy a padded coat. Besides, I have my old sweater. I didn't need that fancy vest."

"I can't wear but one pair of socks," he said with impatience. "I'm no centipede, I hope!"

And his rickshaw coolie proudly wore the frock coat which had been such cause for arguments between Carie and Andrew. Andrew sat behind it now with peculiar satisfaction. "The wretched thing is doing somebody some good at last," he said. "The man very sensibly sewed up the tails—I don't know why I didn't think of it long ago."

There was no use in giving him things. We tried to enlarge his meager wardrobe at Christmas and on his birthdays and on any occasion we could use for pretext, but he gave everything away he did not wear at the moment, and it was no pleasure to see a new suit just given him hanging on the small obliterated frame of a divinity student. Andrew was an exasperatingly literal Christian. He even gave away his precious clock to a street chapel on the grounds that he did not need it since he had his watch, although he reserved the right to go and wind it once a week.

But he was not entirely content with his seminary work. His correspondence course did not keep him busy, he said, and so he was touchingly pleased when they gave him a small class or two. No student ever spent such time in preparation as he did. For he considered the work of training men to preach as holy work. It was an extension of his own opportunity to save souls. Through these young men he could reach many another soul.

Even so, he was not content unless he was preaching directly to souls unsaved. So two or three times a week, much to his rickshaw

puller's rue, he went into the most crowded parts of the city where in two places he had rented small rooms opening full on the busy street, and there he stood and preached to the people who strayed in to sit a while on a free bench. "He has a hot heart for such an old man," his rickshaw puller used to say, and trudged back and forth with a sigh.

XI

BUT he was not yet to have peace for his work. While he had been living out his zestful days, another storm was rising out of the south, the storm of China's last and greatest revolution.

He had not paid much heed to it. There had been so many wars and revolutions in his day and he had long since refused to go away because he heard a war was threatening. Nobody would hurt him, he always declared. So he had stayed when others fled, coming and going in his usual routine, waiting, perhaps, on the side of a street for an army to march by, but granting no further concession to the eternal upset of China's political life.

And the sight of his tall, white-haired figure coming and going as usual gave the common people comfort and a sense of stability.

"Has the Old Teacher gone?" they asked each other.

"No, he has not gone," was the answer, and they settled themselves again. "If the Old Teacher should go, we would not know where to hide ourselves," they used to say.

But then he never went. And he shewed the idea that this revolution was different from any other. When people talked of the new Bolshevik influence he refused to grant it importance. Bolsheviks were only people, after all. Besides, "the Chinese will never put up with them," he used to say with confidence. It was one of the secrets of his immense serenity that he always firmly believed anything he said himself.

So as the new revolution swept up from the south and knotted itself into central China and expanded again down the Yangtse River, Andrew regarded it without fear and indeed this time with some-

thing of indifference. He had seen so many revolutions come and go, leaving nothing but waste behind, that he had no great optimism. Besides, his mind was turning more and more away from the affairs of men to the one great central meaning of his life, his own work. He had a full sense now of the few years left him, and nothing must turn him aside from that work. He did not hear then the rising of any storm. When news filtered through the countryside of a murdered Catholic priest, he remarked calmly, "Well, he was a Catholic, and they don't like Catholics, I suppose."

When the foreign consuls began to send out warnings, urging women and children and old people to go to Shanghai, since no one could foresee exactly what turn the approaching revolutionary armies would take, it did not occur to him that he could possibly be included among them. What! He run with the women and children?

But then the white people were all sharply divided. Some of them felt no good could possibly come of the new movement, led as it was by the young Western trained Chinese and aided by the Bolsheviks. There were others who believed in it and still more who did not know what to think or do. The news of the treatment the white people were receiving in the revolutionary territory was disconcerting, but one could get no proofs or confirmation and mad rumor is at its maddest in China, the land of many tongues and boundless prejudices among men of all colors.

Carie's daughter took sides with the revolutionists. Sun Yat-sen she had admired since her childhood. Carie had taught her that. "Something will come from him," Carie used to say in her tones of confident prophecy, although he was a fugitive most of her life. So when Andrew said he would not go away as the revolutionary armies approached, Carie's daughter made no demur.

Then there came that morning when the consular advice was very strong indeed, amounting as nearly to a command as the representative of a democratic nation may go, that all Americans, women and children and those who were aged must go away, because of reports of serious anti-foreign action on the part of the revolutionists. They were very near then, those armies. One could, if one listened, hear the sound of distant cannon. And the final contingent of those white people who had decided to leave were going that day. It was the last

chance, and if it were refused, there would be no other. All who stayed must stay through to whatever the end would be, because the crisis of battle was near, and the great city gates would be locked, and none could go out or come in until it was known who were the victors.

Carie's daughter took thought that morning. She believed in the revolutionists, but there might be a rabble after the battle. She thought of her small children, of her sister who had taken refuge with her from a city in the far interior already held by the revolutionists—that narrow escape had not been very promising. And there was her sister's child, too. Well, they could manage with the children, but what of Andrew? He could not walk far or endure hardship any more now. She begged him to go to certain safety.

But Andrew when compelled against his will had a trick of falling ill. It was not conscious pretense—it was an actual disturbance caused by the distress of not having his own way. When she went upstairs to call him to get ready to go he lay there on that narrow iron bed of his, the sheet pulled up to his chin.

"I'm ill," he said very faintly. "I couldn't possibly go."

She looked at him, knowing him, and that there was no persuading him.

"Then we all stay together," she said, and went away and closed the door.

Through that whole day the sound of the guns grew louder and the echo more hard against the rocks of the mountain. By afternoon the city gates were already locked, and there was a strange tense stillness everywhere. Shops were closed, and the streets were empty. People sat behind closed doors, waiting for no one knew what. They had done the same thing many times before, and even the children had been through wars. But this time it was different. One heard such things—the laborers, servants, apprentices, the poor who lived in the mud huts—they were all full of a strange excitement. No one knew what to expect.

In the empty streets Andrew's rickshaw passed as usual, his puller trotting along in the old frock coat. It was March and the air was still keen. Andrew preached that night in one of his street chapels, but almost no one was there to hear him and those who were hurried away quickly into the darkness. He came home to find the whole

house alight and a steady stream of Chinese neighbors pouring into the gates. The cellars were full of unknown and poor people taking refuge. It had always been safe in the foreigners' houses before. In no war since 1900 had the foreigners been attacked—the foreigners had gunboats and treaties to take care of them. It was all familiar enough to Andrew. He sat in the living-room with the family and their Chinese friends. Only the unknowing children were asleep.

"This floor seems to seethe," he said. "The cellars are so full." Then he said, "I'm glad I stayed. One must share the life of those one has chosen to be one's own people."

Midnight came on and still there was no news and nothing could be seen in the darkness, and there was only the constant roaring of cannon to be heard. He was very tired. "Since I can't settle any of the fighting, I think I'll go to bed," he said at last with his dry smile. And so he went upstairs to lie and listen to the cracking guns. Near dawn there was a sudden silence and before he could wonder what it was he fell asleep.

It seemed no different from other days, that revolutionary dawn. He woke and the March sun filled his room, and from downstairs came the clatter of breakfast dishes and the smell of bacon and coffee. There were no more guns. Everything was over. He did not need to miss a single day of work. He got up, bathed in the shower he had rigged up for himself out of a small tin tub and the nozzle of a flower sprinkler, and dressed carefully and went downstairs, very cheerful and triumphant, to the usual seven o'clock breakfast. They were all waiting for him, children and grandchildren, and Carie's daughter was gay over the first daffodils of spring from her garden. She had run out before breakfast and cut them and they were on the table.

"Prophetic daffodils!" he said. "I'm glad they waited to open until today."

Everything was all right, they said. The revolutionists had won, the city gates were open, the city had surrendered and was quiet. The Chinese had all gone home to breakfast, and the house was normal again.

"How silly to have gone away!" they told each other over bacon and eggs.

"Wars are all about the same in my experience," said Andrew in great content.

It was a cheerful meal, and afterwards the men hurried off to eight o'clock classes, and Carie's daughter tucked Andrew's lap robe about him in his rickshaw and put a small red rosebud she had grown in a window pot into his buttonhole. Red was for the new day.

He could choose the road through the city or the back road through the hills. This morning he chose the hill road. The air was fresh and sharp and sweet, and the sunshine was warming.

But he had scarcely set himself to enjoy it when he heard his name shouted loudly, over and over. He looked about, but no one was near. Indeed, when he came to think of it, he had seen no one upon the road. Usually it was busy with farmers carrying their baskets of early fresh vegetables on their shoulders to the city markets, or the road was dusty with the feet of donkeys, carrying bags of rice crossed upon their backs. There had been no one.

Then he saw one of the servants from the house running after him, shouting to him. The rickshaw puller halted and the man came up panting. He was the color of cheese and his mouth was so dry he could scarcely speak.

"Old Teacher—Old Teacher—come back!" he panted. "They are killing the foreigners!"

"I don't believe it," said Andrew.

"It is true. One of them is dead already. They shot him in the street. Your elder daughter beseeches you to return."

"I won't," said Andrew. "I have work waiting for me. Go on!" he said to the puller, but the servant laid hands on the shafts.

"She said if you would not come I was to lift you and carry you back, though you struck me for it."

"As for me," said the puller. "I will not pull you on and have your blood on my body."

They had him helpless.

"Go back, then," said Andrew grimly.

It was not the first time he had had to think of being killed. The sunshine was grey to him. No one knew what this day would be—perhaps the end—and his work was not done.

When he reached the house they were gathered on the doorstep

waiting for him. They had run out of the house just as they were, without coats and hats. In ten minutes the whole world had changed. The gayety of the breakfast table, the warm security of the house, were now as though they never had been.

"Here he is!" the servant shouted, and the puller lowered the shafts and he stepped out.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded.

"We must hide!" Carie's daughter cried to him.

Hide! All these little children! Besides, he hated the thought of it.

"We'd better go decently into the house and pray," he said.

"We can't delay," she replied. "The revolutionary armies are against us. They've killed the two Catholic fathers already, and Jack Williams!"

Before he could argue with her the servants came wailing and running toward them, and there were neighbors slipping in at the gate secretly.

"Hide—hide!" they begged him. "The foreigners' houses are no safety today."

"Where can we hide?" Carie's daughter cried.

The Chinese looked at each other. Who indeed dared to take the burden of these white people? If they were found in a man's house he would be killed and all his children. There was no use to die foolishly.

All the time a strange horrible uproar had been gathering out of the streets. It was the sound of a mob. There was no time to be lost. But there was nowhere to go. The white people looked at each other. This land had been home to them, for Andrew since his youth, for his children and their children since they were born. But suddenly, in an hour, it was home no more. Their house could not shelter them, no gates, no walls could make them safe.

A small stumpy blue-clad figure came running in the back gate as fast as her bound feet would let her. It was only a woman, a common peasant woman whom Carie's daughter had given food in a famine in the north country, and who in another famine had come south to find her again. Carie's daughter had not rejoiced to see the woman, penniless, half-starved and pregnant. But she took her in because she had a silly soft heart, and she let the baby boy be born there and took

care of him to keep him from the tetanus by which the woman had lost every other child she had, and took care of him again when the woman once let him get nearly burned to death. She had not been at all pleased to do it, and had scolded the stupid grateful mother for her stupidity, and when the woman's husband wandered down from the north to hunt his wife she had been thankful to find him a job as a farm laborer and so get them all off her hands. But the baby grew into a chubby brown little boy, and it was nice to see him alive.

This woman, then, came running in. Her husband was away all day, and her little room empty, she said, and Carie's daughter and all her family were to come and hide there. It was only half a tiny hut, really, and no one would think of looking among mud huts. She was tugging at them, she had Carie's daughter's hand, and she pulled Andrew's sleeve, and picked up the smallest yellow-haired child, and started out of the gate and across the fields, and so they followed her.

In the packed silence of the tiny hut they sat down, some on the board bed, some on a bench, and she shut the door silently.

"This is a safe place," she whispered through the cracks. "There are so many children in these huts that if a little foreign child cries it will not be known."

But none of the little foreign children cried that live-long day. There were two little girls and a little boy, none of them yet five years old, a lively, noisy trio on other days. Today, in the darkness, in the strange howling roar outside, they sat perfectly still upon their elders' knees, knowing somehow in what peril they were.

As for Andrew, he could not believe this was the end. All day he sat without a word, among his children and grandchildren. But no one spoke. Each of them was busy in himself. Andrew was thinking back over the years. "Not so much thinking," he wrote afterwards, "as letting the pictures of what had gone drift across my mind. Often I thought I was somewhere else." And one of Carie's daughters sat thinking of her unborn child and wondering if he would now live to be born. And the other sat looking at her two little girls and thought steadfastly how when the hour came she must be strong and before she died herself she must see them dead first, though she did it herself, and not leave them in the hands of the soldiers.

The strange hours passed. The servants stole across the fields with

loaves of bread under their coats and a bottle of boiled water and a tin of milk for the children. Every now and again the door opened and the face of a Chinese friend would appear. Only there was always that moment of fear—was he a friend? Who could tell in this day? But they were friends, and they came in to knock their heads before us, and to beg us to take heart because they were doing all they could with the revolutionary leaders to intercede with them for our lives. And at noon the door opened again and a kind unknown motherly Chinese woman came in with bowls of hot rice gruel and told us to eat and not fear—that no one in all the little cluster of huts would tell that we were there. They had threatened even their children, she said. "I told my little devil I would beat him to death if he told," she said to comfort us. And the day mounted to noon.

The noise outside the hut increased. Andrew had heard that noise before—the noise not of angry people but of people in greed, of poor people who see what they have coveted now within reach. There was the sound of thudding upon wood, of a gate being crashed in, the sounds of feet running across ground, of wooden doors splintering, and then the howling of greed again.

"They've got in the house," said Andrew suddenly.

The hut door opened as he spoke and the two Chinese came in who had been interceding with the revolutionary leaders. They fell on the earthen floor before Andrew.

"Forgive us," they said, "we cannot save your lives. We have done all we can, but there is no longer hope."

And rising and bowing, they went away, their faces the color of clay.

For two hours Andrew and his children sat waiting, expecting every instant to see the door open and soldiers rush in. But it did not open. And outside the din went on, the shouting and the howling. The hut was lit with firelight now—they were burning the foreigners' houses. There could be only a few minutes left. Each in his own fashion took leave of life and earth and thought of how to die proudly before an enemy race, and Andrew bowed his head. The children were asleep in our arms, heartbreakingly precious because it was the last time. The next moment—in an hour at most—it would be finished for us all.

Then across the horror and the din there came a terrific thunder. The hut shook and the children woke. Again it came, again and again, such thunder as none of us had ever heard before. Our ears were stopped with the noise. We stared at each other, asking—it was not thunder from heaven—not this regular repeated roar.

"Cannon!" cried one of the men.

Andrew shook his head. "The Chinese have no such cannon," he shouted above the din.

"American—British cannon," the other shouted back.

Then we remembered what we had all forgotten—there were American, English and Japanese gunboats in the river seven miles away. They had opened fire on the city. We were in a fresh danger. We might be blown to pieces by our own guns. But instantly we were all relieved—it would at least be a clean death, quick and clean—no torture at the hands of Chinese soldiers.

Suddenly it was over. All noise ceased. The guns stopped, and there was silence, a strange, sudden complete silence. There was no more sound of shouting, no more howling, no more screeching of wrenched and breaking wood. Only the sound of crackling flames went on and the dark little hut was brighter than any day could light it.

Andrew stood up and looked through the tiny window and across the hills. He pressed his face against the hole, staring at something.

"They are burning the seminary buildings!" he whispered. And he sat down and covered his eyes with his hand. His work was gone again. . . .

There was nothing to do but wait now. Someone would come and tell us what to do. It was a long and dreary waiting, the hardest of the day. None of us could guess what the bombardment meant or what the silence. Was the city laid waste under those mighty guns and were we only left alive? No one came near.

Late that night the door opened. There stood two of our Chinese friends, with a guard of soldiers.

"We have come to take you to a safe place," they said gladly.

But the soldiers made us halt. They were in a strange uniform and surely there never was so villainous a guard. Their faces were jeering and flushed, and their features swollen as though they were drunken.

They stood there, leaning on their guns, the light of the torches on their wicked, mocking faces. We shrank back. Commit the children and Andrew to these?

"But these are the same soldiers who have been attacking us all day," Carie's daughter protested.

But there was no other way.

"It is your only chance," our friends urged us. "All the white people are gathered in the big laboratory in the university. We will take you there."

So one by one, Andrew first, we filed out of the tiny hut, eight feet by ten, where we had lived for thirteen hours, three men, two women and the three little children. Those three great tall men! Carie's daughter never thought them so huge before that day.

Across the dark fields we went, past smoking and charred ruins of what only that morning had been cheerful American homes, to the black pile of the university buildings. Once a little weary child, stumbling, fell against a soldier and he turned with a snarl that made the heart stop. But the child's mother cried out, "She did not mean to push you—she is only three years old!" and the soldier went on with a grunt.

So at last we reached the gate of the university. There stood another guard of revolutionary soldiers, the same dark, jeering, evil-looking men. They laughed as we came by and seized their guns and shook them to frighten us. But not even a child cried—they only looked, wondering, having been taught all their small lives to like the Chinese and call them friends. So the dreary little procession entered the building and filed upstairs in the darkness.

There in the big laboratory we found gathered over a hundred white people, men, women, and children, nearly all Americans. Seven had been killed since dawn, but all these others had hidden somehow and been hidden by Chinese friends, and had been rescued after much hideous experience at the hands of mobs and soldiers. We had been very fortunate, we found afterwards. Few of the other white people had not had to face their enemies in one way or another. But the dreadful day was over, and now the darkness covered them and they were trying to rest. Yet at every fresh entrance they cried out to know who was there and if they were safe. One by one, all through the restless

night, the white people came in, some wounded, some beaten, but no more dead. But no one knew what the dawn would be, for the city belonged to the revolution now.

All through the next day we waited, gathered together in the big room. It was not a sad day, though no one knew what its end might be. We organized ourselves, distributed what food there was, and attended to those who were ill and wounded or had newborn babies. And there were those Chinese working for us. They came and went, bringing food and clothes and bedding. They came weeping and begging forgiveness, and telling us that the dead were decently buried. They brought us toothbrushes and towels and coats, for the March wind was piercingly cold and the buildings were unheated, and the soldiers had robbed us of warm outer garments.

All of us were homeless and penniless, and we did not know whether or not we were yet to be massacred, and there were among us the widowed and those young mothers of newly born babies and women who had suffered such indignity at the hands of mad soldiery as cannot be told. But somehow the day was not sad. We were not friendless. There was not one of us who had not friends among the Chinese and these risked their lives to bring us comfort. For after we went, if ever we were to go, their names would be upon a proscribed list of those who had helped foreigners, and who were "running dogs of the imperialists."

In the afternoon the order came from the guard for us to move out, and go down to the bund seven miles away and get on the American and English battleships in the harbor. We were hurried out by the same wicked-looking soldiers into the street and in broken-down carriages, or on foot or however we could, the march began. At dusk we rounded the road to the river and there, alight from stem to stern, the battleships lay waiting. American marines, American sailor boys, were standing on the bund and they hurried forward and helped old men and women and children into the dories, and then there was the rush of the dark water about the boats, the heave and sweep of the swelling current, the black precipice of the ship's side and the swinging ladder-way, and at last the firm deck beneath the feet. Hearty voices cried out, "You're on American territory now—cheer up!" "Supper's wait-in'!"

But it was all a daze—the crowded cabins, the small saloon, the pots of hot food on the table, soup and baked beans and stew, ladled out by shouting, joking sailors. Food and sleep—and oh, the heaven of safety! Women who had not wept once, who had stood up to pillage and cruelty and death, could not keep from weeping, and brave little children who had stood straight and defiant beside their parents before the guns of the soldiers, cried endlessly about nothing.

As for Andrew, he disappeared from the table and Carie's daughter went out to find him and see how he did. He was standing by the ship's side, staring across the water to the dark city. There was not a light in it, but he knew where it lay, for dim against the sky he could see the crest of the mountain, and the city walls curled about the mountain's foot.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"I was just planning about going back," he said quietly. He did not turn or say anything more, and she left him there, gazing into the dark city. Going back! Of course he would be thinking of nothing else.

It is hard to separate one thing from another now. It is all a jumble of faces and stories, tears and laughter. Everyone on the ships had a story, a miracle to tell, now that all were safe. An old American whose hobby was honey-making told of a greedy soldier who thought his hives held treasure and opened one rudely and was set upon by furious bees and ran howling across the garden. A doctor, caught in his hospital, covered his face and hands with scarlet mercurochrome and pretended to be mad when the soldiers came and they ran from him. Another, a doctor from a southern state, hid in his own coal cellar all day, and when he was rescued, marched into the laboratory, his face black with soot, declaring grimly to his fellows, "I'm going home—this is no country for a white man!" and wondered why the others laughed, starving and desperate as they were. There was the wife who swallowed her wedding ring to save it from the greedy clutching hands of the soldiers, and wore it again, triumphantly, the last day upon the battleship.

But there were other stories not for laughter—an old lady who stood immobile while the soldiers jerked at her wedding ring and diamond

solitaire, and when one pulled his sword to cut off her finger, remarked in calm English, "You'll not get it off otherwise, my man—it's been on for fifty years." And there was the story of a Chinese professor at his watch at the telephone in the university just before dawn who might have saved us all. The night before the battle had been divided into watches, for it had been arranged that when the revolutionary armies entered the south gate outside which the battle was fought, it should be telephoned to the university, at the north side, what their temper was. There was no other telephone in that end of the city, and the news was then to be taken by foot to each house. But the Chinese professor, though trained at the best American schools of agriculture and forestry, was fat and lazy, and he laid himself down and slept, not believing, to do him justice, that anything would happen. The telephone rang and rang, but he slept. Had he waked or been at his post, some would have been alive today who are dead, and many would have been spared hours which they dare not remember.

Into Shanghai they poured, these worn creatures, to find what shelter they could. Most of them were too sad and disheartened to do anything else than buy tickets on the first boat home, never to return to China.

But Andrew had his plans all made. He said briskly, "I've always heard that the mission work in Korea is so much more successful than in China, and I've always wanted to see why. I'm going to Korea."

"Not by yourself!" Carie's daughter exclaimed.

"All by myself," he said firmly, and went.

What he did in Korea could only be gathered from his scanty letters. He managed somehow to get about a great deal. He discovered colonies of Chinese in Korea who had no churches, since the missionaries in Korea spoke no Chinese, and so immediately he began preaching to them, holding services in their homes, and working to organize them into a church. His letters grew buoyant at once and enthusiastic as though nothing had happened to him. "It's extraordinary," he wrote, "how the work lies waiting to be done."

"The Chinese," he wrote again, "are worth much more than these Koreans. Even here it is the Chinese who do the work and carry on

the business. So far as I can see the Korean men do nothing but sit about in their white dresses and get dirty, and the women do nothing but wash the dresses."

He grew immensely scornful of the Korean dress. "No people can amount to anything who wear such silly clothes," he wrote. "The men wear white linen skirts and little tall hats tied under their chins. Their souls seem scarcely worth saving."

"If the Japanese were not here," he wrote again, "I do not believe the Koreans would trouble even to feed themselves."

He came back after six months, in good health and perfectly complacent.

"It is no wonder the missionaries in Korea have such an easy time," he declared. "Anybody can convert a Korean. It's as hard to convert one Chinese as it is twenty Koreans, but you have more in the end. Now I'm going back to real work."

None of us could dissuade him, not even a threatening consul. No one of the Americans had been allowed to return to Nanking except a few young men on occasional visits of supervision. There were no decent places to live. Such foreign houses as had not been destroyed were filled with soldiers. Everything was disorganized and the anti-foreign feeling was still high.

But Andrew pshawed at everything. His trip to the cooler climate of Korea had done him good, and he was full of his high serene obstinacy.

"I don't want a house," he said. "I'll get a room somewhere, and a boy to cook rice and eggs. I don't need any more."

There was nothing to be done with him—there never had been. Carrie's daughter, scolding him heartily, packed his small bag and slipped in all the extras she could, without any hope that he would ever use them. And she sent for a faithful servant and bade him go with the old son of God and serve him and watch over him, and so they went off, she half believing she would never see Andrew again. There were terrible tales of cholera and typhus and dysentery that year. And only the very poor were eating the crabs that dug into the banks of the river and canals. Crabs were usually dear and a delicacy for the rich, but this year, though they had never been so fat, the rich were too

dainty to eat them because there had been so many dead thrown into the waters, so the poor feasted for once.

But nothing stopped Andrew from what he wanted to do. His man found him a wretched little room in a half-ruined school building and bought a clay charcoal stove the size of a bucket and an earthen pot, and Andrew bought an old iron cot and a chair and a table—foreign stuff sold cheaply these days, and second-hand shops were full of loot—and so he was at work again. The seminary buildings were nearly all burned, and what was left of them was occupied by some war lord general or other who had for the time being thrown in his lot with the revolution. It was years before they were given back.

But Andrew never believed much in buildings anyway. He began looking about for the students and he found them here and there. People told him tales about these divinity students. There had been communists among them, and these had led mobs against the foreigners. But Andrew was not troubled.

"I don't believe it," he said serenely, and would not.

He liked being the only white man back. "It's perfectly safe—all nonsense those consuls talk," he wrote to Carie's daughter. He enjoyed his life those days. And the people along the streets, small shopkeepers and the lords of little inns, and poor people of all sorts called out after him and laughed to see him and were glad to have him back. "Well, it is the Old Teacher back again!" "The Old Teacher has more courage than any of them!" "Stop and drink a bowl of tea, Old Teacher!" they shouted as he passed in his rickshaw.

He loved their welcome and their admiration, and he was living the life of poverty he liked to live. He promptly began to preach on the streets and in the tea shops, and at a time when no other white man could find a house or a room, because no one wanted to rent to foreigners, Andrew somehow rented two different rooms opening on busy streets, bought some benches and two pulpits looted from other churches before the revolution, and was preaching every day and again at night. One of the pulpits was out of the Methodist church and Andrew took a satisfaction in that. "Sound doctrine coming from behind it now!" he said with his dry smile.

And people came to hear him, people who were already beginning to be disillusioned with the revolutionists and their vast promises never redeemed. Disgruntled laborers muttered, "They said we would all have good jobs in factories and they gave us little tickets to prove we were to have a job. 'Show the ticket at the gate,' they said. What gate—what factory? They were dreams!"

Now and again a young student communist would break up a meeting, but Andrew only said mildly to the dispersing crowd, "We will meet again tomorrow as usual at the same hour," and no one could outdo that immense determination. So at a time when no one else could work among the people, he worked in his usual way, without fear or haste.

The outward circumstances of life, indeed, meant nothing to him—a house, a home, food, comfort, all were nothing. His home was in his work, his heart to do God's business. There was no other happiness for him.

When Carie's daughter came back after a year away and set herself to the making again of a home out of a ruined house, defiled by filth and used as a cholera base for months, she found Andrew very serene and quiet. Indeed he seemed scarcely of earth at all any more, so bodiless had he grown, living alone, speaking little except to preach, eating his too frugal food. The faithful man-servant grieved and complained to Carie's daughter that Andrew ate almost nothing.

"His heart is too hot for an old man," the servant mourned. "He burns from within."

She prepared his room first as she knew he liked it and moved him into it without disturbance to him, and he scarcely realized the change. He seemed to have forgotten there had ever been a revolution.

XII

HE GREW very gentle as months went on into a year. All the old high energy went away from him, and he was always gentle. He was not so critical, either, as once he was, nor did he distinguish so hardly as once he had between other creeds and his own. He disliked denominationalism more than ever, but in these days he even could forgive a man for believing in immersion, and he did not argue any more over anything. His own belief was unshakeable. He believed word for word in the Apostles' Creed, and he lived happily in the full confidence of the second coming of Jesus Christ. One day Christ would appear in the sky, it was sure to him, and the bodies of the righteous would rise from the dead and be caught up with Christ. But Andrew did not wait in anxiety for this coming. He hoped not to die—at the word death that terror crept into his eyes and caught at the heart of Carie's daughter—but he said quite tranquilly, "We are not told when Christ shall appear—it may be tomorrow, it may be in a thousand years."

But he rather thought it would not be a thousand years. He used to tell Carie's daughter there were certain signs—wars and famines and distress, and especially the rising of what he called "anti-Christ" in Russia. Carie's daughter listened and never argued with him, or ever showed her unbelief. Not for her life would she have robbed Andrew of one atom of that faith which had made life so worth living to him, not now when he was old and needed the faith by which to die. And he never thought to ask her what her own faith was, being so full of his own.

So he lived his last few mellow golden years, never crossed, and

humored in all ways, both large and small. So unhindered, he seemed to turn before our eyes into a gentle spirit, more frugal of food and drink than ever, more quiet in speech, more transcendent, more remote from earth.

When the perception of the dissolution of his life came to him it is hard to tell. But to him, as to all old, there came gradually the knowledge that there were not many more days in which to work, not many nights left in which to lie down to sleep, and there would soon be a dawn to which he would not wake. Sometimes at twilight he would seem timorous of being alone, as though he remembered the old ghost stories he had heard as a child. He wanted the lights early, and he wanted to hear human voices, to have people about him. Carie's daughter stayed near then, and spoke to him cheerfully of small things, and sat by him with everyday sewing in her hands, and encouraged the children to run in and out. He was comforted by such small ways, and warmed, though he never knew how to share in the life of home or children. But he sat and watched and the look of fear went out of his eyes and after a while he could up to bed. And Carie's daughter always made a pretext to go up to his room on such nights and see that his blanket was tucked in about him warmly and that the light was ready for his touch and she put on the table by him a little bell to call her in the night, and she left the door open a crack so that he could hear the footsteps in the house and not lie alone thinking of the past gone and death soon ahead.

When dawn came and brought his work he was himself again. Nothing could keep him from his work, nor would Carie's daughter hold him back, knowing that to let him go was life and strength to him.

But in the spring of his eightieth year even his work began to be too much. There was a change that year. His flesh grew almost transparent, until his body looked like a pale mist, like a pure wraith, out of which his eyes shone luminous with disembodied goodness. Everything human had gone from him, all appetite, all anger, all impetuosity. Even the old stubbornness was gone. Much of the time after he had come slowly home from work he spent lying down, his eyes closed. But he liked to lie in the room where Carie's daughter was.

Sometimes when she looked up from her work he would be lying there on the sofa, so white, so still, that she would cry out. Then he would open his eyes.

"I'm quite all right," he would say. "I've had a good day's work and I'm resting now."

"Yes, there was a change that spring. The early April warmth did not stir him, and for the first time he did not look with longing to the hills. Carie's daughter grew afraid and called a doctor, and the doctor said, "Nothing wrong—just worn out—let him have his way in everything." He always had.

The end came happily and quickly that summer. The heat had made him very faint, and so quite willingly he agreed to go up the river to the Lu Shan mountains to his other daughter. He went off happily with his son-in-law, who came to fetch him. He was feeling well that day and he made small jokes as he went. And they wrote back that the journey seemed to revive him, and in the mountain air he was more himself than he had been for a long time.

All that summer he was happy. He met old friends, and enemies so old that they seemed friends at last, and they forgot old quarrels and made much of him, and his daughter planned little pleasures for him. The summer passed quickly and suddenly he was, he said, ready for work again. He was better—he had played too long—he had not had such a holiday in years. So he wrote to Carie's daughter and she prepared his room and made it all fresh and ready, and waited for him.

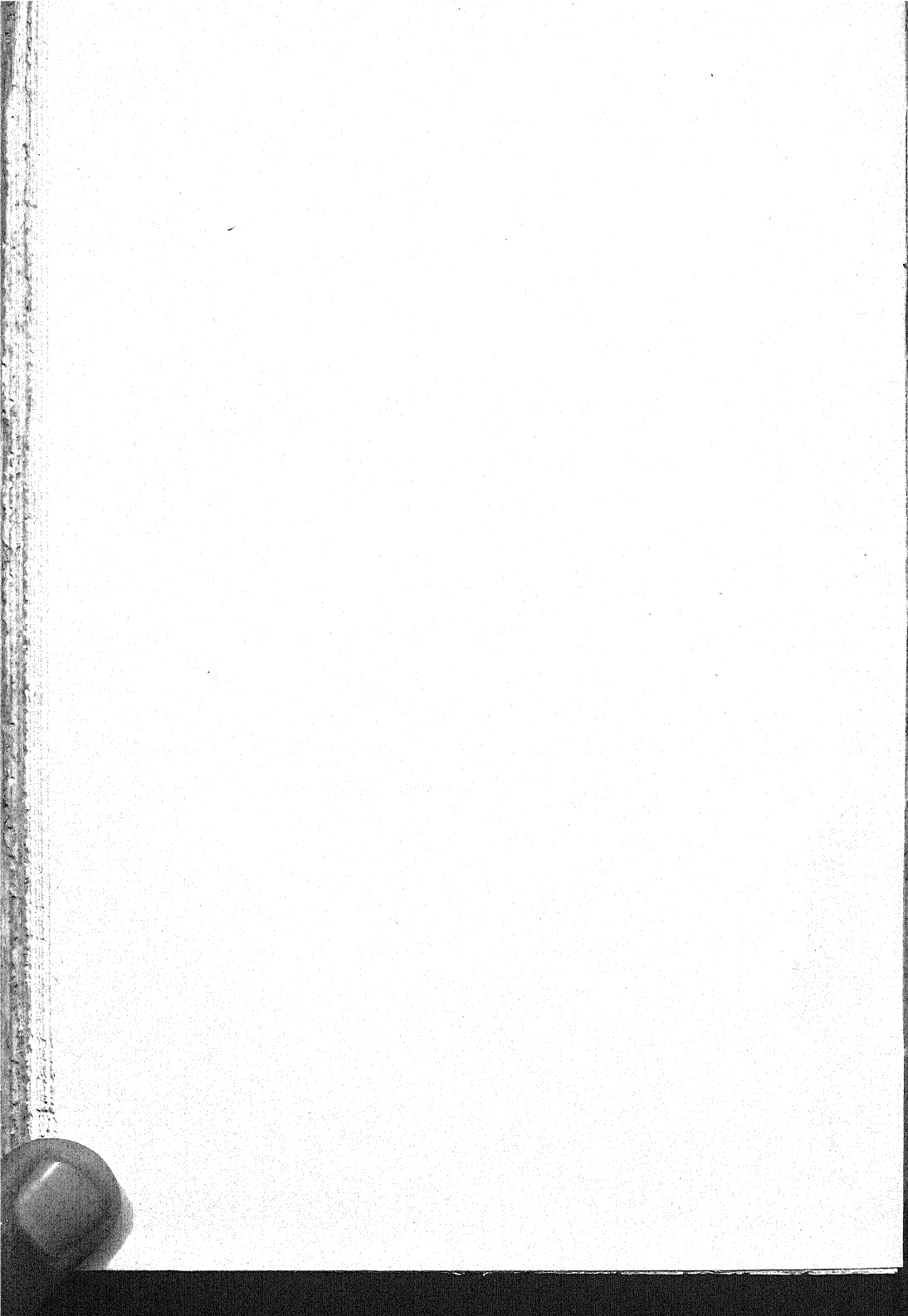
That was the summer of the torrential Yangtse flood. The telegraph poles along the river were torn out by the roots and swirled down to the ocean, and steamers with mails were delayed for days. When Andrew, too, was delayed, she did not worry greatly. No one was getting through. Then, after a week, a letter came through and a telegram, relayed somehow by devious lines. Andrew was gone. There on the mountain top he had been taken ill one night with his old dysentery and in a few short hours it was over. There had been not much pain, not much suffering, only a deep bodily weakness, out of which his spirit broke with a great groan, gladly, into its own freedom.

But the body was so little a part of him that its final stillness seemed nothing of importance. He was half out of it anyway and death was only a slipping out of it altogether and being at last what he always


was, a spirit. We buried the pearly shell upon the mountain top. There is nothing between that spot and the sky—no tree, no human habitation. The rocks are beneath, the swirling mists about it, and the winds blow and the sun and the stars shine down, and there is no human voice to be heard anywhere.

It is the unfathomed irony of all life, now, to think, years past, that Carie who loved the height of clean high mountains and longed to live up and upon them, body and soul, should lie forever buried in a hot dark place, in a parcel of ground walled about in the heart of a Chinese city to hold a few foreign dead. The very air where she lies is full of human miasma, and about her is the ceaseless roar of human shouting and quarreling and laughter and wailing. The high walls and the locked gates cannot hold them from her even now. And Andrew, who sought men for their souls, lies lonely and free upon his mountain top, as far from her in death as life had made him. She longed all her life to be out of human hold and heat, and all her life humanity held her prisoner, her own humanity and that of all the world, and death was a battle with life and she lost. But Andrew never touched the fringe of human life, he never knew its stuff, he never felt its doubt nor shared its pain. And so he lived, a happy soul, and never knew he died.

THE EXILE



I

UT of the swift scores of pictures of her that pass through my memory I choose one that is most herself. I take this one. Here she stands in the American garden she has made in the dark heart of a Chinese city on the Yangtse River. She is in the bloom of her maturity, a strong, very straight figure, of a beautiful free carriage, standing in the full, hot sunshine of summer. She is not tall, nor very short, and she stands sturdily upon her feet. There is a trowel in her hand; she has been digging in her garden. It is a good, strong hand that holds the trowel, a firm brown hand not too whitely well kept, and bearing evidence of many kinds of labor. But it is shapely in spite of this, and the fingers are unexpectedly pointed and delicate at the tips.

The tropical sun beats down on her but she holds her head up to it, unafraid, and her eyes are open and clear to it, hazel brown eyes, gold-flecked, under dark brows, very direct in their gaze and set in short, thick, black lashes. At this time in her life one did not stop to see whether she was beautiful or not. One was caught and held with the vigor and the strength of life in her face, a straight nose not too small and with a good wide space between the eyes, a mobile mouth, very expressive and changeful, its lips not too thinly cut, a small, firm, well-shaped chin and beautiful neck and shoulders. The sun falls hotly upon her hair. It is thick and soft and curls about her face. In color it is a warm chestnut, except where she has swept it up from her temples and there, above her low, broad forehead, it shows two wings of white, and where it is heaped upon her head in a great full knot, the white mingles again and again in the strands.

Strange strong figure there in that American garden she has made in the dark heart of a Chinese city! She could pass for none other than an American, although the foreign sun has burned her skin browner than is its nature. A lounging Chinese gardener leans against a bamboo that is one of a cluster near her, his blue cotton coat and trousers girdled loosely at his waist, a wide hat made of bamboo splits upon his shaven crown.

But neither bamboo nor gardener can make her exotic. She is quite herself. Indeed, he has had little to do with that garden of hers, beyond carrying buckets of water for its watering. It is she who has planted American flowers there, wallflowers and bachelor's buttons and hollyhocks against the enclosing brick wall of the compound. It is she who has coaxed the grass to grow smooth and clipped under the trees and has set a bed of English violets against the foot of the veranda. Over the ugly, angular lines of the mission house she has persuaded a Virginia creeper to climb, and it has covered two sides already. At one end of the long veranda a white rose hangs heavy with bloom, and if you go near it she will call you sharply away, for there is a turtle dove's nest there and she is guarding it as zealously as the mother bird guards it. Once I saw her angry—and she can be angry often—because that lounging gardener robbed the nest, and she poured out on him a torrent of well-articulated Chinese, and he skulked astonished from her presence. Then in a passionate pity she turned to the fluttering mother bird and her voice fell until one would not have said: it was the same voice, and she coaxed the mother bird and twisted the rose branches this way and that and picked up the despoiled nest and put it tenderly back, and sorrowfully and angrily she gathered the broken eggshells together and buried them. And who more joyous than she when the mother bird laid four more small eggs in the replaced nest!

"Now that was good and brave of her!" the woman cried, her eyes flashing.

But this picture of her in the American garden she made in a strange country is not the beginning. It does not explain her, nor how, forever American as she was, she came to be making the garden in China, if, indeed, she can ever be explained. Nevertheless, the beginning at least must be told.

Her family sprang from sturdy, well-to-do, independent Dutch stock. Her grandfather had been a thriving merchant in the city of Utrecht in Holland. In that day of hand labor he was accounted rich, for he owned a factory that employed a hundred artisans, and there he made cabinet furniture from imported woods. Out of that factory, doubtless, came many of the desks of rosewood and the inlaid tables and mahogany pieces of that time.

This Dutchman, Mynheer Stulting, had a passion for fine workmanship and the perfection of detail. He was thrifty, too, and he laid up his money until it was considered that he had a fortune. He lived with his family in the typical city house of Utrecht, compact, comfortable, roomy, and full of solid, beautiful furniture, all of it neat and clean beyond imagination. He was essentially a city man, but he had his garden, a square garden at the back of the house, where he experimented, in a small way, with tulips and bulbs, and here he sat in the evening over his long pipe and his goblet of wine.

On the Sabbath day, which he held unalterably the Lord's day, he and his wife and their son, the youngest and the last at home, went to church. It would not have occurred to them to do otherwise, for among the three hundred souls who made up that church there was none to whom it was more important than to Mynheer Stulting, and he gave to it generously. He had a big voice and in church it rolled out of his short, thick throat, leading the psalms he loved to sing. His son, a slight, slender lad, stood beside him always, singing also. He was shorter than his father and much more slender in build, and meticulous in his garb. On the other side was his mother, large, soft, kindly, murmuring the tune of the psalm gently, her mind never quite detached from the immense Sunday dinner now warm in the porcelain oven of the stove in her spotless kitchen.

There was religion in that church of a Sunday morning. The pastor braced himself to it, a tall, lean whip of a figure, his eyes burning, his voice sonorous. To him there was at times a challenge well-nigh unbearable in the eyes of these three hundred souls who gathered without fail to hear him; fine, straight, level eyes, thinking, tranquil, hungering, critical. They knew well whether a man had been with God or not when he prepared his sermon. They expected solid meat, food

for the brain, strength for the spirit. This he gave to them without sparing himself.

Then came the time, brief enough in history, of religious intolerance in Holland, and the burden of this intolerance fell upon these worshippers. On the Sunday following the issuance of the edict which took from them their freedom of worship, these three hundred met again, not this time to listen to their pastor, but to talk together of what they must do. As the quiet talk waxed fuller, it became evident that one thing at least was clear; these men and women would brook no interference with their religious liberty. It was Mynheer Stulting who at the end rose heavily to his feet and reared his thick neck back and flashed his dark, heavy-lidded eyes over the group. His great voice came forth like a trumpet call.

"As for me and my house," he cried, "we will serve the Lord! If we cannot serve Him in our own country, then will we leave our country!"

He paused and gazed piercingly about him. Well they all knew there was not one of them who had more to lose than he, the goodly merchant! He paused and then he shouted sonorously, "Let us go forth! Who will go?"

Quick as a dart of flame the white-haired pastor stood up, smiling in a sort of ecstasy. A score of young men sprang to their feet, their lips pressed together in straight lines, their eyes shining. Slowly the older men followed. They had more to lose: established businesses, thriving concerns, houses and lands. Last of all the women rose, a young woman here and there following with her eyes the leap of a lad to his feet and then, not too soon after, rising shyly. Last of all the mothers rose, holding little children pressed against them, their eyes troubled and frightened and greatly bewildered. At the end the three hundred souls stood, and their pastor, seeing them, felt the tears upon his cheeks for triumph that of such was his kingdom. He lifted his arms to pray and they fell upon their knees under the power of his look, and such prayer as went up filled the church with its force and presence. These were to go forth, forsaking all for the sake of God and liberty.

Of such stuff was this American woman made.

When the deep emotion of the day was over no whit of the determination passed. Mynheer with his solid Dutch thrift sold his factory at a good price and realized upon all he owned.

Nor would he make it too hard for his wife. She wept as she went about the house, but she wept softly and with her face turned away, for she would not do anything to move her husband away from his duty, nor did she indeed doubt that he knew far better than she what was God's will. She who was always busy at roasting and washing and cleaning and superintending the maidservants had little time to think of God and she must leave it to her husband. Besides, it took so long for her to spell out a few verses in the Book that she trusted to his reading the Scriptures morning and night, and it was a grief to her that even so in the morning her mind would of its own accord wander to the kaffee cake and to the sausage when she would fain have listened to the good word, and at night it was more shame still that do what she would she often fell asleep at prayer so that her husband had to awaken her and lift her from her knees. This made her humble, and the more humble because he never reproached her but only said in his big, kind way, "Now, my good Huldah, how tired you are, aren't you?"

"Ach, Johann," she always replied contritely, "I want truly to hear the Good Word and why cannot I listen?"

Therefore if he said they must go she was sure they must, but he was not too hard upon her, and he let her take the things she loved most, and they packed huge boxes of feather beds and blue and white dishes and silver and what furniture they needed.

The two older sons were married and had their homes to break up, too, for they were all in the same church, but at Mynheer Stulting's house there was left Hermanus, the youngest son, who held himself so stiff and straight in his youth. He had not been put to the trade as the others had, for he was born late in his mother's life after the death of several children, and he was delicate. Moreover, when he grew to manhood there was enough and to spare in the prosperous house, and the lad was proud and sensitive and filled with the love of beauty, and his father and mother let him choose what he wanted to learn for a trade. He chose then to learn the craft of a jeweler, because he loved

the color and touch of jewels, and he learned how to make and to repair watches, for he was fascinated with the instant and delicate precision of their fairy machinery.

Hermanus was on the whole a son surprising from these stocky, thrifty parents. Standing between them in the church pew, or mingling with his sturdy brothers and their wives and children, he seemed alien from them in some way, small and slight and dreaming as he was, great only in his pride and independence, so that not one of them thwarted him if it could be helped. Moreover, he was better educated than the others, for he had demanded to be taught many things. He spoke several languages and he wrote music and verse and he was clever with his pencil and with pen and ink and drew exquisitely. He had besides these gifts a beautiful singing voice and an ear trembling and keen for true pitch. Early in his life others had recognized this gift, and when he was scarcely more than a boy he held the tuning fork in the church and set the tune for the psalms.

Of the stuff of this lad, delicate, flaming, proud, loving beauty to passion, was this American woman made also, for he was her father.

Sometimes the younger son was sent on journeys to other places for Mynheer Stulting, and this he loved. He would flaunt himself a little when he was away, and he bought a gay waistcoat in Amsterdam, or a high silk stock, and he delighted to wear his linen spotless and was fastidious in his perfumes and in the cut of his coat. Nevertheless, he could always be trusted, even had he not taken with him a faithful servant, for that very fastidiousness kept him from the crude sins of young men, that and his intense pride in himself.

When Mynheer was finishing the business of his house preparatory to leaving his country there were certain houses that owed him money, for the retail shops of many cities were glad to buy the perfected pieces of furniture he made, each piece scrutinized by him and many polished finally by his own hands. So he sent his son and he said, "Hermanus, go to Amsterdam one more time and this time see yourself the head of this house and clear up all accounts. Tell him I leave my country that I may be free and it is the end and the beginning."

The owner of this house to which Mynheer sent his son was a Frenchman of Huguenot blood, who had inherited monies from his

father, and Hermanus had been to see him before and there he had met the young daughter. Each time he had been more deeply fascinated by the tiny dark-eyed maid, lighter and more fragile than the fair Dutch girls he knew, and short as he was, she was scarcely above his shoulder. Nevertheless, so strict were the customs of the country that they had never talked together alone, although the last three times they had met they had looked at each other and their eyes had melted together and he knew that one day more must be said between them.

Now he knew he was seeing her for the last time. She sat with her little, dark, curly head bent over her embroidery frame, demure and silent, as he delivered his father's message, and when she heard that he was to go to a foreign country, she looked up, panting a little, and he saw her put her hand upon her breast. Suddenly and in that instant the fluttering warm excitement in his own breast that he had scarcely called love grew and spread and well-nigh choked him and he knew he must have this small French maid. Then stammering and flushed and aching with pride and fear he asked the father's permission to pay his addresses to the daughter. The old man instantly sent his daughter from the room and his black eyebrows darted over his forehead, his eyes opening and shutting and his shoulders shrugging and fingers waving, and he was astonished at what had happened. Nevertheless, he would not say yes or no, for he knew the young man's father was wealthy, and so he temporized and spoke of an arrangement later.

"But I am going far from my country," said Hermanus steadily, suddenly bold. "It must be at once."

Ah, then, it was impossible, the darting eyebrows and fluttering eyelids proclaimed, and Hermanus turned haughtily away, his heart beating wildly under his still breast and proud face.

When he reached the street he could have wept for all his pride, and he stumbled along the cobbled street to his hotel, blind because he could not see for his tears. He could not delay his departure beyond that night, since the business was finished. Then, incredibly, he heard soft steps running behind him, and there behind him she was, her hair muffled in a little lace shawl, and she seized his arm and poured out words upon him. Was he going away? Ah—to America? Ah—so far as that? Ah—it was very far! And her eyes dropped suddenly, pretty,

frank, child-like eyes, brown, flecked with gold. Hermanus looked at her in despair. Somehow into this moment must be crowded months of slow and courteous courtship. His Dutch directness came to his aid. He said plainly, "Will you have me for your husband?"

She looked up at him then, swiftly and frankly. "Yes, I will," she said.

Then they planned quickly. She was alone in the house except for her old father and the housekeeper—her mother was long dead—yes, she could escape easily enough. Yes, she could meet him in half an hour and they could take the carriage then. Yes, she was quite sure—it was not new to her—she had told herself that if he asked for her she would have him. She would go to his parents—to America.

Hermanus stood waiting for her in that quiet, twisted street, in a fever of love and fear, not unmixed with embarrassment, and sooner than she had said she came running to him again in her little bonnet and cloak. He took her to his hotel where his manservant awaited him, and in spite of that phlegmatic man's horror, the two coaxed and had their way and the next morning presented themselves before Mynheer Stulting and his wife, pale and exhausted with the night's travel, but determined and indomitable.

This power for passion and love went also into the making of the American woman, for these were her parents.

The congregation could not leave Utrecht as quickly as they had planned. Three hundred people cannot so quickly tear up their roots. Besides, there were those who hoped for a change in the policy of the government. But the change did not come and so within the year all preparations were made. This year gave time after the marriage of Hermanus to his little French maid, and gave time also for the birth of Hermanus's son, whom they named Cornelius, and so when the hour came for departure, there were three generations of the Stulting family to sail away from their country.

Three hundred souls, then, with their pastor at their head, sailed across the Atlantic Ocean. They chartered a ship to carry them all together, and upon it they lived quietly, facing the unknown future steadily, making practical plans of what they would do. It took them nearly twenty days to cross the ocean and eight of their number died of in-

fluenza. These they buried at sea, and the pastor prayed as they lowered the bodies into the waves, his thin white hair tossed by the sharp sea winds.

But to Hermanus and his wife it was a time of love and exaltation. It meant little to them that the old French father had sent word that although he forgave his daughter he did not wish her to come home again.

"How could I go home, anyway?" she cried gaily when she heard of it. "Besides, I have never loved him. He is a cruel old man. Ah, 'Ermanus!'"

Hermanus was enchanted the more because she could never pronounce his name except with the soft French elision of its consonants. Where they were going he scarcely knew. He trusted to his father in this as in everything. Meanwhile here was his love beside him, and here their little son.

Once upon the American shores their difficulties began. They were not a sentimental people and they thought more now about practical questions of how to live than they did of the impulse that had moved them to liberty. It was well, for the people in New York were greedy and clever and when the shipload of thrifty Dutch merchants and artisans sailed into harbor they were fair prey and these prosperous-looking Dutchmen had to hand out gold pieces for the slightest necessary service.

But they bore this with fortitude and proceeded at once to land in Pennsylvania they had bought on paper. When they reached there this land proved to be entirely swamp and fitted for nothing and there was no hope of farming it. It had been the wish of all to settle together in one spot where they could establish homes and business and church in a unit. There were those who were discouraged and turned back to the towns, to which they were more used. Mynheer Stulting was not one of these. He stood upon the wet, boggy land as he had stood in the church, and he called to those who would follow him and their pastor and they would buy more land to the south with what was left of their gold and thus stay together. Out of the less than three hundred, more than a hundred stood up silently to follow him. Land was then bought in Virginia and they went there,

grimly and in sorrow of heart and homesickness. But the land this time was good, a high, level, fertile plain, set among encircling mountains. Yet how strange and hard it was to these city-bred men and women, accustomed to the busy ease of living in the wealthy Dutch city, and knowing nothing of farming and country life even in their own small, compact, well-cultivated country! Here there were wild mountains all about them and upon the land where they must live stood great forests. A little English settlement was near, but the Indians marched around them and through their land, and these, while fortunately not actively hostile, were frightening and savage to see.

Nevertheless, the Dutch were stout-hearted, and they bartered what they could for hatchets and axes and knives, and they hacked down trees, following such instructions as were given them by the English. Each family built a crude cabin of logs for itself and then they joined together and built a larger one for a church. On the first Sunday in this church, where the pews were felled logs with the bark still on, and the pulpit a great stump, these people met together under an alien sky, which now they must make their own, to worship the God for whom they had left so much. Many of their number moved on again in those first two years, for the difficulties and deprivations of the life had been too much for the older ones and the more delicate of the city-bred folk, and of those who stood up to praise God there were only between fifty and sixty, and many of these, though they praised, had tears running down their cheeks. But their pastor was still there, a figure wraith-like and pitifully aged, but indomitable still. Within the next year he also died.

What work had to be done in those first years! They had to clear fields and plant crops to feed themselves. The trees were chopped down first and hauled away with chains pulled by horses and men together, and the stumps were left standing until the more pressing work of seed planting and harvesting was finished. Then during the winters the great stumps were dug about and chains attached again and with deep groaning and heaving men and horses wrenched them from the earth. Set on one side these stumps made the first fences the people had. But it was agonizing labor. Soon one would never have known there was a city-bred man among them except for Hermanus. His slight figure was too slender to be of much value where

brawn was needed, and he maintained in spite of everything his fastidious, slightly dandified air. Even here in the wilderness he tinkered at his craft, and people who had watches and clocks brought them to him sometimes from long distances.

Hermanus and his wife and children lived in a log cabin adjoining that of his parents. The intrepid little French woman from Paris had made a marvelous pioneer. Gay in spite of every hardship, fleet of foot and swift of hand, practical and passionate, she flew at her tasks, keeping the cabin immaculate, caring for the babies as they came year by year, three little girls after Cornelius, and then a son. Then she rested from children for a few years.

This small woman never ceased to adore her husband. To her he was fine, too fine for this life. As for herself, she could accept it. One had to cook, to sew, to care for one's children; everywhere women had such things to do, and she could do them here also. She dug industriously at a patch of garden, she walked ten miles to the settlement and brought back a setting hen and six fresh eggs and began a flock. She bemoaned the fact that there was a pool but no duck eggs—in France ducks were so nice! Every day she washed a shirt for her husband and ironed it, a shirt of white cloth that she had made herself. He did not rise in the morning before eight and she took him a cup of chocolate always before he breakfasted. It did not occur to her that before he came to the table for his coffee and cakes she had already done half a day's work for the family. She adored him and delighted in his gentlemanly ways and in his fresh looks and shaven cheeks and in his immaculate white shirt and collar. There was not another man in the settlement like him.

Perhaps more quickly than any of the more stolid Dutch women this little French woman learned to adapt herself to the wilderness and to turn its waste into a garden, a neat French garden. Here and there she gathered slips and twigs. It seemed as though she could never go to anyone's home without coming back with a root of something tied tenderly in her kerchief. Her family thrived on her vegetables and chickens and eggs and she coaxed a calf from an English neighbor in exchange for sewing done, and they had milk to drink and were among the first to have it.

She was so practical and so gay that one would have said she made

nothing of the wilderness and the labor she had to do in it. But one day she came home from her potato patch and at the door of the cabin she paused a moment to look and see if her baby were safe as she lay sleeping in the little wooden crib made from a hollowed log. The baby was asleep, but to the mother's horror, a rattlesnake lay across the child, stretched and at ease, coiling and uncoiling its length slowly!

The mother leaned faint against the lintel. Her swift brain told her not to make a sound or movement. But what if the child should wake or move? She sank silently upon the doorstep and watched, weak with fright, and prayed desperately. There she sat, and the snake lay at ease and uncoiled. The sun rose higher and soon it would be time for the others to come home for the noon meal. She prayed on. At last, indifferently, the snake began to move, and dragging itself along it slipped over the edge of the crib and upon the earthen floor and moved toward the crack between two logs.

Then anger filled this small, valiant mother. She seized the hoe she had in her grasp and she flew at the surprised snake, striking and beating and screaming at it. When Hermanus came in there she lay stretched on the ground, fainting and weeping beside the mangled snake, and the child had awakened and was playing peacefully. It was the first time he had ever seen her weep.

The next child to be born was Carie, and into the making of this child went the best of her mother's maturity, the gayety, the common sense, the courage and the adaptability, the passion and the temper of this small French mother.

The life of the Dutch settlement now began to be built into the life of the American nation. This these people did consciously and of their own will, although there were among the older ones some who longed, as did even Mynheer Stulting at times, for the comfort and security of his old home. It had been a sad blow to him when the pastor died in the early years and he was never again satisfied altogether with any who tried to take his place.

Hardest of all to bear was the word that within six months after they had left home the government reversed its policy and gave liberty of worship to its citizens. If they had only been patient a little longer all this need not have been, all this bitter labor, these dead!

There were those who blamed Mynheer Stulting now for being too impetuous. He looked at them with pleading, humbled eyes, stunned for what he had done. He whispered from a dry throat, "But still it was for God and liberty!"

Then his good wife came to his aid and she stood before his accusers and said in her soft voice, the first and only time one had ever heard her speak in the congregation, "How then could we have foreseen it? The good God knows now at least that we were willing to leave all and follow Him. Now He knows us for what we are. We have proved ourselves. And who of you gave up more than my man, and what woman more than I, who had a good house with twelve rooms and a porcelain stove in every room?"

It was true, and no more was said, until Mynheer at last said resolutely, "To go back is impossible. We can only go forward. We must build ourselves into this new nation. Let our children be taught to use the language of this country, and we ourselves so far as we are able to learn it. Let us obey its laws and become its citizens, and be no more the citizens of the old country."

And thus they set themselves to do thereafter.

It was the dream of Mynheer that before he died he would one day have a house like the one he had in Holland, and he thought if he had it he would forget more easily his memories. This he felt the more because he saw his wife yearned for a house, a real house, and that she never felt at home in the rude log rooms.

The land they had was rich and the older sons of Mynheer farmed it well and for some years there was besides food some money left at the end of the year. There was plenty of wood, and a small sawmill in the English settlement, and so Mynheer decided to build the house he wanted. He planned it and worked on it eagerly himself, and the sons put in their spare time on it, and it delighted him to see his good old wife, who had borne all so patiently in spite of her bewilderment, rejoicing in the house.

There at the edge of the settlement they built it, a goodly, twelve-room house of wood, with smooth floors and plastered and papered walls, a city house. The wood they took from their own lands and such of the labor as they could not supply themselves they exchanged.

But it took a long time to build, more than two years, and before the house was finished the second winter fell, the intense, bitter winter of the mountains, and Mynheer took a chill as he stood and watched the house being built, and before they knew he was ill scarcely, he was ill to death, and was gone. In the same winter his wife, caring nothing now for the house, faded softly and gently out of life.

These two, passing out of the new country, to one yet more new to them, looked on their granddaughter, Carie, in her cradle, although of this she had no memory. But in her brain and in all her flesh she bore their imprint.

A wave of discouragement passed over the settlement that winter of 1858. Crops had not been good, and several of the Dutch men decided to give up farming and go to some town, into business. The two older sons of Mynheer were among these and they took their families and went away. Then there were left only Hermanus and his family and the unfinished house.

But the little boy who had been borne in the old country was now nearly fifteen years old, and wise and responsible for his years, and with his help Hermanus finished the house with such other labor as he could get, and they moved into it. Carie at this time was two years old, and her earliest memories were of this new house and of its big, square, empty rooms.

This home, then, spacious, dignified, beautiful, fashioned out of the mind of Mynheer, her grandfather, and finished by the eager young hands of her brother, went into the making of this American woman.

At this point Carie can begin to tell her own story as she remembered it, and as she told it to me through many years after she had gone to China. There was never any time when she spent long hours at the telling. She was ever too busy a woman to spend hours at talk. But looking back over the thirty years in which I knew her, I find, piecing this to that, a very clear picture before me of her youth and girlhood in what grew during those earlier years to be a small town in Virginia, built on the high fertile plain in the mountains called Little Levels.

Usually on Sunday evenings she would tell me more than at any

other time. There was something about Sunday to her that made keen her memories of home. On Sunday mornings she rose with a look different from that of other days upon her face. There was less of purpose and planning and more of peace. Her low, square brow was smooth and her bright eyes, usually more sparkling than serene, were tranquil.

Breakfast in the sunny dining room of the mission house on Sunday was always cheerful. I remember it in a mingling of shining white cloth, always a pot of flowers on the table with the latest opened flowers in it, fruit, hot coffee, southern hot bread, preserves, bacon and eggs. A yellow Chinese boy darted about the table to serve, and she directed him a little, her hands busy among the blue cups and saucers. Occasionally she looked lovingly out at her garden, always lovingly, whether it was in bloom, or whether it lay bare under winter skies.

"A pretty yard!" she would say.

Sometimes during the meal she would say, "A quiet Sabbath morning always makes me think of home. If I could only hear a church bell ring! I remember how every Sunday morning at home my father marched to church with his Bible under his arm—straight as an arrow he was even at eighty!"

Church bells—she missed them always, their clear simplicity ringing out over quiet village homes. Occasionally through the day and often through the night there came floating up through the bamboos of the valley below the mission house the deep, somber sadness of the temple bell, beating its single, heartbreaking note. She hated it. To her it spoke of all the shadow and mystery and darkness of the Oriental life about her, and mystery and darkness she hated. When once a small Christian chapel in the city was dedicated she could not rest until she had sent back to her home village and persuaded people to give money for a church bell, a little, cheerful church bell made in America, a lively bell that tinkled out its brisk tones along the Chinese street, as American a greeting as one could imagine. I have often seen a stately old Chinese gentleman start as it began to peal out so gaily above him, and stop and crane his neck to stare at what it was. There was nothing so quick and clear in the whole city as that bell. Carie, hearing it on Sunday mornings, never failed to smile and cry out, "Now isn't that nice! It sounds like home."

But it was at the end of Sunday that she would talk most to us. Twice she had been to church; once in the morning to service in the Chinese chapel and again in the afternoon to that pathetic gathering of white men and women in a land far from home, who came desultorily together to worship the God of their remembrance. Both times she played the organ, achieving miracles of music out of microscopic baby organs. Every hymn she led, her beautiful, full soprano voice rising to the very rafters, a gay, lovely voice that remained big and clear even when her body later was shrunken to a wisp with illness.

Sunday evenings she sang, too, at her own organ. It was a gift to her from Cornelius who was her best beloved among her brothers and sisters, and who took a father's place with them because Hermanus remained all his life delicate and one whom they must foster rather than depend upon as a father. Did I say in the beginning that I remember her best in her American garden? I think I remember her as well in the little square living room of the mission house, a room she had made pretty and American with white curtains at the windows and fresh flowers and wicker chairs, sitting at her organ on Sunday evenings, singing. There with the dark tiled Chinese houses pressing against this American home, amid the shouts of vendors, the cries of children, the cursings and bawlings of the crowded street life, she sat and sang old hymns that transported us miles away across land and sea—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Abide With Me," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." These and many more she sang, but she never failed to have in any group of hymns more of the triumphant ones; indeed the tones of her voice were by nature more fitted for mirth and for triumph than for sorrow and we liked best to hear her sing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" and "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart." Such were her favorites. At the end of her life when she lay dying she turned her head upon her pillow, her indomitable dark eyes shining in her little emaciated face, and she could say, "Don't sing anything doleful—sing the Glory Song over me!"

This clear voice of hers had always a quality of triumph in it, in spite of all the dark noisy life pressing about us. True, there were times when she could not sing at all, and at those times the whole house was heavy for us. But when she could sing again, and it was

always soon, in that sweet room which had so little in it, I was transported back to the village in the Little Levels, and saw through her eyes the simple nobility of that early American life.

For when she had sung her heart contented and eased of its homesickness and quiet, and when we were held fast in the charm of her singing, she sat beside the fire with us if it were winter and if summer then out on the long veranda by the garden, and at such times, bit by bit as she thought to tell us, we saw her as a child and maiden and young wife.

She made us see the big, beautiful house. There under its roof were her first memories. It was a big white house, three stories high, she said, and a gesture of her hand made us see it so. There was a deep, cool cellar underneath where they kept the shallow pans of milk and where they churned. There, too, on shelves were the round Dutch cheeses and casks of berry and grape wine. The berries they gathered in summer, blackberry and raspberry and elderberry. She broke off here sometimes to say reminiscently, "Every summer we used to go to the woods and gather those berries. I remember red raspberries with a sort of silvery dew on them. When wine was served I chose raspberry wine because it seemed to me it was still silvery and more sweet than the rest. My, how my bare legs were scratched by the briars!"

She stopped and smiled into the dusk and as she sat silent we saw the browned-legged little girl, deep in the berry patch, a sunbonnet over her head to protect her complexion.

"Not that it did any good," she always explained. "For I was brown as a nut myself, and terribly ashamed of it until Greta was born and she was even browner and so they stopped teasing me to tease her. Pretty she was, though, with her eyes big and black as a young foal's."

Later I was to see that house myself and it was just as she had said. There was a big yard in front fenced in with a wide gate in the fence, and one had to get down from the buggy or the surrey to unlatch it. There was an enormous old sugar maple to the left and there was a stile under it. Here many a time she led her horse to mount it, but that was when she was a young woman and her riding skirt was

long and tripped her when she walked. When she was a little girl she ran into the meadow and caught a horse by its mane and leaped on its back as it ran, her curly dark hair streaming.

"That lovely freedom," she used to muse. "I just ache for these little Chinese girls when I remember myself running and leaping on a horse and dashing over the little hills and valleys. And to think that they have only these old muddy water buffaloes, idling along the roads!" Her eyes, swift to speak, looked out troubled over the huddled Chinese roofs beyond the garden wall.

Around the white house that had been her childhood home there were wide spaces, and about the doorway a flower garden and a flagged path leading to the square porch that had vines covering its open sides, and wooden seats in the green shadows. A big white door faced one, then, thrown wide in all seasons but winter, and there was a brass knocker on it and above it a fan-shaped glass window. When I was there the door stood open and I looked straight into a broad long hall and out the other end onto a lawn and trees and phlox beds against a fence and beyond that into the apple orchard.

Left and right were the rooms. I tell of them because long before we ever saw them in the flesh we knew just how they looked and they stood to us for America. On the left as one entered was the parlor, a cool, dark room, furnished in horsehair furniture, bookcases, and a lovely rosewood center table. There was a piano, too, and on the piano violins and a flute. Upon the walls hung etchings and pen and ink drawings of real beauty that Hermanus had made, and a landscape or two as well, and over the mantelpiece of carved and fluted white wood there was a dark oil portrait of Mynheer Stulting. A flowered carpet covered the whole floor, and long French windows opened to the garden.

To the right was the room where Hermanus slept for many years with his wife, only when I saw it the eldest son, Cornelius, had taken charge of the place and he and his wife lived in the room, and Hermanus, a straight-backed, fastidious little old gentleman with an astonishingly silvery and shining head of white hair, lived in the room next it down the hall, from whence, if the door were opened, one could hear the ticking of multitudinous clocks and huge old watches

with which Hermanus was tinkering. Hermanus came out of that room every morning punctually at eight, although the family breakfasted at seven. When I first saw him come out thus he was already eighty-seven years of age, but carefully dressed and very upright in bearing, and his thick, upstanding white hair was brushed back from a low, square brow exactly like Carie's. He passed with a courteous, albeit somewhat militant, good morning to the dining room, which was at the further end of the hall and looked at one end into the vegetable garden and along its windowed length into the orchard. It was a cool, bare room, long in shape and with a few pieces of beautiful furniture and an oval table exquisitely carved.

This table explains the delight with which Carie once seized upon an oval table in an old second-hand shop in Shanghai. There had been an auction somewhere the day before, the greasy Chinese proprietor explained, and he had bought the table from a ship's captain, an Englishman, who told him the table was made of teak wood, shipped from India to England and made into a table by English workmen. From there the captain had brought it on his ship to his home in Shanghai, but when his wife died he sold his goods and so it fell into the hands of this Chinese dealer, and stood there in his small dusty shop, gracious and full of distinction, among heaps of rattan and broken rope furniture and old split bamboo stuff. Carie bought it for a few dollars and took it and polished it and doted on it, and thereafter it followed her about in her travels, although sometimes she lived in little upstairs rooms where the stairs were so narrow and so twisted the table could not pass through, and then it was lifted with ropes and coaxed through a window, swinging as it came over the narrow Chinese street, to the astonishment of paralyzed traffic in wheelbarrows and rikshas below it, and upturned yellow faces. But all the years I knew Carie she sat at the foot of this oval table, and I knew why, when I had seen the one in the dining room of the big house. By such links had she bound us bit by bit to her own country.

Up the wide stair of that house, mahogany stairs with a white hand-rail, there were six big square bedrooms, and the front one on the right-hand side was Carie's room. It looked out over the smooth wooded greenness of Little Levels to the distant mountains and im-

mediately below it was the flower garden, and beyond, the big maple. In the room there were deep closets along one wall, deep enough for the hooped skirts Carie wore when she was a girl, and a window seat made into a hat box to hold her scoop bonnets. In the center of the room was her bed, wide, white, cool under its flowered muslin curtains. Upon the walls, papered with tiny sprays of pink roses and pale green ferns, were three pictures, a Madonna, very dim and old in a gilt frame that Hermanus had bought once in France, a daguerreotype of Carie's mother, and a print of a shepherd leading his sheep home in the evening, over a road winding between low hills. Carie always loved a shepherd leading his sheep. In her room in the mission house there was a picture of the same theme, cut from a magazine and framed with her own hands, and above the grave of her little children she had had carved the shepherd words, "He shall carry the lambs in his bosom." So this room of hers made me understand many little touches about that other house set remote on alien soil.

Upon the floor of this girlhood room there was a fresh straw-colored matting and over it a rose-flowered carpet. In the high windows were seats and there were ruffled white curtains with rose-colored loops. There were two chairs, one a white-painted rocking chair and one a ladder-backed straight chair with a reed bottom. There were a little rosewood dressing table and a bureau and above the table an oval mirror set in a carved, pale gilt frame. Somewhere there was always a bowl of flowers, a book open, a piece of sewing in progress. It was a room indescribably fragrant and simple and pure. I have put down its details because here it was she lived her own life, slept, and had her dreams.

On the third floor was the great attic, and the gabled windows looked over the level, lush meadows. Under the roof were trunks, small, hard, round-backed trunks that had come from Holland. There, too, were accumulating piles of *Godey Books* and *Pearson's Magazines*, and there boxes of old dresses and rags waiting to be braided into rugs. From the ceiling hung branches of dried herbs that the little French mother had taught them in her day to cull and to hang for the flavoring of soups and for making medicinal teas.

This attic was never hot. It stood high and, moreover, the air in

the lofty, plain-like valley was always cool, even in summer. Often there were heavy, silvery mists, rising in the night and clinging in the hollows halfway to noon, and by sunset the air had a mountain chill to it again.

Having felt the vigor and surprise of that keen air, I marveled at the endurance which Carie had shown in those years of sickly summer heat and hot and fetid autumns. Bred in this sparkling and cool sunshine, in these pure and silvered mists of America, it was no wonder that sometimes she fainted in the thick sultriness of an August noon in a southern Chinese city, filled too full of human breath and of the odor of sweating human flesh.

But on this clear plain, in its swift mists and sharp winds and sunshine, she grew strong and lithe in her youth. There were acres to run over; animals to care for and fondle; cows in the barn, deep-eyed, lowing, fruitful; horses to ride and to feed sugar and apples; chickens and turkeys to herd over the field of stubble when the grain had been cut, so that they might catch the grasshoppers springing everywhere. There was the life in the home, the house full of children, the busy, chirping little mother, the delicate, fastidious father, the grave, kindly elder brother. Everyone was busy and happy, and there were evenings spent in music, when one played the violin, another the flute, another the piano, and they sang together.

Once I said to Carie, "What do you remember out of the earliest years most clearly?"

Her eyes sparkled and softened as she remembered, then flashed again. "Once when I was three years old I remember wanting to help my little mother who was washing the dishes. I lifted a big, blue-patterned meat dish from the table. It was one Grandfather had brought in the old days from Holland. I carried it slowly and carefully to put it away in the closet in the dining room, and it was so big I could not see over it to the floor. There was a board sticking up just a little and I was barefoot and stubbed my toe, and down I went, a fat, heavy little girl, on top of that blue dish, and smashed it to bits. I remember my father whipped me for it on the spot and I cried dreadfully, not because the whipping hurt, but because I had not meant to do anything but help. I never feel to this day that I should have had

that whipping. Even now, when I am fifty years old, I feel the injustice still!"

She was rolling out a great, soft, spongy mass of bread on the kitchen table as she talked. There in her Chinese kitchen she used to make her own bread, turning out big, brown, sweet loaves and little, crisp, southern rolls. The window was open and from the street below a clangor of cymbals arose from some procession passing and in the clangor there was twisted the thin, wiry wailing of a flute. I went idly to see what it was about, and there was an idol procession passing—not a very large procession and the idol not a great one, evidently, for he sat very small and drooping in his sedan chair, a little earthen figure in tattered paper robes. Ahead of him was a ragged priest with the cymbals and behind the chair were two more priests, one of them blowing disconsolately on the flute. The third priest carried a wooden drum shaped like a fish head, and this he struck occasionally, when he thought of it, with a wooden mallet. The street crowd scarcely lifted their heads to look at the procession, but behind ran perseveringly a small crowd of boys to see what could be seen.

She kneaded her bread, but she was ten thousand miles away. Then she said, "Well, but it was a happy life in that home. As far back as I can remember—do you suppose that crazy flute reminds me?—we had the house somehow full of music. The older ones all played something and we little ones sang. Cornelius was a good singing teacher. Years later at the seminary when I had the best singing teacher to be had, she couldn't teach me much that was new. Cornelius had already taught me how to let my voice flow out in a stream. We used to sing the *Messiah*. How I remember it!"

And lifting her hands from the dough, she stood simply and sang the Hallelujah Chorus, her throat full and quivering. The Chinese cook dropped a pan he held and stared at her, and then went doggedly to his pans again, able to make nothing of it, but accustomed now to hearing her burst into singing suddenly. The clanging of the cymbals faded into the noise of the street and watching her I could see her standing in the choir loft of the white frame American church that later took the place of the first log building. When I was there many years later the apple trees pressed against the open windows

and filled the church with their scent. That day there was in the choir a young girl, Cornelius's daughter, and she sang like this, but her voice was not so great and so thrilling as this woman's here in the Chinese city.

Suddenly she stopped, and the air of the kitchen seemed pulsing with the echoes of her voice, and she turned back to her bread. "Well," she said after a while, "it was a happy life until the Civil War came. What a time that was!"

What a time indeed! When the war broke out the Stulting family was in the section of Virginia which went with the North and became West Virginia. By this time Hermanus was no longer a young man. He was forty years old, a frail, stiff, upright figure, his hair already a silvery pompadour above his finely lined face. The little French wife was showing signs, too, of a life harder than she should have had. She was shrunken to a tiny figure, and there were evident the seeds of the tuberculosis that later was to carry her life away. Cornelius was a man of twenty, old for his years, a patient young man, extremely wise and gentle in his manner, dark-eyed, dark-haired, devoted to books and to music. But he had put his hand to the land and he had accepted it as a necessity that the burden of the family must fall upon him rather than upon his father. Strange magic personality of Hermanus, that even though he never shared in the drudgeries of their life, even though his fastidiousness had too early put burdens upon his older children, yet they all worshipped him and united to keep him the city gentleman he was by birth! Did it ever occur to Cornelius as a lad, when he struggled into his stiff work clothes at dawn, that his father lay sleeping and would sleep another three hours until they had all breakfasted and that even then his chocolate would be carried to his room that he might drink it before he dressed? Once I asked this of Carie and she said, "I suppose he satisfied something in our lives in those days. We all loved fine and beautiful things and there was not much left after the war. But none of us ever questioned our father. We just took it for granted from our mother that he was not strong enough for the hard work and it must not be asked of him. He always managed the bees and pruned the grapevines and the rose

trees. He had a wonderful way with the bees, and we always had delicious honey. I don't believe he was ever stung in his life. He had a delicate way with him, and he had the cleverest, most dexterous hands I ever saw. And no bit of beauty ever escaped him. There was a white grapevine that grew against the barn, and I can remember now how the great white bunches looked in among the dewy green leaves. He always made us come to see them before he cut them. He said they were like moon agates for beauty. I suppose that is why we loved him—because he made us see beauty.

"Yes, of course Cornelius was really the man of the family. I know he and our mother always talked over the family accounts and how to spend the money well. As early as I can remember I always went to him for everything I needed. Of course it meant he could not marry when we were all little. I don't remember that he even looked at a girl then. He did not marry until after we were all grown and long after the war.

"But still our father stood for something to us. We were not common farming folk like the people around us. We always had books and music and our father's painting and jewelry work. Father stood for the difference. I remember being mightily proud because my father wore a black coat and changed his white shirt and collar every day and none of our neighbors did. It did not occur to me until years later that, after all, there was something cruel about those white collars. Someone—our mother as long as she could and then one of the older girls—always had that collar and shirt to wash and iron every day, no matter how much canning or churning there might be on hand."

When the war broke, therefore, it came to be a matter for sharp fear as to what they would do if Cornelius had to fight. He was determined not to volunteer. Hermanus had taught them all to have a horror of slavery, and even in a neighborhood where many of the wealthier people owned slaves, when their land needed labor, Hermanus would buy no slaves. Some insistence on freedom, inherent in his blood, cried out to abstain from buying human beings to compel them to his will. If he used Negro labor he paid for it scrupulously with money and he would not own anyone. All the children caught

from him this passion for freedom, and when the war called there was nothing to challenge them to give up Cornelius to fighting for the South. At the same time their loyalties were enough to the South so that it was intolerable to think of fighting against Virginia. Neutrality, therefore, a thing difficult in the best of times, now became the only possible course open to them, and Hermanus and Cornelius declared themselves neutral. It was not a stand that tended to make them popular in the heat of the hour, but this Hermanus at least did not mind. Indeed, his was the temperament that thrived best on opposition, and I have heard that at this time he marched with a little extra grandeur and an exaggerated erectness of carriage to the church, and with a slight additional arbitrariness in his manner he set the tunes for the psalms. There was some threatening murmur against him, especially among slave owners, but such was his known integrity and such his fearlessness and haughtiness that no one was openly against him.

But with Cornelius, a young man, it was a different matter. When he was approached to join one side or the other, he replied that his mother and little brother and sisters depended on him for their living and if he left there would be no one to look after them. He bore with patience and in silence the taunts he heard in the village and he set himself steadily to his fields.

Nevertheless, as time went on and the scarcity of men on the southern side became acute, he had to think of some way to avoid impressment. At first they had not believed it possible that he would be actually seized and forced into the army. But this happened. One day when he came in at noon there were a few soft-voiced, steely-eyed southern soldiers in grey uniforms waiting for him and they followed him into the house. One of them said, "Reckon you'll have to fight, son, whether you want to or not. We have to find men."

"You will have to take me by force then," replied Cornelius simply, gazing back at them.

"Well, force, then," said the soldier, and he turned to his men. "Bind him and set him on the horse!"

The three other soldiers stepped forward and tied his wrists together and led him outside and tossed him on the waiting horse. The

little French mother had been out in the garden picking beans and the screams of the children fetched her and she saw instantly what was happening. She rushed to her son's side and clung to his leg.

"You must let him go—he is the breadwinner!" she cried, panting.

The soldier touched his cap. "Sorry, ma'am—orders!"

"No—no—no—you must let him go—he is my son!"

"Forward—march!" said the soldier abruptly, and they mounted their horses and swung into line, and the little woman began to run, clinging to her son's leg. He leaned over in alarm to whisper to her, "I'll find a way back, Mother. Don't—you can't keep up. I'll desert—"

"Yes, and be shot for it!" she whispered back fiercely. "No, I'll never let you go."

She ran faster as the horse broke into a canter, and at last was half dragged over the ground, but she would not let go. The soldier in charge could not endure the sight. He stopped to argue with her.

"Ma'am, there isn't a bit of use in this. He's got to go. It's orders. I'm right sorry, ma'am, but everywhere sons have got to fight."

"Not mine!" she gasped determinedly. Her sunbonnet was hanging down her back, and her curly grey hair was shaken down and hung all about her little thin face. Her eyes were staring with fatigue and her throat throbbing and her bosom bursting with her heavy pants. "If he goes—I go—too. Besides—we don't believe—in slavery. Isn't freedom—what our country stands for?—Are you—going to make him fight—for—for what we don't believe in?"

The soldier looked at her. Then he gave the orders again, somewhat half-heartedly, "Forward, march!"

Again the horse broke into a canter and he tried not to see the small, brown-clad figure, gasping and clinging to the young man's leg, her feet half tripping, half swinging, over the rough road. Her lips were parted in dreadful gasps, and her brown eyes stared ahead in agony. Her son bent over her crying in a low voice, "Mother—mother—mother—"

It was too much. The soldier let her run thus for a mile, and then he stopped, dismounted, took off his cap, and bowed.

"Ma'am, you have the victory. He is yours." And then to the men he said, "Take off his ropes and let him go."

In a moment the mother and son stood alone in the road and in the distance the horsemen rode away with one horse riderless. Cornelius looked at his mother with unspeakable tenderness and she flashed her eyes and began to gather up her hair in her trembling hands. Then she grew faint and leaned against him and whispered out of parched lips, "I just wasn't going to have it!"

But it was a lesson to them of what might happen again. Another officer might not be so lenient with them as this one. They must hide Cornelius. So he left the house that night and went on horseback with a little roll of bedding and a basket of food and he rode away to the mountain in the distance, Droop Mountain, it was called, and there in a little hollow, cup-like valley at its summit was an empty, ruined cabin and a deserted meadow or two.

Here the young man lived alone for the two years until the war ended. The land he dug and planted with beans and corn and wheat, and when there were harvests he stole back by night to his home to take them food and to see his mother and get what he needed for himself. When the Little Levels was swept by the passing and repassing of northern and southern armies, when fields were devastated and barns and stores robbed, these meager harvests that Cornelius brought were the mainstay of the family, and often all they had to depend upon for food. I purposely do not put into this period of Carie's life that is occupied by the Civil War those things one may find in any book of its history. I put what she told me, a little American girl, alien in the Chinese city, and seeing America through her eyes, and enthralled with her stories of my own country, the country I had never seen.

War I knew perfectly well. At this time we white people in China were living through the uncertainties and possibilities of the Boxer Rebellion. Every night my clothes were put beside my bed so that I might slip into them instantly if the call came to escape. Carie taught me how to place them, how to tie my shoes most swiftly, how to seize my hat from the floor beside the chair as I went, lest we have to walk by day under the poisonous Oriental sun. I had to do this for myself, for there was another younger than I who could not see to herself. A basket of canned milk stood ready day and night for the baby. It

stood by the door, where in passing and in haste it might be caught up. Carie was prepared in every detail, ready, fearless, not allowing us to be afraid. We knew she would take care of us.

This fearlessness she had learned, beyond what was native to her intrepid nature, during those four years of the Civil War when she was a little girl. During the long, hot summer of 1900 we used to beg her, "Tell us stories of our own war in America!" And she recreated for us the stirring days, told from the viewpoint of a little girl in the highlands of West Virginia, the borderland between North and South, where both armies swept back and forth in the struggle. Afterwards when I had to study this period in history, it was already learned from her, immeasurably more vivid, more full, than any book could make it for me.

I caught from her the spirit of great movements of armies, at first gay and assured, then shaken, surprised, bitter, then vengeful and desperate, and at last despairing and vanquished. More dreadful even than these were the armies of the victors, sweeping triumphant over the fertile fields, devastating conquerors.

Once she said, her eyes dark with memory, "The Yankees used to shout at us that Sherman said he was going to lay a track straight to Georgia so wide and so bare that a crow couldn't find a grain of corn. I reckon he did it, too." Again she said, with much simplicity, "Sherman said war was hell. Well, he ought to know by now whether it is so or not. He's been there for a good many years."

Or again she said, "Not that any of my family believed in slavery. We didn't, any more than Lincoln did. We were Americans and we couldn't see slaves in America and think it right. But that's no way to free slaves—to let a lot of them all loose at once. Why, after the war we hardly dared to stir abroad, and we didn't have many Negroes in our section, either. I remember Brother Cornelius had to join the Ku Klux Klan for a while to get the freed slaves to leave us alone."

Once she laughed suddenly and sat down and laughed until her eyes were wet. "I never shall forget one morning when the Yankees had been camping overnight in the orchard. It was winter and the trees were bare. I went out to look at the men from behind the barn, because I'd heard so many things of them—people in our parts said they had horns like devils. Well, when I went out the trees were just

full of curious-looking fruit. I couldn't imagine what it was and I went closer to see, and they were cakes of bread! The men had been served up cakes made of sour corn meal and they wouldn't eat them and they threw them up into the trees for sport until the branches were full of them. The funniest sight! But the birds fed there for months."

"Did the Yankees have horns?" I asked, breathless.

"They did not," she declared, her eyes twinkling. "They were just like anybody else, and I was fearfully disappointed."

This was one of our favorite stories, and we asked for it again and again. One day Hermanus heard that a Yankee army was coming. He happened at that time to have in his house some very fine old jewels he was resetting which belonged to a wealthy landed family near by. He was exceedingly anxious lest he be robbed of them, and their value was far above anything he could repay. He decided, therefore, to hide them, and he put them into a small covered basket and carried them to the meadow adjacent to the garden and thrust them far under a large flat stone there. In the afternoon the Yankees came and to his horror chose as their camping spot that very meadow. They sat upon the stone, used it as a table, at night pitched a tent over it. From his window Hermanus could see it all. As long as daylight lasted he kept watch at the window to see whether anyone stooped to look under it. By dusk it still seemed safe as far as could be seen. But after dark, although great torches flared, the shadows cast such uncertain shapes that none could be sure what happened.

Hermanus walked the floor that night, praying and commanding them all to pray, and all the while he blamed himself for not returning the jewels to the owner and tried confusedly to think what he would do if they were lost, for the owner was a proud man and notoriously hard and exacting and these were family jewels and quite irreplaceable. When dawn came the armies moved on and Hermanus ran out sick with anxiety. He stooped to look under the stone. There the little basket of jewels stood, just as he had left it, safe and unseen. At this happy conclusion of the tale, which Carie made the more exciting with her lowered voice and widened eyes and vivid face, we all drew a deep breath. Usually she told the stories in the evening when we sat on the veranda at the end of the day, and we looked out over the paddy fields and the thatched roofs of the farmers in the valley,

and in the distance a slender pagoda seemed to hang against the bamboos on a hillside. But we saw none of these. We saw as clearly as though we were there the rougher fields and more rugged mountainsides of our own country, and over them the dashing horses and the streaming flags of the men in blue and grey.

Then there was the dreadful day when North and South met in the battle of Droop Mountain, and all day and all night the cannon roared back and forth over the mountain and the family sat in fear, scarcely able to pray, even, lest Cornelius be caught in his hiding place. But before dawn he staggered in, his hands and clothing torn and his bare legs badly scratched. He had hidden in a cave through the day and in the cover of darkness he had run down the steep cliff-like side of the mountain. He was alive and unhurt, but his little field, ploughed ready for seed, was ruined by cannon shells.

There was the day when there was nothing in the house to eat at all except a quart measure full of dried beans and on that day also came a desperate little band of fugitive southern soldiers, ragged, barefoot, starving. The little mother seeing them, cooked all the store of beans and there was a bowlful of soup and beans for each, and that afternoon the children went out to hunt for dandelion greens for supper.

These stories and many others she told to us during the hot summer days outside the Chinese city. All about us there seethed hatred of us who were foreign, but I did not know it. Listening to her, I saw my own country and the heroism of my own people, and it fortified me. She had not been afraid. She had learned even as a little child to look on wounded and bleeding men and not faint, to endure hunger and make the best of it, to think of some resource when there seemed to be none, and all this was glorified by the high spirit of the hour.

She was eight years old when the Civil War ended and her family, as did all the others in the township, had to settle themselves to new conditions. When defeat was accepted, a fever to begin life was everywhere present. During these four years there were no schools. Carrie taught herself to read, asking of this one and that what this letter and the other was. But except for reading she knew nothing. The little sister just younger than she could not even read.

There were many other children in the same plight, for parents had been too distraught, fathers fighting desperately, mothers doing farm

work and carrying on business and striving to take the place of both mother and absent father. Now the thought of all was that somehow schools must be started to repair the waste of the war years.

Cornelius, feeling keenly the ignorance of his brother and sisters, was the first in the town to organize a school. He taught it himself, doing what farm work he could in the early morning and at night after he came home. The school started in one room under the church but it grew rapidly and later moved into its own building and one day came to be known as The Academy.

To Carie it was the gate of life. She had been impatient these two years and more for learning, for knowledge to help her understand many things about which she had begun to wonder. She was a strange child in certain ways, imaginative, passionate, sensitive to the point often of suffering, a strange compound of fiercely practical common sense and profound mysticism. She used to lie out under the stars at night, barelegged in the deep grass of the meadow in front of the white house, and looking deep into the sky she thought of the stars and of what they were and ached with her longing to fathom the universe. Stars always had a fascination for her. I remember on the hot nights of summer in the Chinese city she would lean out of the window above the noisome street and look to the stars hanging heavy and golden out of the blackly purple sky and say, "It is hard to believe they are the same stars I used to see as a little girl in the meadow. They looked cool and silvery there and infinitely far and ethereal. Here they seem solid and sultry and too near. I used to dream there were people on them—transparent, delicate fairy folk. But here one feels that humans live on them—hot, wicked people. Look at red Orion hanging there on the pagoda top!"

In the village school she learned her first astronomy, a subject always favorite with her except that she was somewhat dashed by the mathematics. She had a vivid imagination that laid hold on every dry fact and gave it substance and life. Cornelius was a born teacher and she an apt pupil, not facile of memory so much as of understanding and quick of comprehension, so that between these two there was not only the bond of brother and sister, but of loved pupil and passionately revered teacher.

The post-war period in the life of the little West Virginia town was

one of deep spiritual fervor coupled with necessarily ascetic living. This atmosphere was the air which she breathed in her youth, and which forever placed a check upon a nature that was at heart sensuous and beauty-loving. But it gave also the opportunity for experience of many sorts and in this her varied mind delighted. I remember her saying once, "I have done every kind of work needed to maintain life and I am glad of it. After the Civil War there were no shops, nothing to be bought. We grew our own flax and we spun linen thread and made our own sheets and table cloths and inner clothing. We dyed our dresses from cotton and linen thread we had made ourselves and we wove it. I learned to know what colors could be made from different herbs and barks and from roots of many kinds. Sometimes our experiments were failures and we had to wear them just the same. And we sheared sheep and washed the wool and carded it and spun it and wove it. I am glad I learned how to do everything."

They had to make even the hoops they wore in their skirts and these they made from the long withes of the greenbrier bushes. These did well enough until they dried and snapped. I remember asking over and over for a story that she never failed to tell with merry eyes as she told it.

"How my hoop snapped? Well, one Sunday I went to church—of course we had to go every Sunday—but this Sunday there was a missionary speaking and the little church was very full and dear good Mrs. Dunlop, the minister's wife, sat next to me. She was a darling and I loved her but she was very fat and she kept squeezing against me so that it seemed to me she just expanded more and more. It was a hot summer's day, too. Well, she kept expanding and she pushed against my hoop, and at last my hoop—it wasn't a big one, really, because my father wouldn't let us wear very big ones—but my hoop just rose up in front of me and lifted my skirt shamefully high, and I tried to press it down and it wouldn't go down. Well, at last I grew desperate because a boy was sitting just behind and I could hear him snickering, so I gave a good hard push and there was a loud snap. My greenbrier hoop! My skirt went down all of a sudden then, but you should have seen me when I stood up. My skirt hung about me and it was so long it trailed on the ground. Good Mrs. Dunlop stood in front of me and I walked out to the buggy behind her and climbed

in right quick. Afterwards we laughed and laughed, but I was dreadfully ashamed that day, although I couldn't keep from laughing too. I knew I looked funny. Father said it was a judgment on me for vanity. Maybe it was, but I always felt it was because the greenbrier was just too dry and couldn't stand the strain of Mrs. Dunlop's expansion!"

To us little American children in the Chinese city nothing was more stirring in all the absorbing tale of her life in our country than the story of maple sugar. In the home at that time after the war everything that could be made was made and nothing bought except the chocolate Hermanus must have in the morning and coffee and tea.

To this day I have never been to a sugaring, nor even seen a tree pierced for its sweet water, but I have had the spiritual experience. I had it over and over again in that Oriental country where a sugar maple never grew except in our dreams. But I know that in the chill beginning of early spring, when indeed spring is more a hope than a fact, you must go about and tap the great trees that were golden in the autumn. And that means you make a little hole and stick a wooden tube called a spile in it and set a bucket below and the sweet water runs into it. Then when the buckets are full and enough water has collected you gather it all together and pour it into the great iron cauldron at the sugaring camp. The boys have chopped wood and the kettle is hung on a rude crane and the fire is lit and the water starts boiling.

Then is the time for fun, for all the boys and girls of the town gather at the sugar camp and watch the sugaring and take a hand at the stirring and put great logs under the pot, and if there is snow as there ought to be, there is tobogganing between times and games and laughter. Everybody's cheeks are crimson and all eyes are bright and there is fun everywhere.

When the syrup is thick enough to make maple syrup it is poured into great kegs and is mated to buckwheat cakes and waffles and pancakes for the rest of the year, but if you want sugar you must boil the sweet water longer and it takes an old hand to know just when the right moment comes to pour the hot stuff into little shapes and big ones.

Great round molds made the big cakes of sugar that were kept for household use through the year but there were many hundreds of

little heart-shaped tins and star shapes and crescents and many others and these were filled, too. Best fun and most delicious of all was to pour the hot sugar out on snow and eat it suddenly cooling and scoop up the handfuls of snow and stiffening hot sugar. Then when it was all finished and the sugaring over, everybody went home singing through the sharp sweet air, and no one was ever sick from eating so much—as much as one wanted. That was because it was so clean in the woods where the camp was and the pure cold snow covered everything and the air was keen and made one strong and robust enough for anything. Ah, Carie, how you made us dream of our country!

Snow! How she made us see snow in America! Sometimes, once in a long time, we had a little drift of it in the southern Chinese city where we lived, sometimes on a chilly, damp, wintry day. We pressed our faces against the windowpane and watched it coming down, white against the grey sky, melting instantly as it touched the warmer black tiles of the roofs. Once I remember there was a corner in the courtyard where the wind had blown a tiny drift as faint as a mist, but still made of snow. We went running out, leaping and crying, "Snow—snow!" One winter of unprecedented cold, real snow came down outside the city wall and there on the barren gravelands there was at least an inch of snow and if one did not look too closely at the stubble sticking through, the world looked white and clean. The bamboos were feathery dusty with snow and the small new wheat stood freshly green between white patches of graves. Carie nailed together some boards from a box that had held canned milk and tied a grass rope to it and we slid down steeply sloping Chinese graves on the contrivance and dreamed of tobogganing in America.

Years later when I saw real snow in deep Virginian woods in the Blue Mountains, I knew that spiritually I had seen it all before because of what this American woman had told me. I saw meadows hidden, still and sleeping under it. I saw roofs under great blankets of it and windows peering out, cozy and merry, from beneath, and smoke curling against the still sky. It was all just as she had said. Before I had turned a corner of the road that led into the hills, my heart cried that the shadows on the snow would be blue under the lee of the hills, and when I turned, there blue shadows lay. She had shown them to me ten years before and ten thousand miles away, so that I knew them.

All this beauty of her country went into these years of her life between her earliest childhood and her twenty-third year, when she went away. If the great gift from her father was to show her where beauty lay, she needed little showing, for she had seeing eyes. Wide beauty of meadow and valley and mountain, of the seasons of the year each in its time, these she saw with unfailing response; but small beauties she saw as quickly, little beauties of close-set moss and small flowers and insects. Once she bent over a colored spider, gay in red and black, and at last put out a small finger to feel the color, and the spider stung her and her whole arm swelled from the poison. Thereafter she only looked, but it was characteristic of her sense of fair play to remember that after all she had provoked the insect, and its beauty was not marred for her.

This love of beauty and instant response to it, then, was part of her very blood and bone, and emotion and abandon to beauty was always a part of her. She could go drunk in a sunlit meadow on a spring day, laughing and sparkling and all but dancing. But she loved the beauty of clean, simple, steady things as well. There was for her beauty not only in a pool of mountain water under moonlight, but as well in a room made still and clean and fresh, in dishes newly washed and shining. I remember her saying that one of her pleasures in the austere times after the Civil War was that there were no new dishes to be bought and so every day they had to use the blue and white willow-pattern china and the thin crystal wine goblets that her grandparents had brought from Holland. Every day she chose to wash them, above every other household task, so that she might feel their delicacy in her hands. This remained to her a memory of beauty all the days of her life.

Hers was a sensuous nature. She loved the feel of things, the textures of silk and porcelain and linen and velvet, the touch of rose leaves, the roughness of pine cones. I can remember her taking into her hands the smooth, dry stiffness of a bamboo leaf and rubbing it. "So hard and smooth and fine," she murmured. She had an abnormally keen sense of smell. One of the tortures of her life in the Orient was the stink of manure and of human filth that pervaded the garden from outside the city wall, where nightsoil from the city was the chief fertilizer used to force the earth to rich and rapid fruitage.

I remember forever the first time she came back to her own country. She would stand knee deep in a meadow or perhaps in a wood and draw one great breath after another, or else she would take little quick sniffs, little tastes of smell.

"What is it?" we cried, anxious to miss nothing, and her answer came back joyously, "Just smelling it all! Do you know, one of the loveliest things about this America of ours is its smell—its lovely, lovely *smell!*"

She liked to take a handful of pine needles and rub them in her hands and hold them to her nostrils, and she would grow drunken with the pine fragrance, her eyes closed in ecstasy. But it was such scents she loved, pure, pungent odors, or the frail fragrance of a tea rose. Many of the Oriental flowers she rejected because she disliked their heavy, musky sweetness.

Of music she had a good, intellectual understanding, but music remained for her always primarily a sensation and an emotion. In the years when I was an impatient adolescent it was annoying to me that she could not hear great music without having the tears stream down her cheeks, not tears of pain, primarily, but tears that were response from a heart too finely strung and too sensitive to bear unmoved the beauty of music. In the arrogance of my youth I said, "If you cannot keep from crying, why will you persist in going to hear it?"

She gave me one of her deep, steady looks and at last she replied, "You don't understand now. How can you? You have not had time for life yet. Some day you will listen and hear that music is not technique and melody, but the meaning of life itself, infinitely sorrowful and unbearably beautiful. Then you will understand."

There was in her great love of color a curious contradiction. She chose always delicate and finely shaded tones. I have pondered much over this, for in her nature were a passion and a wildness which seemed to me to call for the more barbaric hues, and I have a theory, whether true or not, that in the instinctive choice of colors people most truly reveal themselves. The reds and yellows of old imperial China were always distasteful to her. I think there was an abandon there which frightened her—an abandon to the flesh. I think it frightened her because she felt something too passionate in her own blood and she was fearful of her own response. No, she chose for her favorite shades the

pale, cool, rosy yellow of a tea rose that grew beside the veranda steps—an American tea rose, and she loved also the warm delicacy of old-fashioned salmon pinks. Later when her hair was white and she took to wearing gowns of silvery grey, there was always a touch somewhere of one or the other of these shades. I think she knew that in herself there was a certain pagan quality, a passion, a temper too vigorous and lusty, and the puritan strain of her blood and of her training in her times warred sternly against it.

If she could come from the lonely grave where she lies I think she would not like those words I have just written. She would look at me troubled and say, "Did I not struggle all my life against these very things you are telling about me now that I am dead?" And I would answer, if I could, "Ah, yes, we saw the struggle, but do you not know we loved you for the very things in yourself that you hated?"

For when we think of her and talk of her we always feel her as two distinct persons. One is this warm, merry, sensuous, hot-tempered person; a woman quick to see the ridiculous, a born actress and mimic, making us all laugh when she was in one of her funny moods and took to copying the voice and gait and manners of someone; sweeping us all up in a chorus of gay song, dropping work all of a sudden on a summer's day to go off to a garden or a mountain for a picnic. The other is the puritan, the practical mystic, straining after God but never quite seeing Him, always planning further hours for prayer, for deeper consecration, more devotion, but never quite achieving what she planned, and from that very sense of religious failure, more passionately rigid with herself on the other side, the passionate and emotional side, that she had been taught was wicked and would lead her away from God. There was a continual war in her members.

When I meditate on the period of her life that formed her, I begin to understand this conflict inherent in her very nature. From Hermanus she had the love of beauty that was inseparable from her being. From her good Dutch grandparents she had the practical determination that would not let her rest—a power for sacrifice for righteousness' sake was in her very blood. She had been bred on the story of leaving all and forging forth into a new country for God's sake. She came of pilgrim stuff. But there was in this already incongruous mixture the

gay, practical, none-too-religious heart of the little French mother, who loved passionately, not God but first Hermanus and her children and then for their sakes the good God.

Yet in other years, when I knew better my own country and its people, I knew Carie better, too. In this very disunity, in the richness of her variety, sprung from the dissimilar sources of her blood, from her pioneer heritage, from the swift and elemental experiences of her life, she was the more America.

For in spite of all the happiness of the life of the big square house, in spite of music making and school and parties in the village, Carie was not always happy. Perhaps no one in her times was ever quite happy, because there was always the matter of one's soul.

In her most joyful moments she remembered her soul. Sometimes at the height of fun, with her friends listening to her joking and teasing and laughing, she would be stopped suddenly, as though a cold hand were laid upon her heart, and she thought in a panic, "What about my eternal soul?" Sometimes when she worked about the house and stopped a moment to look through the open door into the garden and to wonder if heaven could be more beautiful, the sharp fear rushed into her mind, "But I am not saved—will I see heaven?"

It was very hard not to think of such things. Long church services on Sunday, prayers twice a day at home, the minister's gentle penetrating questions, the desire of the father and mother to see each child "saved" and joined to the church all kept her from being quite happy.

But it was never fear of hell which drove Carie into trying to find God. Indeed, I never saw her afraid of anything, and I do not for a moment believe anyone could have drawn a hell fearful enough to compel her against her will. No, she wanted passionately to be good. She used to say to us often, "It is so beautiful to be good, child—be good, because it is the loveliest thing on earth." She wanted to find God because that was the only way, they told her, to be good. One's own goodness was all "filthy rags," the Bible said, unless one found God.

She told me once that the years of her adolescence were miserable with the restlessness of this search. One after the other of the more facile-hearted of her friends was "converted" and took communion. But Carie, sitting mutinous and agonizing in the little church, shook her

head above the bread and wine. She would not deceive herself or anyone. She had prayed and prayed.

In her diary I find written of this time: "During the years between twelve and fifteen I used many times a week to go out into the woods behind the barn and creep into a little hollow in a clump of elderberries and throw myself down and cry to God for a sign—anything to make me believe in Him. Sometimes I vowed I would not, like Jacob, leave the spot until He gave me a sign for myself. But it never came. The tinkle of cowbells told me it was evening and the cows were coming home to be milked, and I must go and lay the table."

Over and over again she took her trouble to her Sunday school teacher, Mrs. Dunlop, the minister's wife, and the gentle placid woman tried to bring this passionate honest heart "through to salvation."

"Just give yourself to God, my dear—that's all it is," she said, filled with affection for the dark, downright girl she never quite understood. "Surely it is a very easy thing to give your heart to God."

But Carie must have more than this. "I want to feel God accepts me," she cried. "I can give myself, but why doesn't He accept me? Why doesn't He give me a sign?"

This was beyond old Mrs. Dunlop. She could only repeat patiently, "Just give yourself—just give yourself, dear!"

These were stormy years for Carie. Often her despair in not being able to be sure of God led her into opposite moods of recklessness and a gayety too wild for happiness. Sometimes, realizing with horror the tumult in her young blood, she felt herself hopelessly wicked. She grew frightened at the beginning of desire in herself.

She was a dark, handsome girl at this time, mature for her years, keen of humor and ready to laugh, and yet grave in her times of gravity. She had red lips and blooming cheeks and a mass of natural chestnut brown curls hanging over her head in a "waterfall."

The exact experience that came to her at this time I do not know, for she never told anyone. I only know that somewhere during these years she fell passionately in love with the handsome boy with a rollicking, beautiful voice, who had once laughed at her in church when her hoop snapped. He had grown to be a young man, tall and blond and debonair, who rejoiced somewhat at being among the "unbelievers," but who came to church for the singing, and, I am fain

to believe, for Carie's sake. And they met at singing school too, one evening a week.

"He could sing the heart out of anyone," said Carie unwillingly, her eyes sober. This she said when she was grey-haired, but I could see in her eyes her memory hot still with the thought of him. Beyond this she told us nothing. I think his big fair body spoke to her warm blood intolerably and the puritan in her was mortally afraid of him. Whether he loved her long or not I do not know.

That he saw her with special eyes I know, for she would acknowledge when pressed that he was "nice" to her and that she had to "make him stop" because she didn't want to marry him.

"Why not?" we demanded, for he sounded romantic.

"Because—because—he was not good. He drank and he came of a family that drank. It wasn't easy to be good, and I was afraid if I married him I might grow like him."

Whether Carie could have held to this stand alone I do not know. But this happened to be the year her little mother fell ill and Carie was seized out of the youthful life of her world to spend day and night at the side of death. There, watching her mother slip away, she vowed always to choose good rather than evil, to follow the stern side of herself rather than the gay, and all her life long to war against the sensuousness that she knew only too well to be in her blood. She would be good; she would deny herself to the uttermost; she would give herself to God. How could she deny herself most wholly? If she gave her whole life and self completely to God then perhaps He would give her a sign of His being and thus she could follow and find Him.

For in the sudden illness Carie forgot her own soul in a new terror. The mother had frankly loved Carie better than all her other children. Carie could laugh so often with her. Carie was so quick with her hands. She was so good at cooking and so economical. She was the one, too, who loved herb gathering and gardening. And she was so strong. Sometimes she would seize her tiny mother and hold her high in the air like a child, and threaten not to let her down unless she would not work so hard or would eat more. "You big naughty girl," the little woman cried, pretending to be outraged, "you put me down—at once, I say! I am your mother!" But she loved it and leaned upon the girl. And Carie more than loved her mother. She gave her admira-

tion and the two were free together, free that is, except in that dark quest for God. There Carie went alone, for the French mother could not understand the yearning in the daughter's heart. To go to church, to kneel when the father prayed, to keep a clean house and make the meals the best one could—it was enough for a woman. So Carie said nothing, and loved her mother tenderly because she was so childlike.

Now in her illness the mother became a child indeed, and clung to her daughter.

The illness had come so quickly. One winter's day the mother went into the cold cellar to fill a dish of pickles from a jar, and because the jar was empty stayed to open another, and took cold. It grew swiftly into racking coughs and then into a swift consumption. In spite of her refusal to believe her mother would die, Carie was too honest not to see the truth.

Not that she was daunted even by death. She went gallantly through everything. She was gay about the bed and she kept the sickroom sweet and shining and fresh with flowers, and she washed and starched and ironed the little frilled lace caps her mother wore, and made her pretty bed gowns and put all her old pleasure in dressing dolls into the care of the little sunken-eyed woman in the big bed.

Hermanus at this time moved into another room and Carie slept beside her mother and warmed the little, frail, cold body with her robust youth, and made play of everything and would not let her mother be afraid.

But one night her mother fell into dreadful coughing and Carie ran to lift her head. Then her mother looked at her, sick and racked, and she moaned, "Child—is this—d-e-a-t-h?" She would only spell the word.

Suddenly Carie could not bear the fear in her mother's eyes. Oh, if only she knew about God—if only she could say to her mother, "*I know.*"

She must have a sign. . . . She would give herself. "I will give my whole self to God—my whole life," she whispered passionately. Her mind went searching recklessly ahead. There must be no half measures—no sacrifice that was not complete. "I will go as a missionary, surely I cannot give myself more than that."

Suddenly the end came. Her mother cried out faintly, and Carie lifted her high in her arms. She saw her mother's dim eyes lighten.

A faint smile of surprise broke over her white lips and she gasped, "Why—it's—all *true!*"

For a moment she gazed suddenly and clearly through the walls of the room into the space of some other world and then she died. Carie, hearing the cry, catching the gaze of her mother's eyes, felt her heart stop. *Was this God's sign?* In great awe she laid her mother gently down.

II

SO CARIE vowed away her life. Steadfastly she set herself to the fulfillment. She missed her mother tragically. She could never sing so light-heartedly now in the evenings because that small placid presence was gone, and she held in her memory the hour when she had given herself to God.

But still God gave no sign of acceptance. She must wait until she saw what to do next, and meanwhile the days must pass as they had before in work and school. Only she was quieter and more steady. She refused to join in the village parties. She would not go walking any more with Neale Carter. She would study hard and fit herself for what she had promised to do.

The idea of missions was not new to her. Several times there had come to the little village church gaunt sunburned men, missionaries to other lands, bringing their burning words and stories. She listened, entranced against her will, by gallant adventurers for God's sake. But she had not herself sought to find a "call." Why, it would mean leaving America! She could not leave America. She always slipped out of the church gay with relief, avoiding the missionary's eyes.

Now all that was changed. She must be—she was—ready to go. She had promised. She went soberly about the house, but if anyone noticed it, it was only to say, "Carie feels her mother's death." But it was much more than that. She was beginning already to cut her life free, ready for a way to be shown her.

Two years passed by and Hermanus, as times prospered, found his hobby becoming of practical use to him, for when the worst of the reconstruction days were over people from far and wide brought him

clocks to mend and jewels to set. He made watches, also, and these were in great demand. There was some magic in his slender, agile fingers that charmed the most obdurate machinery to motion. For the first time in his life he contributed well to the family income.

Cornelius, however, was still the mainstay with his teaching and farming. The two older sisters held in their capable hands the management of the house and of the younger children. The great problem in the family was Luther, the younger son, the one most like Carie in nature and in appearance. But where in her there was a strong will toward self-control and a genuine desire for goodness, in him in his youth the flesh was dominant. He grew rebellious and wanted to go west where the gold fields at that time were luring every young man who had a drop of wanderlust in his veins. The family united in trying to hold him, but he had always loved his mother best and she understood him, and now when she was gone it was hard to keep him. Hermanus in a mighty passion wanted to whip him soundly, but the lad towered above him, a tall, black-eyed, black-haired young man, and the little, arrogant, militant father could not compass the deed for all his will to do it. Cornelius whipped him once at his father's command, and then threw down the whip in sickness of heart and would not again. Nothing seemed quite right since the mother died. But somehow the family life went on, and still Carie waited in intense secret determination.

By the time she was eighteen years old Dr. Dunlop, the minister of her childhood, was ready to retire, having grown fat and drowsy in the service. It was evident there must be a new minister. In this Hermanus took the lead as he did in all things in the village, and after many samplings and tastings of the various doctrines of the young men who came to preach trial sermons, a tall, grave man, young in years but bearing in his body the marks of premature age from his experience in the war, was chosen. He came from the same state and from the neighboring county of Greenbrier. His father was a leading landowner there, and after the war the young man had taught school, and then gone to seminary. From college and seminary he had come forth trailing clouds of *cum laudes*, with special mention of his amazing facility in languages, especially in Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew and Greek. There was a taste for liberal learning in the little

village and Hermanus had the tradition of culture in his family and had maintained it well in his own generation. Moreover, the young minister was of pleasing appearance, tall, gentle, fair-haired, with a dainty little ruffled wife whom he carried on his arm like a pretty workbag. His trial sermon was doctrinally sound and he explained satisfactorily the traditional aspects of predestination and free will; also it was long and full of good meat and quite beyond the understanding of most of the younger members of the congregation. It was enough. He was the man.

That same summer after he had come to the village and had established himself in the creeper-grown manse next the white church, a younger brother who was still in college visited him, and this young man must be mentioned because of Carie. He was a student bent on the ministry, a tall, thin youth, with nearsighted blue eyes, vague and mystic in their gaze, a gentle voice and a mild smile. He was very shy and silent and steadfastly declined all invitations to join the choir or singing school. He replied, smiling, that he was very busy—that he was reading with his brother. Sundays he sat a little apart, seeming to see no one, on his face a look of rapt worship. Carie, if she looked at him, which she did not often, thought of him as an extremely saintly young man, lacking perhaps in a sense of humor, but certainly very good. Her own sense of humor was an everlasting cause of stumbling to her. It was shame to her that she could still see something funny even if it happened at a funeral, and more than once she had been overcome in church to her own confusion. And at such silly small things, too, she thought regretfully; as, for instance, when the flies would gather thick in the mass of tulle crowning little Miss Nelson's hat when she played the organ. There they immediately became caught in the folds of the stuff and set up a frantic buzzing and swarming, and under this confusion Miss Nelson, who was a small, shy, middle-aged lady, sat half fainting, her face scarlet with embarrassment. Once at least during the service she would escape between hymns and come back freed from the pest, but it would only be a short time before the sweetish starch in the tulle attracted more flies and they came sailing through the window, headed straight for her hat. Summer after summer it was a fly trap and a joke to the younger members of the congregation.

But the younger brother of the minister would not even see such a sight in church. His thoughts were elsewhere—doubtless only where they should be. Carie, feeling always humbled by the discrepancy between her achievements and her desires, was sobered by the very look of worship on the rugged, somewhat pale young face. But if she spoke to him that was all. He seemed a being apart because of his very nature and calling. She respected him mightily but gave him very little thought. Was there not a mission waiting for her?

When she was nineteen she had learned all that Cornelius could teach her and he was not willing that her swift and brilliant mind should stop with this. The family fortunes were recovered from the war, there was no special need for her at home, Luther had settled down and consented to go to school at last and "take an education," and Cornelius decided that Carie must be sent away to a young ladies' seminary and be given every opportunity to develop not only her mind but her powerful and beautiful voice.

It could not be an ordinary seminary. In addition to the curriculum of regular studies Hermanus demanded also that it be sound in religious doctrine, of Presbyterian foundation, and laying the emphasis on moral education and deportment. After considerable search the ideal place was found, Bellewood Seminary, near Louisville, Kentucky.

There Carie went in her nineteenth year, with a heart wildly excited. She had a new brown cashmere dress to travel in, and it was specially for the steamboat. It was made with a high bustle in the back and six ruffles round the bottom of the skirt, and there was cream lace ruffled in the bosom and at the cuffs. A small brown beaver hat trimmed in the same lace sat high on her curly hair. She was perfectly satisfied with her appearance, although she feared that her mouth was a trifle too large. But she had at that time the reddest possible lips and blooming pink cheeks. Once many years later her small daughter asked naively, "Mother, were you pretty when you were a girl?" Her golden brown eyes danced at this and she answered demurely, "Neale Carter seemed to think so when he saw me off to the Seminary!"

The next two years at Bellewood Seminary were happy ones, rich in friendships. There were seventeen girls in her class, and she became a leader among them, and won their love in a remarkable de-

gree. Hers was a nature so large that she could comprehend in her heart any human being and she was always remarkable in the diversity of her friendships. The key to her instant interest was someone's need for love and help. I think Neale Carter more nearly won her on that score than on any other—that he needed her to make him good. At least once she told us he nearly had her on this plea, but her sharp and detached sense of humor discerned when next he fell—he was given to drinking—that he enjoyed a little too well the sinning and being forgiven, and so he lost her.

I have here beside me as relics of her school days two essays written in the beautiful spidery handwriting of those days. One is entitled *Queen Esther*. It is a dissertation on the sacrifice of the Jewish queen for her people—always that charm of self-sacrifice!—and on the giving of her life for them if it were needful. But the essay ends with a delightfully naïve assurance that those who do right and trust in God will surely have their reward.

The other essay is one for which she won a gold medal, made with a clasp and to be worn on a narrow ribbon about the neck. This essay is also most beautifully written without an erasure in it anywhere. It was evidently for a contest in the class in Moral Philosophy. It is full of fervid religious dogmatism. I can see from it that at twenty, at least, Carie had put far from her the pleasure-loving, struggling creature of girlish days and had become a young lady, determined to be noble and Christian. I could almost say, here is a prig in these pages, except that I know well enough that in her there was always that other side of whimsy and humor to save the day. The fact is that to the end of her life if she took up a pen solemnity fell upon her and she put down all sorts of righteous admonitions, which were really admonitions to herself. Even in this little diary she so fortifies herself. I really think the secret of it was the need she constantly conceived to bolster up her own soul. She was continually preaching to herself, fearful lest that laughing heart of hers would lead her astray yet.

Certainly if she had been the person I see here in this essay on *Moral Evidences of Christianity*, this excellent and absurd essay, she could not have so won the universal love of her schoolmates that some of them wrote to her as long as she lived. The girls of her class who were alive twenty-five years after they were graduated made her a

beautiful patchwork quilt of silk and velvet bits, and each embroidered her name on her own square and sent it to China to Carie. She gathered it to her breast, smiling, her eyes wet. "Those darling girls," she murmured, although they were all grey-haired women and so was she.

I remember that for once she gave rein to her love of color and she lined the quilt with a gorgeous piece of scarlet brocaded Chinese silk, and it remained to us all a possession and a glory. It was kept in state on the guest room bed, but when Carie lay dying in that Chinese city she called for it and it was spread over her, a covering of love and homage. I am glad for one thing, at least, that she died when she did and did not live to see the day of revolution that came, when it fell into the hands of blood-thirsty, despoiling soldiers! It was then cast lots for and fell to such a dark and savage creature as I have never seen before nor since, and he wrapped it about his naked filthy shoulders.

At twenty-two she was finished and she went home to the village, feeling herself completely a young lady. But the years of restriction in the Seminary and the emphasis on religion had deepened her purpose of going as a missionary. Now she broached the matter to her father. He was completely astounded, very angry, and flouted the whole idea. What, a young and handsome woman go to a country where people were heathen and would as soon eat a Christian as not—what, his daughter?—Never!

Carie, astonished beyond measure, for she thought the project would appeal to her father's profound religious views, promptly lost her none too stable temper. She argued with him ardently that he should be willing to give her to the cause, and he, from whom her high temper and stubborn will came, replied with heat and excessive dignity that there was a sensible limit to everything, even to the worship of God. It was not suitable for a young unmarried lady only twenty-two years of age to go as a missionary.

It was the first time Carie had heard such heretical talk from her father and she burst into angry tears and what had been a high resolve now became also an obstinate determination.

During the Christmas holidays of that year the pastor's younger brother came back. He was taller than ever, paler, more remote. In

her new and exalted frame of mind he seemed wonderful. Neale Carter and his set were gross and horrible. Then she heard it whispered among the girls of her age that this young man was to be a missionary. Her heart leaped. *Was it the way?*

One day she took opportunity to speak to him, her usual gay ease strangely and suddenly shy. It was after church service, when people were accustomed to linger about the threshold and about the church green. He inclined his head courteously, as shy as she. She said to him, all her soul shining in her golden eyes, "Is it true you want to be a missionary to China?"

She hung on his answer.

"Yes, I feel it my duty," he replied simply. His high white brow was smooth and pure as he stood, hat in hand, his blue eyes serene.

She cried out, ardently, "Oh, I, too, I have wanted to go for *years!*"

For the first time he looked at her with interest. His blue eyes, vague, a little chill, met her dark glowing ones.

"Do you?" he said.

In later years when she was to know him so well those simple words, "I feel it my duty," were to her the key to his nature, the explanation of his every act, the irrefutable argument of his whole life.

He did not forget. He came to call on her formally, and they talked exaltedly of religion and of their mutual purpose. She watched his face as he talked, explaining to her doctrines that she had not had the patience to read out of the dusty books in the church vestry. It seemed as though God meant them to know each other, she thought. There was no rushing of the blood when they were together. They talked so easily and naturally of good things. Her resolve grew more high and pure. The old, world-loving high-spirited nature receded. When he had gone away she felt cool and tranquil and religious. There was none of the heat and laughter and joking that made her merry and yet half ashamed when Neale courted her.

One day, very soon, too, a letter came to her. It was a proposal of marriage, carefully written, couched in stiff formal phrases. Since they had a common purpose in life, since they were of one mind, it seemed God's will that they be joined. Moreover, his mother was not willing that he go alone without a wife to heathen lands. It was the one stipulation she made—that he find a wife. It was not easy to find one

willing to go so far. He had been waiting for the Lord's guidance. It seemed providentially provided.

She read the letter reverently. With a man like this she could be good. Her vivid, forward-leaping imagination pictured the years together, the stern dependence on each other and on God, each helping the other. He was a man not gifted with words. She who was swift and rich in speech could help him there with his sermons. He could supply the profound learning, she the eloquence—invincible combination! She saw a harvest of dark, white-clad heathen being baptized, following them with adoring eyes—a successful life—all the old, stormy, passionate, pleasure-loving nature conquered forever. With Neale Carter her very soul would have been lost and this without saving his. With this other man not only was heaven sure, but she could bring heaven to many another soul. If there was a moment's shadow and a clutch at her heart when she thought of leaving the well-beloved home and land, the next instant she assured herself resolutely that she knew what she wanted. She wanted righteousness above everything. Surely if she sacrificed all—all—God would give her a sign, some day? She seemed to feel the sign very close when she talked with the young missionary.

But she did not answer the letter at once. She went to her father and told him quietly, her exaltation filling her with quietness, that God had provided a way—that she had decided to marry the young man who was going as a missionary and go with him to foreign lands.

Hermanus at this time was a white-haired and extremely choleric old man, straight as a whip and militant as a little general. He seized his walking cane and marched to the door. As luck would have it, it was about three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when the young missionary was accustomed to call. There he came, walking slowly up the flagged walk with his usual somewhat hesitant step. The little angry man flew out at him and brandished the cane in his face. The young man drew back astonished.

"Sir, I know your intentions!" roared Hermanus in a voice out of all proportion to his inches. "You shall not have my daughter!"

The young missionary had a certain dry sense of humor which appeared at rare intervals. He gazed down on the little man and answered mildly, "Yes, I think I shall, sir," and proceeded on his way.

Carie waited for him at the door and the last vestige of doubt was gone. Hermanus's opposition had worked well for the young man. She accepted him.

Cornelius then undertook to win over their father, and while the brother himself did not wholly approve his sister's decision, he recognized that she was a grown woman and would do as she wished. Moreover, the young man himself was a good man and missionary work was a noble work if one had the desire to do it and the call. But the gist of the matter was that Carie would do as she wanted to do, and it was better to let her have her way with apparent approval at home than to let her go off against their wishes. Very unwillingly, therefore, after repeated conferences, Hermanus gave his consent.

Thereafter every afternoon at three o'clock the young missionary called at the house, talked alone with Carie for one hour in the parlor, where he called her "Miss Carie" to the day they were married, and at four o'clock had tea with the family at which wine and little cakes were served, according to the family custom.

On July 8, 1880, they were married, Carie in a dove-colored traveling dress, since it seemed scarcely fitting to a missionary to put on the fripperies of white satin and orange blossoms.

At the station there was a moment of slight confusion when it was found the young bridegroom had bought only one place on the train.

"You must remember you have a wife now," his older brother remarked reprovingly.

The truth was that greater than the excitement of his wedding day to this young man was the realization of the young missionary that at last his dream was coming true, at last he was about to set out on his life work. "The Work" he called it then and ever after. The last obstacle had been removed, his mother's stipulation that he find a wife. He had a wife. But he never could quite remember it.

If ever two babes set out on a journey, these two were such babes. Both had lived in small quiet neighborhoods, never traveling farther than to school. Now they set forth sublimely and confidently to go half-way around the world, and they knew only that first they went by land and then by sea. Andrew had fifteen hundred dollars in paper notes from the mission board under which he was going, and he carried

these folded in the pocket of his double-breasted long coat. They sat up the whole way across the continent, not knowing there were beds to be bought. When they reached San Francisco they did not for several days go to find passage upon a ship. When at last Andrew went to the water's edge he found the "City of Tokio," a rackety, unseaworthy old hulk, was sailing the next day and he engaged a cabin on it and they prepared for this second stage of their journey.

It had not taken Carie three days of married life to see that in the practical affairs of their life she must take the guiding hand. In prayer and preaching Andrew might be powerful but in business he was as trusting and guileless as a child. He believed implicitly in human nature, and although he preached its vileness, he could believe evil of no man except of those who differed with him doctrinally. It was Carie then who arranged for the transfer of luggage and possessions to the ship and who went about discovering the necessities of sea travel.

Who knows at the distance of these years, a half century, what was in her heart as she set sail from the American coast that hot summer's day? Certainly I had it from her own lips once that she had a moment of dreadful panic when she realized she was leaving her own land, and she ran down to her cabin that she might not see the ship pulling away and widening the chasm between her and the beloved shore. She felt at that instant a hostility to this saint to whom she had married herself—nay more, a hostility, instantly repressed, to God Himself, who even at this hour of separation would not speak from the high heaven where He lived to tell her by any sign that she had done well.

The waters over which the careening little old steamer was to bear them for the next month remained for Carie to the end of her life an ocean of horror. She found within an hour of leaving the sight of land that she was no sailor. Seasickness took in her a particularly virulent form, not only of nausea but of violent pains in the head and back, increasing rather than bettering as time went on. She was mountain bred and ever a lover of mountains. She could see little beauty in the sea, and that only of a terrible and overwhelming kind. But this, I think, was partly because it remained forever to her a sign of separation from the land, her own land, which she loved more

deeply as years were to pass—so great and unconquerable a separation, indeed, was the ocean that in her last years she would never return to her own country, being compelled to die in an alien place rather than risk a sea journey. Once when she staggered, green with sickness, from a ship's gangplank, she turned her brilliant eyes, humorous even then, to us and said, "I want to go to heaven more than ever now that I know the Bible says, 'And there shall be no more sea there!'"

For a bride it was a circumstance peculiarly trying that she must be sick all during her honeymoon. But certainly it was less trying with Andrew as the bridegroom than it might have been with another. He was singularly oblivious to the appearance of women and even to that of his wife. She saw this and could smile, although it was with hurt, too. I remember she said once, many years later, when her beauty of youth was quite gone, "Andrew has never seen how I looked or what I wore. The only time he ever said anything about my looks was once when I was nearly dead after one of the babies came and he thought I could not live and was unusually moved. That time he sat by my bed and said in the shyest way, 'I never knew before what pretty brown eyes you have, Carie.' That was when I had been married to him eighteen years and had just borne my seventh child! You see what it is to be married to a saint." Then, with that swift, whimsical turning that was habitual to her she added, "Well, I'd rather be married to a saint that never saw my good looks than to a sinner who saw every other woman's!"

In Japan they were both astonished by the civilization and culture evident there even in the brief stops they made in ports. To Carie especially, who saw with delight the dainty miniature beauty of these people, it seemed incredible that so fairy and perfect a nation could be wicked. But Andrew was not thus easily confused by beauty, and was reassured when he saw temples everywhere and people worshipping. Evidently it was a "heathen" country still.

The old "City of Tokio" went no farther than Japan, and they had to change to a sidewheeler that plied the China seas. On this they had an outrageously rough five days' voyage. Before passing into these notoriously wild waters, however, there were two perfect days in the

Inland Sea of Japan. There the waters of the ocean are held secure in the islands and mountains of Japan, and tamed and placid, they lie content in their beauty. To Carie this sea remained forever a memory of peaceful loveliness, and she took fresh joy in it on every sea crossing she was to make thereafter.

As they approached China she looked eagerly for the picturesque craggy shores which make the entrance to Japan so memorable, but there was no such shore to be seen. The Yangtse River flowed out solid and sullen into the sea, and its yellow, muddy waters maintained themselves uncompromisingly against the clear sea water. It seemed as though the very ship faltered and stumbled as it crossed the line where the two waters met without mingling. On either side of the ship, as land came into sight, were long, low mud flats. Her heart sank a little. Was her life to be spent in a country without beauty?

Thus they reached China and they disembarked at Shanghai, then as now the chief port on the China coast. They were met on the docks by a contingent of old missionaries, and Carie scrutinized them eagerly to see what manner of men and women they were. She was secretly a little disappointed to find that they differed outwardly in no special way from others. There were no signs of unusual nobility, no signs, either, of anything that was not good. They were a group of good, plain people, a little out of date as to clothing, such as might be found in her own home town. The women eyed with secret eagerness the details of her traveling costume, and it seemed to her pathetic that their first questions were of America. But they were warm-hearted and friendly and it was good to be met.

To these older missionaries it was new strength to see two young, strong Americans fresh from home. There were only eleven missionaries in all, and there had been none to come for seven years. On this first night of the newcomers a dinner of welcome was given at the home of one of the missionaries who lived in Shanghai and there they all went eager to talk and ask questions and enjoy the latest news from home and to give advice.

I can never think of this dinner without remembering Carie as she told of it and of the story that went with it. After dinner Andrew, replete with good food, and exhausted and drowsy with the sea jour-

ney, fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, to the horror and consternation of his young bride, who was across the room and unable to nudge him awake. It was the first time Carie had the experience, although she was soon to find out that it was characteristic of Andrew that all his life when he was weary or bored at any time he could fall gently and obstinately asleep, and awake some time later greatly refreshed and very good-humored. This ability doubtless served him in excellent stead when he was passing through the arduous years of his pioneer work and had an important place in keeping him fit physically, but it never ceased to be an agony to Carie. She learned to sit by him whenever possible, and wake him with a gentle skilful movement, although this had to be done carefully lest he wake with a little audible grunt that drew the attention of all toward him.

One of the times when I saw her most outraged was once when he sat upon a church platform with a group of learned men of whom he was to be one to speak. Finding the speech of the one who preceded him to be somewhat dull, he fell tranquilly and purposely asleep. Carie, well in the front, saw it instantly, and if eyes could have pierced flesh, hers would have pierced him and nailed him to the wall behind. But he slept on and on quietly and she writhed in her seat and all but rose when as he was being introduced he still slept. But miraculously he opened his eyes at the right instant, stared ahead of him and saw the pulpit empty and so rose and began to speak. To the reproaches she never failed to heap on him afterwards he smiled somewhat sheepishly, and to her it was the more exasperating because it was quite true he never failed to wake at the last moment.

The little group of missionaries stayed a week in Shanghai to lay in stores for the winter. This port was the only place in those days where foreign goods could be bought and they purchased even their winter's supply of coal here and shipped it inland on the native junks. Andrew bought his first British ulster here, for the winters in the Yangtse valley are damp and chill. They bought bedding also and furniture for their room, and Carie bought some rose-colored muslin to make curtains, this somewhat to Andrew's doubt.

Then the little group separated, half of them to go to Soochow, and the others, and among these the new ones, to go to Hangchow. They set sail in slow, heavy old wooden junks and it took them seven

days to make the journey from Shanghai to Hangchow, a fact incredible these days when a good train service brings these cities within half a day of each other and business men from Shanghai weekend beside the West Lake in Hangchow. But in those days there were no other white people in Hangchow than this little group, Andrew, Carie and old Mrs. Randolph in one junk and the Stuarts and their three little boys in the other. The junks lay in Soochow Creek and there they boarded them, and the boatmen poled them through the Chinese city, the banks lined with staring, curious people, crowding to see the strange passengers.

Carie, gazing back at the mass of brown faces, was sorely divided in heart. Here were the "heathen," the people for whom she had given up her own country, for whom she had given her life—oh, she would give herself for them—she would spend herself for them! Then she was moved with revulsion. How dreadful they were to look upon, how cruel their narrow eyes, how cold their curiosity! But the junks glided at last out of the darkness of the city where the houses pressed so hard upon the banks of the canals that they seemed to be spilled over the edges and stood even in the water upon their posts.

In the country, the canal ran smooth and still between small quiet fields and Carie drew breath once more. The wideness of the blue sky, the familiar sight of trees, willow trees such as grew on her home ground, of crops standing ripe for harvest—such sights she knew and did not fear.

It was well that Carie's first experience of the new country was to be the seven long beautiful days drifting between fields of ripe harvest. Beauty could always win her, and here was beauty; if strange, yet beauty. It was the end of September, opening into October, and the sky was cloudless. Never is sunshine more brilliant in the Yangtse valley than at this time when the heavy heat of summer is gone, and the first touch of autumn scarcely does more than rob the air and the sunshine of their dangerous power, leaving all the pleasant warmth. The masses of feathery, waving bamboo, the low green hills, the winding, golden waters of the canal, the fields yellow with the rich and heavy-headed rice, the small brown villages of thatched houses every half mile or so, the drowsy rhythm of the flails beating out the grain upon the threshing floors, the warm sweet autumn air—it was well

for Carie's purpose that her first days in China were filled with such things. She sat on the prow of the junk and gazed about her, enthralled, marveling, in her simplicity, that a heathen country could be so fair.

Sometimes they called to the boatman to pull in to the shore and they would get out and walk. The junks could go no faster than a person could walk unless there were winds and the sails up. But these days of early autumn were brilliantly calm and windless and the junks were pulled by a rope tied to a mast and the other end made into a sling and caught over men's shoulders, and the men walked on the shore along a tow path.

As they went through the countryside Carie looked with eager interest into the faces of the people she saw. They were not hard faced and cruel looking as the people had been in the city. They were sun-browned, kindly farming folk, curious and gaping at the foreigners, it is true, but answering readily to a smile, and of smiles Carie was always free. Fathers, mothers, little children merry as brown crickets in the earth, she saw them as families and as people earning their living from the soil, and they became human to her, and forever afterwards, I think, ceased to be "heathen." This was to be the keynote of her life among them later, though she had, it is true, a certain amount of race prejudice which was perhaps the effect of the times in which she grew up. But suffering or need or charm of individuals made her quite unconsciously forget her prejudices and she saw people as persons.

I remember a story she used to tell us of her childhood, when although her father would not own slaves, he would not, either, allow his children to play with colored children. At the far end of one of the fields was a tenant house on which a free Negro worked for the place. He had a large family of children and Hermanus had a high board fence put up, on the other side of which they must remain. Carie said, "We used to play down in that field sometimes, but I never could enjoy it. Those little colored children would climb up and watch us and look so wistfully at us. One day Luther shouted out, 'We can't play with you!' And the little colored children cried out in a scattered chorus, 'We knows it—we knows we's little niggahs!' I've never forgotten how sad it made me feel, and just for that moment

I knew how it would be to be black in a white community. I remember I scolded Luther mightily for being so cruel as to remind them." Her eyes, when she told us, were tender and tragic with the memory. She longed so much for people to be happy.

How many times I have seen her, passing on foot through a little Chinese village, halt, as Christ halted once above Jerusalem to cry out that great, sad cry of his life, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" So I have heard her cry passionately, beholding the oppression of life upon people, "It doesn't need to be so very different from this," she would say. "So little needs really to be changed in these villages—the houses, the streets, the fields, they are all good enough in themselves. I want them kept as they are. But oh, if only the people would not kill their girl babies and keep their women ignorant and bound of foot and if they would not worship blindly through fear only—if only the filth could be cleared from the streets and the half-dead dogs killed, even—it's a beautiful country if only they would use what they have!"

And again she cried, "I don't want them to take anything of ours. If only they would live in their little villages and in their towns and cities just as they are, only make them clean and be good—how beautiful it would all be!"

Never in all her long life among them did I ever see her teach them anything beyond the simplicities of righteousness and cleanliness. It delighted her practical sense to take a native product and show them how to use it well. "You don't need foreign things and lots of money," she would say to a woman. "You have enough of everything if you will learn to use it well." Again and again she would murmur, passing through town and countryside, "They have everything and enough of all except two things, cleanliness and righteousness." These were the two rocks upon which her own life was built.

Passing then, in this first period of her new life, along the fair countryside, her heart was filled with the desire to give them what she had of these two essentials of life. That she found the country lovely to see and the people kindly warmed her very soul and moved her to fresh zeal. In a country so fair as this surely it would not be hard to tell them about the good God. She began those years with a tremendous enthusiasm for life, the life she had chosen. There were so many things she could do—babies with sore eyes, women who could

not read—oh, a score of things to do. In the business of the things to be done she almost forgot her secret trouble—that God never had really given her a sign.

They reached Hangchow on a Saturday morning and they walked through the close and crowded streets until they reached the mission compound. Wheelbarrows, sedan chairs, vendors with their baskets slung on a pole over their shoulders, magicians and street fakirs, way-side shops, women washing clothes at wells and shouting amiably the neighborhood gossip, little naked children dashing expertly in and out of the crowded vehicles and legs—it seemed incredible that there could be ways so narrow and people so multitudinous. But from the congestion they stepped into a narrow gateway and all was peace. Here on a green lawn were set two whitewashed mission houses, square and cheap in construction, it is true, but clean and with plenty of windows and long verandas. There was a little whitewashed chapel, also, opening with its own gates into the street. Here was to be their home, here in this mission compound.

In the first house nearest the street was the room assigned to Carie and Andrew and on that very day they settled their belongings and Carie made and hung the rose-colored curtains. They were a comfort and joy to her for many a day.

The next morning, it being Sunday, they all went to church, and Carie and Andrew had an undoubted excitement in this first experience of worshipping their God in a land where He was not known. At the threshold they had to separate, Andrew to go to the men's section, and Carie to go with the other two American women to the women's section. A very high board wall was between the two. Carie sat down and watched while the other two white women spoke to this one and that one of the assembled dark-skinned women. Warm greetings sprang up on every side and Mrs. Stuart chatted easily with them. Carie was for an instant envious, feeling herself tongue-tied because she could not talk. But Mrs. Stuart turned to her, saying, "They are all asking about you. They are so glad you have dark eyes and hair."

Carie smiled, too, then, and felt warm and friendly, and looked with greatest interest at these Chinese women of all ages, most of

them with babies in their arms. She looked at their neat cotton coats and wide sleeves and their wide pleated skirts, and saw with horror their tiny pointed feet. That she must change, she decided, with boundless faith in her resources and purpose. Each woman carried a hymn book and a few other books neatly tied up in a blue cotton kerchief. As the service began, Mrs. Stuart went to the baby organ, and immediately there was a great rustling of hymnal leaves. Most of the women were being taught to read, Carie found out afterwards, and they felt their honor depended on their ability to find the hymns as they were given out. Their pastor, who was Dr. Stuart, waited patiently, with a subdued twinkle in his eyes, until with agitated peerings at each other's books and much whispering each had found the place. Then he gave a sign and Mrs. Stuart began to pump the somewhat obdurate and certainly overworked little organ.

No one had thought to prepare Carie for his hymn singing. In the little white church of her childhood the singing of psalms and hymns had been a dignified and beautiful part of the service. She had expected the familiar tunes here, and waited expectantly while Mrs. Stuart played over once, "There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood." The face of every Chinese woman at this point became tense and excited. The instant Mrs. Stuart opened her mouth to sing the race began. Everyone sang as quickly and as loudly as she could, and from the roar that came over the board wall, evidently the same thing was happening on the men's side. Such a mighty noise filled the little chapel that it seemed the roof was like to burst off.

No one sang the tune, but only his own. Carie listened in a panic of astonished mirth. The old lady next to her rocked back and forth squeaking in a high falsetto, gabbling at a terrific speed, her long fingernail following the characters down the page. She finished ahead of all the other singers, slapped her book shut, and sat down in triumph, to tie it back into the kerchief. Envy was writ on the face of the others who saw her and they redoubled their efforts. Meanwhile, the old lady sat composed and enveloped in an air of victory.

It was too much for Carie. She held her handkerchief to her lips and went outside. There safely out of hearing behind the chapel she laughed until she cried. When quiet reigned once more, after the prolonged and lonely voices of one or two of the slowest ones had

mandered on in determination to the very end, she went back, glancing at Mrs. Stuart to see how she had borne it. But this was an old story to her. She had closed her book and sat prepared for the sermon.

The next morning Carie and Andrew settled to their first lesson in the Chinese language. Their teacher was a very small, dried, wizened, little old man, dressed in a somewhat soiled black robe that flapped about his heels, and he was notable for a vacuous and wandering right eye. His one English word was "yes," but he did not know its meaning and they soon learned it was a habit and not a vocabulary with him.

They had a small lesson sheet with the sounds of the Hangchow dialect plotted upon it, prepared by some American, and a copy of the New Testament in Chinese. These were their textbooks. But the teacher began and by noon they had learned several sentences. Thereafter from eight until twelve and from two to five they studied with the old man, and at night reviewed together what they had learned during the day.

Carie showed at once an amazing facility at the spoken language—a facility which I have been told Andrew found at times a little trying, and which made him somewhat stiff, reared as he had been in the doctrine of male superiority. But he was more patient at learning characters than she, and this consoled him, for he considered it the real test of scholarship. Carie's quick ear and remarkably natural pronunciation remained assets to her. Andrew was a little shy at practising what he knew lest he seem ridiculous in his mistakes, but Carie had no such pride or self-consciousness. She used every word she learned on anybody who would talk with her—on the old gateman who was always ready for a laugh, on the cook, on the maidservant in the house. When she made a mistake she could laugh as heartily as anyone and with as keen an enjoyment. She was far too fun-loving for dignity, and with her quick smile and bright dark eyes soon became a great favorite with the Chinese ladies. This was also because there was about her such a warm humanity that none could fail to recognize it. When she saw that these people were like herself, she began to treat them exactly as she would those of her own race, with no sense of strangeness, and this was from no studied effort but only from the natural outpouring of her warmth of human sympathy.

Filth and dishonesty were the only two qualities which moved her to indignation and to wonder, fleeting enough, whether they—the people—could be “made good,” since these two faults seemed sometimes depressingly universal.

After the day's studying she and Andrew took long walks and they explored the city and countryside. It did not take them long to choose the countryside, for the narrow, winding streets, the beggars, the crowded, unsanitary life, oppressed Carie unbearably. Moreover, crowds followed them thickly wherever they went in the streets and this was unpleasant. But I think she minded most the sad sights to be seen, and perhaps particularly the blind. I have seen her many times stand aside to let a blind person pass, tears in her eyes, a passion of pity flooding her. Man, woman or child, a blind person sent her fumbling in her pocket for money, if the person were at all poor. “Oh, the hopelessness of it!” she would whisper. “So many of them—never to see the sky, never to see the earth—never to *see!*”

But one of their favorite walks was on top of the great city wall, whose ramparts look down over the city and over the West Lake and over the rivers that wind and meet about the city. Here there were space and air and miles of country to look over and few to molest them. But even here she learned not to look over the wall too closely, for at its foot there were often little dead bodies of children, bodies of those who had died or been killed.

She early came to see the land of China for what it was and is to this day—a great country of contradictions, where the most beautiful in nature and conceived in the imagination of man is inextricably mingled with the saddest to be seen on earth. This compound of beauty and sorrow was to bind her to this land of her adoption most strangely at times, but sometimes it sent her to her room in a terror of repulsion and longing for her home and for her own country.

This saint of Carie's she soon found was very man, too. Before she had been in Hangchow three months she was with child. Children had scarcely been in her scheme, and in her innocence—fatal innocence of her generation!—she did not know what was wrong with her. She dosed herself with numerous liver pills and with quinine and in the end it took the experienced eyes of Mrs. Stuart to suggest

the root of the difficulty. When the truth dawned in Carie's mind she received it with mingled feelings and a good deal of surprise. Somehow she had taken it for granted that she would not have children since she had dedicated her life to a cause. Nevertheless, after a short time of reflection and adjustment, she was too much woman not to rejoice and she assured herself that there was no great change in her purpose—it was only a new means of working out that purpose, through home and little children rather than through following after Andrew where he went.

She kept persistently on with her study of the language therefore, although she was very ill sometimes and had to lie down a good deal. It was natural to a person of her buoyant temper that there were periods of reaction and depression, and during these she wondered with something like fear how she could rear children in an environment so different from her own childhood; how keep them to the standards of her race and creed, how protect them from sadness and sights of death. Then homesickness flooded over her with the sickness of her body, homesickness for her own country, for the people she knew in her little home town, people direct of gaze and upright in dealing; for all the clean implicities of their life.

There was no doctor in Hangchow so when the hour drew near for birth she and Andrew went to Shanghai once more, and there her first son was born, and when he lay in her arms she forgot all her pains of body and mind and again there was joy for a man born. He was a large fair boy with blue eyes and pale gold hair, and her love rushed out to him, and all the deep maternity in her awoke, never to sleep again. It must be confessed that during these years of her child-bearing the impulse of her impetuous nature went out to her children and the home she could make for them and for that time at least her enthusiasm for her cause was in abeyance, rather, subordinate to the other.

When the child was three months old Andrew was detailed to fill the place of another man in Soochow and this meant tearing up the slight roots they had begun to put into Hangchow and a move, not only to a new city but to a new dialect. But there was one compensation for Carie. She could have her own home instead of one room.

The home was only three rooms above the mission boys' boarding

school and one had to climb a narrow, winding, outside stair to reach it. But they had the three rooms to themselves, and from the windows one could look out over the city, its dark tile roofs crowded together at every possible angle, and threaded through with narrow winding canals. Just to one side of the school compound and in full view of her window rose that majestic pagoda, centuries old, which still stands to make visible the glory that was old China. Pagan as Carie knew it to be and pagan as she considered it in her downright opinion, yet the purity of its lines and the nobility of the high crown of bronze and the wild sweet jangling of the small bronze bells upon its upturned corners won her to its beauty. There in the shadow of this old pagoda, above the din of the boys playing in the courts below, her little fair-haired American son grew and sat alone and at last crept about the floors and pulled himself up staggering to stare out of the window.

As he grew out of her arms Carie began to take a share in the school which her husband directed. Her attention was first fixed upon the matter of cleanliness. Her sharp eyes detected signs of discomfort in the long queues the boys wore from their scalps and she fell upon them with horrified enthusiasm and rubbed insecticide into the roots of their hair and washed and scrubbed relentlessly, regardless of all cries and protests. Then she examined every boy's bed and clothing and fumigated and made them all clean and uncomfortable with her scouring.

Andrew, laboring over their everlasting souls, would not have thought of lice and bedbugs. Carie, engrossed in the necessity for cleanliness, saw Andrew praying with some refractory lad, and paused to think remorsefully, "How much better he is than I! How is it I forget so about souls?"

And she would send up one of her swift, passing prayers, "God, help me to remember that souls are more than bodies."

But the next moment her interest would be caught in the ordering of rice and vegetables for the kitchen or there would be a little boy who looked pale and she must coax him to drink a little milk which his Oriental soul loathed, or there would be itch on another's hands and she must run for the sulphur mixture. Souls were more impor-

tant, that one believed heartily, but bodies were somehow so immediate.

Her eagerness to be of help at this time led her into studying medicine out of various books she could buy in Shanghai, and part of her work each day came to be the holding of a little clinic where she treated simple diseases and dressed ulcers and skin infections and gave advice to mothers about their sick babies. She learned to lance hideous carbuncles and to treat rotten and gangrenous bound feet. If her flesh crawled as it often did so that she could not eat for sickness at times, her sense of humor saved her. She never failed to smile at the suspicion of the women over a pill of quinine—how could so small a thing work any healing for so dread a disease as prolonged chills and fever and turning yellow and fading away? Without a word but with a twinkle in her eye she learned to melt the pill in a great bowl of hot water and hand the brimming, bitter dose to an old lady, who tasting its extreme nastiness and seeing its vast amount was comforted and drank it down with every assurance of full recovery.

But chief compensation for crawling of the sensitive flesh and the horror at long neglected troubles was the joy of seeing good sound skin grown again and health returning to pale emaciated bodies. This was good. This was triumph.

In this year her brother Cornelius sent her an organ, a Mason and Hamlin organ of good size, such as had stood in the sitting room at home. It had an extraordinarily sweet tone, for Cornelius had chosen it himself with great care and his true ear knew the best. It was six months on the way, having been freighted through the Mediterranean. It arrived on a Saturday evening and Carie could not eat or rest until the box was opened and she and Andrew together lifted out the precious instrument. There it stood, her own! Her very heart was moved and she sat down at it reverently and played one of the choruses they used to sing together at home, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and soon her big, glorious voice was lifted joyously and rang out over the courts and the streets and people stood still in the twilit streets to hear what they had never heard before. Then she sang a hymn in the Chinese tongue and the manservant came and stood in the shadow

of the half-opened door and she marked his listening face and it came to her with a great rush of joy that perhaps here was her special gift of service.

Thereafter the organ became as a living person in her life and to this day there are those who think of her always as she looked when she sat there at it, sometimes with her apron on and just as she happened to be in the midst of work and household duties, but always her strong hands gathering great chords of melodies to scatter out and her lovely voice ringing forth. Through all the wanderings she was destined to have her organ went with her, and when her home was a thatched mud hut, the organ stood on a board platform to keep it from the dampness of the earthen floor, but it stood there where she could run to it half a dozen times a day and make it speak.

By the second summer she was again with child and this summer they spent in Shanghai to be near a doctor, for all had not gone well with her. Just as they were about to return Andrew took a severe sunstroke and thus the return was delayed. Carie set herself to tend him then, for the doctor said his life depended on nursing. Edwin, the little boy, she sent with a friend and she gave herself wholly and resolutely to saving her husband's life.

For six weeks he hung on the edge of death and for six weeks Carie did not undress for sleep, but only bathed and freshened herself in the morning and evening and sat beside him and tended him. The doctor marvelled at her vitality. Through the hot, humid days of late summer and early autumn she kept herself fresh in white gowns, a ribbon at her throat, her bright hair waved and immaculate, her heart calm and resolute. She was quite determined that Andrew should not die in the beginning of his chosen career. There was the unborn child to think of, too. For that one's sake she must not let herself be fearful and anxious. Much of the time Andrew was delirious and she had a manservant to help her hold him and she bathed him with cool water until he grew quiet. She was rewarded for he recovered, although ever after he was so muscularly affected in his arms and shoulders that he never got back his suppleness of movement.

With the coming of the cool days of late autumn they were all back in Soochow again and there was born her first little daughter Maude.

She was a small, fat, pretty child, very fair of skin, and with brown eyes and curly fair hair. That was a happy winter with the two children. Edwin had grown astonishingly and was beginning to talk and to sing, and Carie delighted to lay the baby in her crib and have Edwin stand at the organ while she played and sang to them. The baby listened, her eyes wide, and Edwin developed a clear, tuneful little voice.

Carie was the gayest mother. She picked up here and there from her few books and magazines and out of her own head little rhymes and songs and she filled her children's lives with merriment so that later when they looked back and realized with maturity how lonely and narrow an environment was about them, they were conscious of no loss because they had had her rich companionship. Part of this gayety was the overflowing of her own buoyant heart, but part of it was a conscious determination to shield her children from the Oriental life about them, too beautiful as it was, and too sad, for childish hearts. She was always oppressed with the too abundant humanity of the Orient, with its acceptance of human suffering and human passion. She did not want her children to know these too early. Yet what beauty there was that they could bear she wanted them to have. She held her baby up to the window that she might hear the pretty silvery tinkle of the little bells on the pagoda, but she hung a ruffled curtain on the lower sash so that Edwin could not see the beggar who sat all day at the foot, his nose and cheeks eaten away with leprosy.

During that winter she definitely gave her life first to her children and with the deepening experience of motherhood, she began to live more deeply within herself. She began the old pondering about God. All through the years she had looked for a sign from God, a definite sign of approval, and none had come. She could not be sure at any time that the swift emotions of her own heart came from any other source than her own heart and desire. God never came down to her with visible sound or movement. But it seemed to her after a while that her little children taught her much about the God she hoped in—their dependence on her, their little faces turned to catch her mood, their clinging hands—to the end of her life she would say, "How much more they taught me than I ever could teach them!" She would fall into meditation and say at last, "I suppose we understand God's pur-

poses as little as those babies knew mine, even my purposes for them. They trusted me for all their lives, confident in my love, and because of that, willing to believe that I knew best. I think that must be the way we ought to see God—simply trust that He is there and cares.”

It came to be her complete creed.

When spring drew near she found to her dismay that she was again with child. It meant that baby Maude must be weaned and this just before the unbearable summer heat came on. But she weaned the child as best she could, without the books and innumerable aids that mothers have in these days.

In spite of every care, however, the change made the child ill, and Carie decided in a panic that they must get to some cooler place if the child was to survive the summer. So she and Andrew and the children set sail for Japan, across the China seas, and on a little Japanese island they spent what remained of the summer. Andrew, absorbed always with his zeal for the Work, traveled about with a Japanese missionary, but Carie spent herself for the children. They lived on the beach all day where the clear sea waves rolled gently up the sands to the fringe of pine trees, and Edwin tumbled in and out of the water and grew brown and hearty, and even little Maude sat with her feet in the warm wavelets and her hands full of sand. She was better but not well, for there was no fresh milk to be had and she could not digest the thick, sweet condensed milk. At the end of the summer she was still frail and thin but alive, and Carie, thankful for this, prepared for the return to China. Andrew was already impatient to be back at his work.

The voyage across the turbulent China seas in the small sidewheel steamer was made yet more rough by the attack of a fierce typhoon. It seemed as though the vessel must founder in the great waves before dawn. Carie was desperately ill and more than a little afraid, but fear and illness were swept up into the greater fear for little Maude, who on the first night out was attacked by a violent stomach disorder that from the very first threatened to be fatal. Carie, racked with nausea, and frightened for the child within her, staggered about in the little cabin of the tossing ship, walking with the sick child. Andrew was helpless except to agonize and pray, for the child would not go to him. The heat was stifling in the close room, and at last Carie, crying that

she would rather be swept overboard than endure the gasping of the child, ran out and clinging to the rail, crept up the stairs and to the upper passages. There one of the passengers saw her condition. He was an old missionary, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, and he took the little child gently from her arms and began to walk to and fro with her. It was evident to him at once that the baby was dying and he watched tenderly and sadly as the little face softened and grew unconscious.

There was no doctor on board the little Japanese ship and Carie saw what was to come and was seized with the very despair of death. She flew to the cabin and threw herself upon the floor in an agony of prayer. If ever God were going to speak out of His heaven, let it be now—let it be now! Andrew, praying quietly, could not bear her fevered, importunate besieging of God, and he rebuked her gently, but she turned on him in anger.

"You do not bear these little children," she cried at him. "You do not understand what it is to give your life to the making of a child and then see it die—it's myself dying!" Then she was racked with fury at him. "If it had not been for this other one coming too soon I could have nursed her through the summer and saved her. Oh, Maudie—Maudie!"

She ran back to the passageway upstairs, and there the gentle old man stood still, bracing himself against the rail as the ship flung itself here and there in the winds. He had drawn a corner of the blanket over the baby's face and he stood and waited reverently until the mother came near. Then he went to her and gave her the little, light, still burden. "My child," he said softly, "the little girl has returned to God who gave her."

Speechless Carie took her baby in her arms. It was the first direct blow life had dealt her, and she was helpless against it. She must be alone. She could not bear to see anyone—not Andrew. She went to the end of the passage and opened a small door that led toward the stern of the ship, and slipped out and sat behind a pile of coiled rope. The sea was in great black waves, a leaden, livid light gleaming where a faint dawn shone upon them. Spray broke over her in a mist of foam. She took her skirt and wrapped it about the child, and then she lifted the blanket and looked at the small face. It was white and still and already carven in quiet.

"She really starved to death—she really starved to death—" Carie whispered.

A wave of spray fell over them and Carie covered the child. How she hated this sea—how she hated this sea, the great heaving, insensate thing! Well, at least this precious little body would not be thrown into its vastness to be lost there. She would take it back to Shanghai and lay it in earth where other white people lay.

Over the roaring grey sea hung the grey sky. Where was God in all this? No use praying—no use asking for a sign. She wrapped her arms about the child defiantly and crouched staring over the sea. Then she gave a great sob. Even with all this she must be seasick. Sitting there with her dead baby in her arms sickness overcame her mercilessly, and she must heed it for the sake of life to come.

She rose dizzily and went inside and fumbled for the staircase, and clinging to it with one hand, her baby clasped carefully in the other arm, she crept slowly to the cabin. The wind had blown her long dark hair about her and the spray had wet it. Andrew stood gazing through the thick glass of the porthole, closed fast against the storm. But every instant the dark water covered it as though they were running under the sea.

He turned a quiet face to her. "It is God's will," he said gently.

But she tossed back her wet dark hair and flung out her answer to him, "Don't talk to me about God!"

And suddenly she fell into dreadful weeping.

The crisis of her pain passed at last and she was able to see it quietly, albeit never without a dreadful hollow aching in her breast. They went back to the house in the shadow of the pagoda, and she set herself steadfastly to her life again, teaching Edwin to read, mothering the schoolboys, teaching them to sing and to learn the history and arithmetic and geography and other subjects of modern importance which distinguished this school from the old classical schools of the country. She made her little house fresh and neat and baked brown loaves of bread and made butter from water buffalo milk which they were able to get now for the first time, and in a hundred ways filled her days full. But she could not bear the tinkling of the pagoda bells and when the wind shook them she rose hastily from whatever she

was doing and closed the window. She was thankful when after two months Andrew was suddenly sent back to Hangchow to fill a need there. It was a relief to go back where Maude had never lived and where there were no memories of that short life.

Carie began now to put herself more into Andrew's work. God was not nearer, but she was no longer angry. She was past that now, since anger was so futile. She could even say sometimes, "Thy will be done," without having her heart rise in her throat in hot rebellion. She began to set herself again to the subduing of her passionate, impetuous nature. It was the old struggle. Brooding, she tried to see that this sorrow might be a discipline sent her, there might be a meaning in it. Perhaps God meant to help her and had taken away her child because when she had the little child she was so happy she forgot about God. Perhaps she had to be led by sorrow since she could not be led by joy. She humbled herself to this thought and she began to go often to the little whitewashed chapel that opened off the busy street, and she talked with women there and tried to teach them to read. It was good to have some of them remember her and it warmed her heart to see their friendly faces. When one said, "I have lost my child this year," Carie's eyes brimmed and she seized the brown hand and held it hard in understanding.

But emotionally and physically Carie was too closely knit together. When she was not happy some strength went out of her body and during the winter she grew thin and weary. When spring came and a little girl was born, even this did not waken her to gayety again. It was too soon to have another little girl in her arms. She took the child quietly and lovingly but without joy. The child, whom she named Edith, reflected the mother's heart and was a grave, quiet child, patient for her age always, and even as an infant, responsible and resigned.

In the summer they all went to a mountain top near enough to the city so that Andrew could continue his preaching and teaching but far enough away to get a change of air and to escape the humid heat of the rice fields, stagnant and simmering in the sun. On top of the mountain was a temple and from this they rented two rooms.

It was a new experience for Carie. The deep stillness of the shadowy bamboo groves and the pines, the silent priests stately in their grey robes, the dark cool temple halls with the gods standing dreaming and

motionless against the walls—all of this showed her yet a new side of this great, complex country. The huge gods stood in the main halls of the temple, but in the room where she slept with her children a little gilded goddess of mercy looked mildly down from a niche in the wall. Edwin called her "the pretty gold lady," and Carie wove stories for him about the dainty, doll-like figure in its flowing robes, and grew somehow to feel kindly toward this patient little goddess, looking down upon white and alien faces.

When the children lay sleeping and Carie fanned them as they slept, she pondered on the strangeness of her life, she whose room and home had looked out over sweeping meadows and clear country roadsides, over windswept, distant hills and wide skies—she sat here with her two children in a dark room in a Chinese temple, where through the round window she could look down a flagged path to the vast incense urn that stood outlined against the dense green of the bamboos. All through the night and day at long, regular intervals the temple bell reverberated its solitary, resonant note and echoed from the hillsides—a strange, mystic music filled with human sadness.

She was suddenly afraid. She caught her little son into her arms and cried to her heart that she would not have him, a little American boy, shadowed by the strangeness of this land—no, none of her children. Hereafter it would be the first thing in her life to teach them of their own country, that fair, bright America where people believed God was a free spirit and not confined into these fearful and grotesque shapes of painted clay.

Thereafter at dawn and at sunset when the priests chanted their sad chants and little Edwin ran to hide his face in her bosom when he heard the swelling wave of human voices rise into the slow, melancholy music, she comforted him with a voice natural and full of ordinary tones, "That is just their way of singing hymns, darling! Don't you know how we sing, too?"

And putting her cheek against his she would sing softly, "I love to tell the story of Jesus and his love," and from this she would swing into a rollicking nursery rhyme. Soon the temple room was full of her bright ringing voice and the little children were wrapped in the sure comfort of it. To them the sad chanting was only a background, scarcely heard for this warm, glad voice. Always before the end she

sang "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty." Edwin shouted it with her joyously, the first song he could sing through to the end.

But her body had been subtly broken by sorrow and in spite of her will to do it she could not bring back buoyancy to her step. The languid air was debilitating, and mosquitoes swarmed from the tepid water of the rice fields. No one knew in those days that mosquitoes brought malaria, and Carie took as a matter of course the chills and fevers. Besides this, Edwin caught a dysentery and for weeks was white and weak.

There were other difficulties, too, during the year after the birth of her third child. They were recalled to Soochow, and while they were there the young American missionary doctor, newly come and living in the house with them, was overcome with the extreme sights of suffering and with the immensity of his task, and these preyed upon him mentally until he began to show signs of insanity. Carie with her sharp perceptions had been the first to suspect it, and she lived in tense expectation of disaster.

One day at the end of a meal, when Andrew had already finished and left the house, Dr. Fishe produced a bottle of pills from his pocket and set it before Carie.

"Mrs. Stone," he said persuasively, "you have not been well for a long time. Here is something to make you quite well and at once." He laughed shrilly and strangely, and Carie felt a chill come over her.

"Why, I feel quite well now, Dr. Fishe," she answered in surprise, half rising from her chair.

But he seized her wrist and said in a low, harsh voice, "Swallow them—swallow them all now!"

Carie saw at once she had to do with a madman. Her quick wits did not desert her. She answered quietly, "Just a moment, then, please, until I fill my glass," and taking her empty glass she walked calmly out of the room.

Once outside, she ran for Andrew. He was in the room below preaching to a roomful of listeners from the street, but when she gasped out her story and her fear for the children when the insane man should have found her gone, Andrew went at once. Fortunately, he was the taller and stronger of the two, and after a struggle he succeeded in

overpowering the young doctor, whom he found crouched under the table with the carving knife in his hand.

The next day Andrew took the insane man aboard a Chinese junk and watching him day and night escorted him to Shanghai, where he put him in charge of an American who was returning to the United States. The young doctor had periods of complete lucidity when he was well aware of what was happening, and having overheard the American in charge of him explain to some of the passengers that the young doctor was mentally unbalanced and they were not to be disturbed if he acted strangely at times, the young doctor immediately went about informing the passengers slyly that he was taking the other one home because that one was insane. The passengers and crew remained in doubt for some days as to which was in reality the insane one!

But the incident seemed suddenly too much for Carie, and she found she was tired. Now she noticed what she had not before, that she had a cough and was often feverish. They went to Shanghai to find a doctor, and there she was told she had tuberculosis and must sail at once for America.

She went back to the dingy little room at the mission boarding house to make up her mind what she must do. For one swift glad instant she had thought, "I may honorably go home!" Then she saw Andrew's face, stricken and white. Now in the room she remembered it. He was sitting with his back to her, his shoulders drooping. She said quietly, "Andrew, I'm not going home."

He asked after an instant, "What else can we do?"

She answered passionately, "I won't take you from the Work. I'll never have it said it was I who took you from the Work. We'll go to North China, to Chefoo, and take a house, and you can preach there, and I'll get well by myself."

She watched his shoulders straighten. He turned to her, relief in his eyes and voice. "Well, if you think so, Carie—"

She looked at him at that moment, too proud to speak again, hurt to the soul. Did he understand at all the fight ahead of her? He would accept any sacrifice from her, but it did not matter. She could fight alone. Then it came to her for the first time clearly that there was really nothing between her and this man except these two bonds,

the preaching of their religion and the children they had had together, and even the children were but a link of the flesh, for Andrew was not a man who ever understood or loved children. Not that he disliked them, but they did not exist for him in any real sense. His life was wrapped in a mystic union with God and with the souls of men—always their souls. Men and women were first of all souls to him and seldom any more. But to Carie sense was real, life so nearly human flesh and blood entire, and God—where and what was God?

It was the question of her life. If she were to take Andrew away from his work, therefore, what would be left for them together, what tie to bind in any sort of verity? She could not believe that he would ever forgive her, nor, indeed, that he would leave the work he had chosen. She belonged to an age when marriage, at least among respectable and certainly among religious people, was as irrevocable as death. She had pledged herself to a life with him and she would go on with it. She said, therefore, in answer to all suggestions of return to her country, "No, we will go to the northern part of China, and we will see if I cannot grow well there. I shall not give up yet."

But she was fiery independent, when she was hurt, and she would let Andrew draw but half their meager salary, since now for some time she would not be able to do any work in the mission. Then, having said farewell to their little group of friends, they hired a junk and set sail for the coast, and Carie did not know whether ever again she would see these faces, grown familiar with daily association. But she had her pride and her determination to keep her brave.

I remember she said this junk, like many others, was infested with huge rats, and they ran up and down above her head all night on the low hung beams, and one night she was waked out of her sleep suddenly by a great rat struggling in the thick stresses of her long unbound hair. She had to plunge her hand in and seize it and throw it to the floor, and the sleek, writhing body in her hand turned her sick, and she would have cut off her hair if she could for loathing of it.

When they reached the coast they took ship for Chefoo, a seaport on the coast of a bay in the northern seas off China. But I must not forget to tell that it was on the day before they sailed that she found the oval table standing in the Shanghai second-hand shop, and she was charmed by its slender, firm proportions and bought it then and there

from the haggling, bent old man who owned it. This was to Andrew's sore bewilderment, to whom tables were but tables and nothing more, and they had, he thought, already household stuff enough to weary him. If he could, he would have traveled with a scrip and a slender purse and a book, and burdened himself with nothing. But to Carie the beautiful piece of furniture was a thing of delight, and when she was desperately seasick, she fortified herself with the thought of it in all its grace, its fine curves and smooth bright wood, there in the hold of the ship beneath her.

III

ONCE in Chefoo they set about finding a house. Andrew would have rented a place near the Chinese city which stood in the curve below the hills, but Carie would not. She was so ill and weak by now that she knew well it would be a struggle for life itself, and she must have every aid of surroundings. Moreover Edwin still had the dysentery of six months before, and the miserable disease lingered on, and the child was thin and white and scarcely able to stand.

When she told me of this, I saw her eyes grow pitiful and tender. "That poor little boy of mine," she said, "I had to keep him on a starvation diet, and he was so hungry all the time. One day he saw some bits of white on the dining room floor, and he stooped and wet his little forefinger on his tongue and picked them up to eat. He thought they were cracker crumbs and cried when he found they were only bits of lime flaked off the whitewashed wall! It broke my heart."

She longed for him and for herself that she could have carried them over the sea and to her own home and into the wide sweet rooms of her girlhood. But since she could not, she found a house set on a hill and above the sea, so that the winds could come in fresh from ocean spaces and untouched by fetid human life. Andrew must just walk a little farther to his work.

The house was a low stone bungalow set on a cliff that ran sheer down into deep, clear blue water and dashing white waves. There was a sandy little garden and a stone wall high enough to keep the children safe but not too high for her to lean upon and pierce the distance

with her gaze and dream she saw ten thousand miles away a coastline well beloved.

She set herself then to save her own life. Andrew never saw how truly ill she was, but she well knew that the pain in her side and the constant little dry hacking cough and the feverish languor she had every day held their dire meaning. She had her bed moved to the corner of the porch and lifted and set on bricks so that she might see over the wall to the sea and sky.

To the right of where she lay sandy mountains lifted their gaunt bare shoulders, but of the Chinese city at its foot she could see nothing. It was as she would have it. She must now for her life's sake forget the crowded streets and the blind beggars and the sadness which broke her heart because she could do so little to change it. But lying there she pondered of it still.

Andrew could see the wretched, she thought, and pray for them and be comforted. God would save their souls and in heaven they would be happy. But Carie praying, to be sure, yet prayed with a certain angry passion, for it seemed forever wrong that such things should be and heaven could not wipe out the memory of what had happened on earth. Moreover, if God permitted such suffering, as Andrew said He did for His own wise purpose, still it made no easier the sores upon the quivering flesh and made no lighter the blind eyes and freed no crushed and imprisoned lives. But beyond this she would not let herself go, for there was no answer anywhere. She forced herself, with all the force of the years of training in the village church, to obedience.

"I must just trust and obey," she told herself, chiding her own heart.

But she could not, as Andrew did, withdraw to her room and pray and come out satisfied because she saw only men's souls. No, if her body had broken under her life it was because for the sake of her own anguish she had always to wash and bind and heal where she could and give out medicine to the sick, and where no human could heal and there was none who could remove pain and death she had wept as though it fell upon her own very flesh and blood.

I saw her watch the night through with a mother beside a little dying child, praying aloud as she worked, and at dawn when the child died she seized the little dark dead body and wept in a fury of

sorrow and defeat. When Andrew, told of it, opened his eyes in surprise to say gently, "Doubtless it was the Lord's will and the child is safe in heaven," she flew back at him, "Oh, and do you think that fills the mother's heart and arms?" But immediately she said in great dejection, "Oh, I know it's wrong to say that—I know I ought to say God's will be done—but that does not fill empty arms and hearts."

Once I heard someone say of another's dead child, "The body is nothing now, when the soul is gone." But Carie said simply, "Is the body nothing? I loved my children's bodies. I could never bear to see them laid into earth. I made their bodies and cared for them and washed them and clothed them and tended them. They were precious bodies."

Death and sorrow were forever incomprehensible to her, who was so tender-hearted that she could never hurt any living thing. It was very hard for her to understand the God of the times in which she was reared, and, indeed, she never did.

Out of one of these deep human experiences of hers she had been left with a serving woman who came to her and never left her until old age made her incapable. The woman had been living with a man not her husband who had crushed the skull of her little girl child the morning it was born. Carie, passing the wretched hut on the same day, heard the desperate moaning from within and her quick ear detected more than usual suffering and it was a call to her at once to see what was wrong. She went in and there the little dead thing lay, its brains oozing from the skull, on its mother's knee. The man was lying on the bed of boards, sullen and cursing, and the woman sat dazed. It was a poor little half-starved child at best, and could not have lived long. Carie in her swift vernacular inquired into the matter. The man was thoroughly astonished at her appearance and appalled by her flashing bright eyes and made off without more ado, but Carie turned to the brown woman and knelt down and asked her what had happened, and the two mothers spoke. Carie's hearty, tender anger flew out at the deed and the wickedness of the hand that did it.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" she cried passionately, and the woman staring out over her dead child began suddenly to weep. "Oh, the man ought to be killed!" added Carie fiercely.

"Who can touch a man?" sobbed the Chinese mother. "A man can kill a girl if he wishes—oh, that he had killed me, too."

"At least you will not stay with him," said Carie earnestly.

"Where can I go?" replied the woman. "Men are the same. I have lived here and there, and men are always the same."

Carie felt simple sincerity in the woman, and she said impulsively, "You will come and live with me. I have wanted someone to help me take care of my little girl."

The woman rose slowly.

"I will find a bit of matting to wrap about this little one," she said. "Then I will come."

Never did Carie ask another question of the woman. She received her into her home, taught her the household ways, tried to teach her to read, even, but this the woman could not learn. But through her love for Carie she learned to care most tenderly for Edwin and for the little white baby girl. When she heard of Maude, she wept a little. Then remembering, she said, "Only the Master did not strike her dead with a stone as she suckled at your breast."

"No," said Carie pityingly, in a low voice. She saw an opportunity. "We do not allow such things in our country," she said. "It is because we think our God teaches us to be kind."

Ah, fair country of hers, she thought ardently, dear God, in whom believing men learned to be good!

"I should like to know about that," said the woman. Carie, half halting, began to tell her. After all, was she not taught more by this simple woman than she could teach, she thought? God must be, since where he was not, men could grow so beast-like. By such perceptions, her own hopes grew more strong sometimes.

Thereafter wherever Carie went the woman followed and was a part of the home and nurtured all the children that were yet to come to Carie and Andrew. Years after when these children loved and teased Wang Amah or, as they called her, "Foster Mother," I remember Carie looking lovingly at the old woman, grown lean and wrinkled and white-haired, and once she said, "I believe Wang Amah was what people call not a good woman and I am afraid she will never understand very much of the gospel. But I have never seen her unkind to one of the children, nor have I ever heard her speak an evil

word, and if there is no place in heaven for her, she shall have half of mine—if I have one!”

Wang Amah was in Chefoo with them too, and she cared for Carie and the children and made it possible for Carie to lie in bed and be carefree of the children. Andrew went on with his preaching, fervent ever and as oblivious to all else as was Saint Paul. But Carie lay in the keen pure air, sleeping, reading, eating, growing determinedly back to health.

At the end of six months the cough was gone, and she could get up and work lightly for a few hours every day about the house and garden and have no resulting fever. It was one of the happiest times of these years, these months of convalescing in the little house perched high above the sea, with nothing between her and her own land except the straight ocean. She had the satisfaction of seeing Andrew busy in his chosen work, she felt the rush of health again in her blood, and she was saturated with the keen beauty of sky and hills and sea.

Great joy it was to us all when she could begin to sing, at first softly and in time with full tones again.

For the children this illness of Carie's had its good. She spent much time watching them play and wondering over them and taking pride in them. She told them stories and taught them not to imitate some of the things they saw in the life about them. She said often, "We are Americans! We do not behave in that way."

Fourth of July was a gala day always. There was a flag she had made herself, and there were firecrackers and "The Star Spangled Banner" sung about the organ. Long before the children had ever seen America they learned to call furlough time "going home."

At sunset oftentimes they sat upon the beach and looked out over the water and Carie talked to them of the land, their own land, that lay over there and to which they belonged. She talked of the big white house and of the meadows, of the orchard and the fruit they could pick and eat raw, it was so sweet and clean with rain and sun. It sounded like heaven to the little white children who all their lives were accustomed to be watched sharply lest they put something into their mouths which was unsterilized and so fall ill, as Edwin had in some unknown way, in spite of every precaution, so that after months

he was only getting back to his usual health. To the end of their days for those children America remains the magic country where water need not be boiled before drinking it, and where apples and pears and peaches may be plucked from a tree and eaten so.

Every day they went sea bathing unless there was a typhoon and the waves too rough and a curious thing happened once which remained a story to tell in after years. Carie's hand was very thin still, and one morning in the water her wedding ring slipped off unnoticed, and only later did she see it was gone.

She went to the beach at once and searched, and they all searched but to no avail. She hired a little Chinese beach boy to dive for it in the spot where she had bathed in the morning, but he found nothing. Late that afternoon in a last effort, although she had quite given up hope, she walked slowly along the beach, and suddenly the last rays of the slanting sun seemed to penetrate the smooth, unruffled water. A ray gleamed to the very bottom, and there in a shallow basin lay the ring, glittering. The little boy dived once more and brought it up, and she placed it in triumph back on her finger. Andrew, told of it, remarked placidly, "I felt you would find it. I prayed."

When she told this tale in after years, her children always clamored, "Was it really because Father prayed, Mother?"

Her bright eyes twinkled, and she said, "Perhaps—but it wouldn't have been seen if I hadn't gone back once more. It is right to pray, of course—but it always pays to try once more yourself, too!"

Now that Carie was well again, she found she must earn money somehow until such time as she was strong enough to leave the seashore and go back into the proper field of Andrew's mission. Summer came, and there was a little group of white people who came to the seashore. Carie moved her own family to the attic rooms and filled her house with the visitors and thus earned enough to pay for what she had forfeited of salary.

But more important to her than the money was this test of her strength. She had to make bread, to wash, to cook, to care for the dozen persons in the house with no other help than a manservant

and Wang Amah to help with the children. She was able to do it all, and besides found herself again pregnant. But there was no return of fever or cough and she felt herself cured. At the end of the summer when guests were gone, she closed the quiet little sea-enclosed cottage with its sandy garden, and they returned again to South China.

But she begged Andrew not to go back to the mouth of the Yangtse where they had been. She was well but not strong, so they were sent to a middle region to the river port, Chinkiang, a city on the river and famous from the times of Marco Polo for its great temples and its pagoda and for its rich commerce, standing as it long did at the intersection of the river and of the Grand Canal. Carie loved it immediately for the hills sweeping up from the river. But it was a place too cosmopolitan for the pioneer blood in Andrew's veins. There were other missions and white men there, and he longed for the great spaces where there was not one to preach to the multitudes. He was discontented, and Carie dared not think of a garden until his mission, realizing that he was his best at pioneer work, gave him leave to go where he liked. He hired a house, three rooms above a Chinese shop on the river's edge, and there he left the family and then he took a junk and set sail for the upper reaches of the Grand Canal into the northern parts of the province of Kiangsu.

Once more Carie set herself to the making of a home for the children. The three rooms looked over the Yangtse River, broad and swift and yellow with the earth it had torn away from its banks in the thousands of miles it had come racing from its sources. During the months to come Carie grew to hate and to fear this great implacable river, so swift in its gorges, so sluggish and sullen in its lower spread over the land. It became a symbol to her imagination of the flooding, overpowering, insensate life of the Orient, which seemed to swallow up all other life which came in its way, and against which she braced herself every time she built her American home for her children.

She sat sewing at the window often, and often she lifted her eyes to look out over the slowly swirling, eddying expanse of the river. She saw the ponderous ferries coming back and forth from the city on the other side; she saw the light, skiff-like sampans drifting across

like chance leaves dropped from a tree, caught in the cross currents sometimes so that the sampan men had to use the greatest skill in weaving in and out of the net of waters.

In the spring the river rose high, swollen with the snows from the mountains and gorges in its upper parts, and then it was a dreadful and an angry thing. She could scarcely bear to look at it, for more than once she saw boatloads of people overturned and struggling in the water and none saved. Twice she even saw a ferry boat, filled too full with people hanging on the very edges, turn over, heaving like a great beast, and float bottom side up. There was an instant when black heads bobbed in the yellow water and arms flung themselves despairingly upward and then the river pulled them all down and went on as before, except that the boat twisted crazily here and there.

It was said that none who fell into this river could ever be saved, so deep and swift under the smoothly dimpling surface were the cross currents. Every few days a sampan was caught and pulled under. Yet with the curious fatalism of the Orient, the people continued to ply back and forth in every sort of slight craft over the dangerous waters. But Carie grew to hate the river with a deep hatred because she saw how it oppressed people and most of all the people who trusted to it for a living. She had continually to watch Edwin and Edith, lest standing at the window watching the ships as they liked to do, they might see the terror of struggling, sinking men and women.

She had learned by now to make a home where she must, and she made a home here by this river, even while she hated it. The three rooms she whitewashed and she hired a native painter and had him paint the floors and woodwork. Then she bought white muslin stuff at a Chinese cloth shop, such as they use for mosquito nets—the rose curtains were worn out long since—and she made dainty ruffled curtains for the windows, wide enough, too, so that sometimes she might draw them across the cruel river. And because there was no place for a garden she nailed outside the window an empty milk box and one day she took the children and Wang Amah and they went to the hills that bordered the city and brought back healthy black earth to fill the box, and in it she planted geranium slips she had brought

back with her from the sandy little garden in Chefoo and the roses she kept with her always. Soon there was a flare of color to look over when she saw the river.

Beneath the three rooms which were all that Andrew could find to rent, there was a compradore's shop, where a Chinese proprietor sold a mixture of foreign tinned food and Chinese produce and especially foreign whiskey and brandy. The few white people in the port traded there and fewer Chinese. The chief patrons were the sailors and soldiers from the American and European warships that harbored at the docks from time to time. The river was so vast and deep that these great ships could penetrate yet much farther than this port. To Carie it was a heartwarming sight to see the American flag waving stoutly above that dark and dangerous river.

Nevertheless, it was these men from her own country whom Carie learned to pity much. They came ashore eagerly, crude young fellows from every state in the Union, laughing, brawny, anxious for fun. There was nothing for them to do, however, and failing else they could crowd into the filthy little compradore shop and buy stale chocolate and English biscuits and above all bottle after bottle of Scotch whiskey. Far into the night and until dawn she would hear them from her room above, singing and shouting and weeping drunkenly. Bottles crashed against the walls and threaded through the din she could hear the high, mosquito-like falsetto of the sing-song girls from Chinese brothels. Sometimes there were screams and cries, but what went on she would not ask, stricken with sorrow for these boys so far from home, and shamed because they were her countrymen and acted this way before a people alien and already proud and scornful.

Sometimes in the morning after such a night she went down to the shop to buy something and everywhere there would be a wreckage of broken china and merchandise scattered, and the wry-faced, yellow proprietor stood looking at the devastation glumly. Once she asked him, "Why do you sell the stuff to them when it makes them so wicked?"

To this he grinned and answered, "Oh, s'pose white man makee break, I makee him pay!"

But she could not forget her pity and her shame for her countrymen, and so she began to do something she continued for many years.

When a foreign ship was due in harbor she baked cakes, great snowy cocoanut cakes and rich black chocolate cakes whose feathery texture she had learned to make in the cool tiled kitchen at her home, and pies and cookies, and she invited the boys to tea. There was little in common between the raw lads who crowded in, grinning with shyness, to the small rooms, and this woman, cultivated and gracious. But to her there was the deep tie of race and of country, and it warmed her heart to see them stuffing good cake and pie and drinking gallons of lemonade. When they were fed to capacity, she sang to them and sometimes just sat and let them talk to her, woman-starved as they were. When they were gone, she had a triumph in her that for at least one time she had kept them safe—had protected them and given them a little of America.

During this winter a little boy was born, whom she named Arthur. Again it was a blue-eyed, fair-haired child, and again she found fresh joy in this fresh life. No child of hers ever failed to be greeted with a great rush of pleasures, whatever his coming cost, and Wang Amah was overjoyed this time because it was a son. The baby was two months old before his father saw him, a pretty boy, but not too strong from the first.

In Carie's diary, kept intermittently through these years, I find again and again this exclamation, "How rich I am in my children!" Without the friends who would have normally been hers in her natural setting, and with Andrew away on his long journeys, she was nevertheless content with her children and they with her. Once when we were listening to a story a woman was telling of a great romantic love in her life, I saw in Carie's eyes a certain wistful look. But it passed soon, and she said quietly, "My children have been my great romance."

Edwin and Edith both showed signs of unusual mental ability, and it was her delight to satisfy their craving for reading and singing. What was ahead in this strange life of hers she did not know, but this winter of waiting she gave herself freely and wholly to the children. There was no garden where they might play, and the street was vile and crowded, but every fair morning when the day's work was arranged for, she and Wang Amah took the children, Carie carrying

the baby, and they walked through the back streets where they would attract least attention to the road which led to the hills. Fortunately, it was not far, and they soon reached a road which wound under trees and bamboos up to the green gravelands.

It never failed to shadow Carie, these acres of graves, green in the spring and summer, and stark and brown in winter when the grass had been cut from them for fuel. She used to ponder on these lives thus buried and often forgotten. Some of them, the small, close-set graves, were those of soldiers who fell in a war; the big ones set about with earthen walls belonged to a wealthy man and his family; each had its meaning. But she always protected the children from such sadness, and they played happily over the graves, plucking wild flowers and running up and down the steep slopes. Later when they went to their own country they were astonished at the smooth graveless hills there, and they realized for the first time that all their days they had played upon the graves of the dead. So did this American mother shield her children and keep them gay.

The hillside where they played most frequently was in the shadow of a fort on its crest, and there was a field where the soldiers marched, and the children loved to watch the red and blue clad soldiers tilting with spears and swords, or to hear the firing of the one old antiquated cannon, embedded deep in the mud of the wall about the fort.

At the foot of the hill the river curled. It was gradually receding, leaving a flat rich plain from which rose abruptly the sharply pointed island called to this day the Golden Island. An exquisite pagoda, upon which Marco Polo gazed in his time, pointed into the air from the curved roofs of the temple on the island.

But if the children loved the flashing soldiers and the sudden spurt of the funny little cannon, the mother loved the distant mountains that rose in peaks along the river's edge. Clear and blue at noon, misted at morning and evening, Carie loved them well and they comforted her somewhat for that other line of mountains, lifted against the American sky, ten thousand miles away, around the plains of her own home.

Summer drew near again, the summer that Carie dreaded every year for its dragging lengths of humid days. The stench from the garbage-filled streets rose into the three little rooms. The geraniums sickened

and died in the heat and the roses faded. The flies swarmed from the piles of half-rotting filth, smoking under the burning sun. The hot air hung like a foul mist. Somehow, Carie told herself, somehow she must get her children to the hills.

On one of the hills not far from the fort there was an old mission compound, and there after much inquiry she found a bungalow empty for the summer. It was a low square house with six rooms, three on each side of a hall running the length of the house, and on two sides of the house was a veranda. It was paradise enough after the three rooms above the crowded, noisy street. There she moved, and the summer passed. Sometimes she grew impatient with the centipedes that she hunted every night lest they creep into the children's beds and sting them and make them ill, and the ponds and rice fields in the clustered valleys about the hill bred many mosquitoes, and the great jars of the nightsoil which the farmers used for fertilizing their fields bred clouds of flies. But at least one could look out over fertile valleys and low hills covered with bamboo and the cruel river was a mile away and only lay harmlessly on the edge of the horizon in a broad band of yellow. In the early morning a dense, silvery mist filled the valleys and above it the hilltops rose like green islands. It was beautiful and the more so because it made Carie think of her home, except that these mists were hot and heavy and the mountain mists in West Virginia were keen as frost at dawn.

But best of all there was a little grassy plot where the children could tumble and a bit of ground for a garden. Carie planted flowers and rose early to cultivate the earth and coax them into speedy blooming before she must leave them. It was the first real garden she had ever had in this country.

But the summer ended and Andrew came back, bearing news of a house ready for them now up the Grand Canal in a city called Tsing-kiangpu, which he had made his center of work during all these months. From this place he traveled over a wide radius of country, by muleback, by cart, and on foot, preaching and teaching his message in hamlet and town and city. Now he felt familiar enough in the central city to have his home there and so he had rented and repaired a Chinese house.

Regretfully, for she had loved the square bungalow, and her flowers

were still but buds, Carie packed her bags and her furniture and her babies and with Wang Amah they boarded a junk and after ten days of leisurely sailing and towing up the placid canal they reached the old Chinese city, where they were the only white people. Andrew had a house unusually large and with a big court. It was a house said to be haunted by the ghost of a woman, an ill-treated wife of the former owner, who appeared in the form of a weasel, and no one dared to live in it, and so the owner was glad to rent it even to a foreigner.

But whatever the reason, Carie was grateful for the house, and once more she set herself to making a home. Clean whitewashed walls—she had almost a formula now—wide windows opened in the walls and fresh ruffled curtains, clean matting on the floors, the court planted with grass, flowers again, chrysanthemums bought from flower vendors and gay little single roses of red and pink and yellow. Then when the beloved organ and table were in their places and beds and a few reed chairs and a kitchen made, there was home again. Outside the noisy street ran east and west through the city and was the great thoroughfare for business, and there was the roar of the city, the shouts of hawkers, the cries of chair coolies wending their way through the crowd, the squeak of wheelbarrows. But inside the wall and the gate there was this spot of peace and cleanliness where the American woman built again a little fragment of her own country where she might rear her children and into which she often brought Chinese women who marveled and sighed to see how fair it was.

Andrew had opened many street chapels in the city, and now he had a network of preaching places through the surrounding country and he came and went among these, filled with the zeal of his mission. He had by this time a very good grasp of the language also, and part of his time he spent in making books for his listeners.

Carie at this time of her life did not follow him away from her home and children, but she went often to the chapels and played the baby organ, leading the singing in her clear voice, and after Andrew had preached she taught little groups of women who came to hear what the strange doctrine was about. Most of these women were sad, disappointed creatures, weary of life and borne down by some sorrow, and disgusted with the exactions of the priests in their own religions.

Some could not understand the new religion; indeed, it is doubtful if the words Carie spoke ever carried the message she tried to put into them.

Stronger message than her words was the swift and native sympathy of her nature when she listened to their sad stories. Her instant impulse was always "to do something about it." They learned to call her "The American of Good Works," and many women came to her at her home, women whom she had never seen but who had heard of her, and when their stories were told the end was always wistfully said, "They tell me you always can do something—that you always think of a way."

This was her great service, that she was always ready to stop and listen to their sorrows. I remember her sitting, many a day, at the window of her little living room, her mobile face twisted with sympathy, listening earnestly to a broken voice that went on and on. The children played and shouted happily in the garden, and every now and again she would look at them and smile, but she listened still, her eyes sad. Many of these women were among the most downtrodden of their kind and had never in all their lives had the comfort of having one sit down to hear the burden of their poor hearts, and it seemed they must tell her over again and again for the relief it gave to speak to a listening ear. Once I heard a woman say to her, "Tell me what to do and I will do it. Tell me what to believe and I will believe. There has never been one in all my life long who cared to heed one word I might say or one tear that fell from my eyes. My father did not love me for I was a girl; my husband did not care for me; my son despises me. I have been despised all my life because I am a woman, ignorant and ugly. Yet you, an American and a stranger, pay heed to me. Therefore what you believe I will believe, for it must be true to make you like this—kind, even to me!"

It was one of the happiest winters in these years of her life. The little Chinese house was cozy with a tin stove made according to directions at the tinsmith's shop, and flowers bloomed in her windows. She had a gift for flowers and they always bloomed for her easily, and her rooms, which would otherwise have been bare with only the scanty

furniture she had, seemed always hospitable and furnished because of the growing things.

But the spring and then the summer drew near again. If only there need be no summers, Carie thought! This year was worse, for it was a summer of unprecedented droughts. Day after day through the spring no rains fell, and farmers, waiting for the floods of the rainy season to fill their rice fields, saw their young crops dry up before their eyes. Midsummer came on, hot beyond belief. There was no hope of rice harvest then for this year, and in haste the country people planted a little corn here and there so that they would not be entirely destitute.

Carie, with her sharp perceptions ever sensitive to changes in the moods of people, felt such a change in the temper of the people in the city. Few came to Andrew's little chapel. There was a noticeable lessening of the crowds that had come at first—one Sunday there was not one person. The next day Wang Amah came back from her marketing and said to Carie, "It is better for you not to go out now on the street." When pressed she added unwillingly, "The people say the gods are angry because foreigners have come into the city. There has never been a drought like this before, and this is the first year there have been foreigners in the city to live. The gods are angry, therefore, they say."

Even Andrew, usually oblivious to all save the Work, noticed a hostility of scowling faces when he spoke in the streets or when he tried to give away his tracts. Once or twice a man took a tract and tore it up before his face. It was a significant act in a country where the printed character is sacred for its own sake. But Andrew was of a nature made more steadfast by opposition, and when for the time he found his work obstructed in the city he went on one of his long country trips, to be absent for many weeks, and Carie was left alone with the children and Wang Amah.

One hot August day she sat by the window sewing. The air was heavy and oppressive, and every sound from the street seemed magnified through its density. She heard a whisper of voices beneath the open window. She listened, her ears sharp with apprehension. Two men were plotting something.

"Tonight at midnight," they said, "tonight at midnight we will force

the gates and kill them and throw their bodies before the gods so that rain may come."

She rose quickly and went to find Wang Amah. "Go out and listen about the streets," she said. "Find out if you can what is being planned for this night." And then she whispered what she had heard.

Without a word Wang Amah put on her poorest coat and went out. In a little while she came back, her eyes staring. She shut all the doors carefully and then went near to Carie and put her lips to Carie's ear.

"Oh, my mistress," she panted, "they are coming to kill you tonight—you and the children. Every white person is to be killed."

Carie looked at her. "Do you think they will really do it?"

"Why not?" answered Wang Amah, heavily. She took up the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes quietly. "All these people you have been kind to—" she muttered, "all these people—not one of them will dare to help you now. If they came forward they too would be killed." Carie stood still, saying nothing, thinking fast. Wang Amah looked into the white woman's eyes. "But there is still I," she said firmly.

Carie went to her and took her hard, faithful brown hands. "I am not afraid," she said quietly. "I will go and pray to my God."

She went into her room then and shut the door and fell upon her knees by the bed. For a moment she was dizzy with the panting of her heart. Would this day really bring the end to her life—to the children's short lives? She sent her heart upward into that vague height where she had been taught God dwelled, and she prayed, "If it is Thy will, save us, but in any case, help me not to be afraid." Then after a long pause she prayed again. "If the time comes to die, help me to have the children go first."

She knelt for a long time then, thinking of what she must do. Then again for a long time she was silent, waiting. No answer came, as none ever had, but at last she rose, fortified with her own courage and a good stout anger that came welling up.

"I shan't let myself be killed by a lot of superstitious, ignorant people, and I can't have the children killed," she determined, somewhat amazed at her own calmness. Well, she would just trust in God, silent as He was, and not fear what men could do to her.

That night she put the children to bed early and then sat quietly sewing. All day her anger had stayed by her. "I have no notion of

dying," she said aloud to herself with great firmness. Gradually it had come to her what she must do.

She moved to the window and as she sewed she listened. The murmur of the city drummed through the stifling, dusty air. She listened to it, strung tense to catch a change in its tempo. About midnight the change came. The murmur rose and seemed to eddy about the walls of the house. The hour was coming. She rose and called softly to Wang Amah who sat silent in the shadow of the court, "Wang Amah, please prepare the tea now."

Then she went downstairs and set out cups and plates upon the oval table and placed cakes on plates. Then when all was ready as though for a feast she swept and made the room spotlessly neat and set the chairs as for guests. Then she went to the court and to the front gate and threw it wide open.

On the threshold stood a vanguard of men, their faces invisible in the darkness of the hot night. They drew back into the blackness but she did not seem to see them, nor did she falter. She went back to the house and left the door open into the court, turned the oil lamp high, so that the light streamed outside, and then went upstairs and roused the three children and dressed them and brought them downstairs. They were astonished and silent with the strangeness of the proceeding, but she talked to them naturally, sang a little song to them, and set them on the matting of the floor and gave them their Sunday toys to play with and they fell to playing happily. Then she took up her sewing again and sat down. Wang Amah had brought in pots of tea, and she stood behind the children, motionless, her face expressionless.

All about the house the murmur increased until it was a roar of many voices. When the voices became articulate and very near Carie rose casually and went to the door and called out, "Will you come in, please?"

They were already in the court then and at the sound of her voice they swelled forward, a mass of sullen, angry men of the lower working class, in their hands sticks and clubs and knives. She called again kindly, her voice made bright by sheer will, "Come in, friends, neighbors! I have tea prepared."

The men paused at this uncertainty. A few pressed forward. Carie poured the tea busily and came forward bearing a cup in both her

hands as the polite custom was. She presented it to the tall, surly, half-naked man who seemed to be the leader. His mouth gaped in amazement but he took the cup helplessly. Carie smiled her most brilliant smile upon the faces that gleamed in the light from the wide flung door.

"Will you come in and drink tea for yourselves?" she said. "And sit down also. I am sorry my humble house has not enough seats, but you are welcome to what I have."

Then she stepped back to the table and pretended to busy herself there. The children stopped playing, and Edwin ran to her side. But she reassured them gently, "Nothing to be afraid of, darlings. Just some people come to see what we look like—such funny people, who want to see what Americans look like! They haven't seen Americans before."

The crowd began to edge into the room, staring, gaping, momentarily diverted. Someone whispered, "Strange she is not afraid!"

Carie caught the whisper. "Why should I fear my neighbors?" she asked in well-simulated surprise.

Others began to examine the furniture, the curtains, the organ. One touched a note, and Carie showed him how to make the sound come. Then she slipped into the seat and began to play softly and to sing, in Chinese, "Jesus, Thy Name I Love."

Dead silence filled the room until she finished. At last the men looked at each other hesitatingly. One muttered, "There is nothing here—only this woman and these children—"

"I go home," said another simply and went out.

Others, still sullen, lingered, and the leader halted to look at the children. He held out his hand to Arthur and the rosy, friendly little boy, having seen brown faces about him all his life, smiled and seized the man's lean dark forefinger. The man laughed delightedly and cried out, "Here is a good one to play!"

The crowd gathered about the children then, watched them, began to grow voluble in their comments, picked up the American toys to examine and play with them. Carie, watching, was in an agony of fear lest a rough movement might frighten one of the children and so change the temper of the men. Wang Amah's dark face was sternly watchful at the door. At last the leader rose and announced loudly, "There is nothing more to do here. I go home."

It was the signal to follow. One by one, with backward stares, they passed into the court and into the street. Carie sat down again, suddenly faint, and taking the baby into her lap rocked him gently. The men, lingering at the threshold of the gate, looked last upon her thus.

When they were all gone Wang Amah crept forward and seized the baby and held him to her fiercely.

"If one had hurt him I should have killed that devil," she whispered, and from the bosom of her coat Carie saw the handle of the carving knife protruding. But Carie only laughed tremulously now, and lifting Edith in her arms and taking Edwin by the hand she led the way upstairs. She bathed the children again in cool water and put them back to bed.

Then she went down and closed the gate of the court upon the street, now silent and empty with the night before dawn. At the door of the house she paused. A wind had risen out of the southeast, a wind like the herald of a typhoon. She listened; it rose suddenly and blew in a gust through the open windows and the curtains streamed out straight. It was fresh and cool with the coolness of the distant sea.

She went upstairs to bed then and lay still, listening. Would the wind bring rain? She lay sleepless for a long hour and fell at last into light sleep, and later awoke. Upon the tile roof above her was the music of rain pouring down, streaming from the corners of the house, splashing upon the stones of the court. She lay transfixed with joy, her body relaxed at last in the cool damp air. The dreadful night—the dreadful night was over!

She rose and went to the window. Grey day was beginning over the housetops, but not a soul stirred. Exhausted with the past heat, the city slept and into the empty streets the good rain poured in long steady lines. They were saved. . . . Was it a sign at last?

The end of the summer drew near and Carie was joyous with relief. Then as though joy was never to be lasting for her, one day in early September Arthur fell ill with a sudden fever. The child had had a bad fall the day before into a tiled drain in the court and had seemed languid for some hours after it, and Carie had watched him anxiously. But by evening he had seemed his usual gay self.

The next morning, however, the languor had returned, and by noon

he was flushed with fever and she dosed him with the simple remedies she had and bathed him in cool water and Wang Amah fanned him without ceasing. Still the fever mounted and by night the child was unconscious. All afternoon he had been moaning in pain, but he was too little to tell where the pain was, although Carie examined his little body again and again. At last when he fell into a dreadful, white-lipped stillness she hung over him in terror and helplessness. Wang Amah felt his little feet.

"He is dying," she said gently.

There was no white doctor in the city, but the mother could not let the child die without anyone. Frantically she turned to Wang Amah. "Go—go—find the best Chinese doctor in the city—ask him to come at once—tell him a son dies!"

Wang Amah disappeared instantly and in a short time came back with the doctor, a small, scrawny old man in a dirty black robe and wearing on his nose huge brass-rimmed spectacles. He entered the room silently and imperturbably without looking to right or left, and went straight to the little bed. He thrust out an unwashed and long-nailed hand like a claw from his sleeve and delicately he held the tiny hot wrist between his thumb and forefinger. Thus he sat for a long time, his eyes closed. Then he rose, and drawing a bit of folded paper from his bosom and his ink and brush from his girdle, he rapidly brushed a few hieroglyphics.

"Take this to the medicine shop," he directed Wang Amah. "Bring it home and brew it in hot water and give the child a quart to drink every two hours." He held out his hand for his fee and was gone.

Wang Amah went with the bit of paper and brought back a bundle of herbs and a large brass ring covered with verdigris and green with age. She hurriedly prepared to make the brew, but Carie called her, "Amah—Amah!" The cry was a scream and Wang Amah ran to the sick-room. "My baby—my baby—"

Carie had him in her arms. He was dying in a convulsion. Wang Amah gave a grunt of comprehension and seized from the bed a little garment he had worn and ran out, grasping a lighted lamp as she ran. A moment afterwards Carie heard her voice floating upward from the street.

"Child, come home—come home—"

Over and over the call came, fainter and fainter in the distance.

It was a cry Carie had heard many times and many times had shuddered at its sadness. Many a time, too, she had passed a weeping mother carrying a lighted lantern and in her hand a little coat, and Carie's heart had grown heavy with sympathy, for she knew that somewhere a little child lay dying and the mother in her last hope had gone forth to call home again the small wandering soul.

Now the little wandering soul was the soul of her own child. She held the frail body to her and as she held him he shivered and was still.

The next day she sent out a runner to find Andrew wherever he might be, for there was no other post service in those days. Wang Amah bought a little coffin and Carie lined it with a bit of blue silk she had and together the two women bathed the fair little American child and laid him in his place, and from their grievous weeping no one could have said which was the mother. The coffin-sealers were sent for, because the air was still warm with summer. Then when all was done Carie sat down and waited for her husband's coming, and he came the next night, weary and exhausted with forced travel. Carie met him dry-eyed now and desperate.

"I must go away," she said to him. "I must see a white woman—someone of my own kind. Let us take him and put him beside the other one in Shanghai. I can't have—my baby—lying alone here in this—heathen city."

Andrew recognized the despair in her voice and assented. The very next morning they hired a junk and set out for the coast, a journey of fourteen days by canal and river.

But no one had told them that in Shanghai cholera was raging. There were no newspapers, no post offices to carry letters quickly. They reached the dingy mission boarding house through streets dark with death. The first day Carie counted more than fifty coffins pass by the window. She was terrified, and they made haste after the funeral to go away again.

But at dawn of the day they were to return Carie was seized with violent vomiting and purging, and an hour after Edith, then nearly four years old, was taken also. Andrew tried to find a doctor, but none could be found, for it was the day of the autumn races, and the white

people were at the race course which lay on the edge of the city. There was a delay of two hours, and Carie lay dying. When the doctor came he set swiftly to work upon her, directing Andrew and Wang Amah to follow his example for the sick child.

Carie was unconscious by this time, but again her good body responded, and she was able to come to herself. By ten o'clock that night she was strong enough to whisper, "Edith—Edith?"

Andrew, who could never conceal anything from her, stammered forth, "Try to believe—"

"Not dead?" gasped the poor mother.

"Yes," said Andrew helplessly.

Next day the second little coffin was bought, and Andrew alone followed it to the cemetery, and the new-made grave, the grave where Maude lay also, was opened and the third child buried there. Carie lay upon her bed, tearless, bitter, trying to humble herself before this terrifying power which thus could rob her. "I trust—after this I will be better—I will trust—" But in her heart of hearts, in that wild heart of hers that would not be crushed down, she was weeping and crying, "Trust *what?*"

After her long, weary convalescence they took a junk back again to the interior city. The house seemed too big and lonely now, with Edwin once more the only child, a boy of nine. It was hard to keep him occupied and happy. She wanted her son manly and vigorous, and there was nothing in the confined and enervating atmosphere to help him except herself, and she was too sad for him. Now that he alone was left to her she brooded over him in a passion of fear and tenderness that she herself knew was not good for him.

Underneath all the days and nights her heart was bleeding for her dead children. Andrew could go back to his work again, must go back, and she must be alone. Wang Amah was her friend and helper always, but Carie needed more now than her simplicity.

Again she went back into her old work, healing where she was able, going again to the little chapel, but when she should have spoken of God her heart was arid and silent. What did she know of God except the empty words she had been taught? There was no message on her lips. Only her obedient hands worked on.

Even when she sang the old songs she could not go through without weeping. At last her body wore out under the strain, not only the strain of her loss but the inner strain in the quest of her life after God. She prayed often, clinging to her hope of God, because she knew of nothing else in which to believe and faith in some tangible good was essential to her positive nature. But her prayer seemed to come back to her like an echo from a call flung out into the wilderness.

Then Wang Amah, seeing her like this, went to Andrew one day when he had come home and told him that her mistress also would die if something were not done for her and done quickly. Andrew looked then at his wife. It was true that she was sad and white and thin, and the dulled look in her dark eyes frightened him.

"Carie," he said, hesitating, "shall we—would you like to go home for a while?"

She looked at him speechless, and suddenly her dark eyes filled. Home—home—it was the only thing that could save her.

They had been ten years away and according to the custom of his mission Andrew might now have a year's leave. Within a month they were once more on their way to the coast.

But in Shanghai a strange reluctance beset Carie. She did not, suddenly, want to go home. With her heart still raw and bleeding, she felt she could not bear the sympathy of the home faces and the fresh sense of bereavement. Andrew, much bewildered by this change in her, consulted a physician, and he ordered complete change of scene—"something she had never seen before." This something was the Mediterranean and Europe.

For three months they loitered through Europe, and Carie was passive as she had never been. They landed in Italy and proceeded from there to Switzerland. There they stayed a month in exquisite Lucerne and ate the golden honey and looked over the bluest of lakes to shining white mountains. It was the right medicine. Beauty restored Carie as nothing else could, and to see the beauty of cool spaces, of quiet cleanly people, of little churches with their pointed spires and great dusky cathedrals, restored her soul. Somehow the vague knowledge that life was yet good came back to her, and if good then God must still be, and sometime in the far future she must reconcile her grief

to that fact. But she was too weary now for any struggle. Once she had been angry; twice she was grieved; but when her handsome, brilliant little four-year-old Edith was taken, too, she was broken-hearted, and so at last silent. The sadness of the lives of other people, also, among whom she worked had deepened the sense of sorrow everywhere. She needed to see countries where people were quietly prosperous and where suffering was not evident.

They finally wandered northward to Holland and there she eagerly sought out Utrecht and Mynheer's old furniture factory, now more modern and still a vast house of business. It was a delight to take Edwin and show him the house and the city and watch the pride in his good stout ancestry begin to grow in him. She came out of the isolation of the last ten years of her life, and was rooted in her own folk again.

Two weeks in England in late summer filled her mind full of beauty and it seemed to her she was herself again in body and somewhat healed in mind. At least she could put behind her her old grief, and if she could not face the future yet she could think with excitement and joy of her own country and of her home.

Was it possible that through all these ten years this quiet plain had lain in beauty like this? Once more she sat at the window of her girlhood's room and gazed out over the old scene. There could never be enough of this quiet sitting and looking. More than music to her was it to see the hills rising wooded out of the fertile, tranquil land, to see the village street under its wide elms and maples, to go again into the small white church where Andrew's brother still ministered, his sermons somewhat more vague, his little wife rounder, and all else the same except for ten years more of life on every well-known face.

At home there were the same ones she knew and loved; her father, his hair snow white, his temper more arbitrary than ever, still stiffish with Andrew; Cornelius, married now to a black-haired pretty woman much younger than he who ruled him absolutely. All the sisters were married now, except the oldest and the youngest; and Luther—was it possible that the wild lad had grown into this prospering, thrifty business man with a wife and two babies!

Here they all were, glad to see her, tenderly sympathetic, receiving

her again into the old home—and yet how widely separated was her life forever from these! Some brooding sense of difference was constantly with her, memories of other faces, stranger lands. She talked with each one of her family; they had the gay old evenings of music; she visited her sisters' homes and shared in all the details of their life, cooking, washing, cleaning house, going on long rides into the lovely autumn country in the surrey behind the two old horses—and all the time there was a part of her not there and it came to her at last that a vast chasm of knowledge of life lay between their experience and hers. They lived here safe and sheltered in a rich and fertile and new land. She knew so well now that other country, that old, old country, crowded with too many suffering people, fetid with too abundant life—life too swiftly born, too quickly dying, dark hot life.

Gradually it came to her that rooted as she was by birth and love to this country of her own, to America, yet she was bound also to China, bound by her very knowledge of it, bound by such souls as Wang Amah, bound by the three small bodies sleeping in that ancient earth and mingling at last their pale dust with its darkness. Ah, that country was no longer alien to her now. She could bear to go back one day, because some of her own flesh and spirit lay buried there.

But of going back nothing was said for several months. The glorious autumn passed—was it ever as glorious as this? All those ten years had the maples yearly flamed like this? Winter came and Christmas and every son and daughter and the children of sons and daughters gathered under the roof of the big white house. Edwin was beside himself with joy in their midst. Too excited to talk coherently he rushed through the happy days of concentrated play and in such freedom of house and woods and meadows, of snow and skating and tobogganing, as he had never dreamed were true.

"Oh, I love America, Mother!" he cried over and over. It was this cry alone that sent a pang through Carie. If she went back would she deprive him of this fair country, his birthright? Still there was the silent and sad bond between her and that other land.—No, she would not decide now.

After Christmas they went on a visit to Andrew's home, a great rambling farmhouse on the Greenbrier River. Here were folk different from her own. They lived in a lavish way as to food, and the waste

was appalling to her thrifty Dutch blood, but there was always a scarcity of cash, although on the large farm fruit and produce lay wasting. Andrew's father was a tall, gaunt, somber man, with deep religious eyes, and a temper dour and mystic. His voice came forth with the solemnity of one speaking from a tomb.

Andrew's mother, on the other hand, was a humorous and sarcastic old lady, with a bitter twist to her tongue. She had decided to retire from active life when she was sixty years old, and thereafter spent her time, able-bodied as she was, in her rocking chair or in her bed, from which two points of vantage she viewed her world. The sport of her life was the constant bickering she maintained with her husband, who did not have her gift for argument, and answered her in thunderous tones until she was silent.

Every night the old man would have a fire of logs lit in the great stone fireplace and then stretch himself on the skin rug on the hearth and stare silent and glowering into the flames. What he dreamed of no one knew, but in that day when people feared the evil magic of draughts, it was a nightly hazard to lie thus before the fire. His scoffing old wife never failed to cry at him, "You'll catch your death lying there!" Or, when that proved too mild for his rejoinder, "You just act childish lying there."

She could find no content until she had nagged him long enough to see him turn on her, his shaggy grey eyebrows drawn down, and hear him thunder at her, "Silence, woman!" After which she grew gay and spoke no more to him except to snort at intervals through the evening when her eyes rested on him.

From this marriage and out of this severe, unjoyous home had come seven sons and two daughters, all the sons except one choosing the ministry as their profession. To Carie it seemed a strange home, one having none of the small graces and courtesies of life which made her own so pleasant a place. But from her visit there, which she made as brief as she could, she understood Andrew better, his austerities, his shynesses, his fires so deep and so strangely banked, the powerful mystic motive of his life.

In the late autumn she had known that again she was to bear a

child and now it seemed to her that she must stay in her own old home until this little life was begun. So she went back to her room to wait and through the beautiful American spring she lived, refusing to think of what was past or of what must come, sharing with Edwin the delight of sowing and of early fruitage, finding a dream-like pleasure in the plucking of apples from a tree in June, of eating strawberries and cherries still wet with dew, silvery and cool with the morning.

She gave herself wholly now to this simple and perfect life, content to think no more until the child was born. The very tasks of this life were joy, the washing of clothes under the trees in the back yard where the tubs were put under a great elm tree and the kettle hung upon crossed iron legs, and the water pumped deep and clear from the nearby well; the ironing of the snowy clothes in the coolness of the buttery, with the door open to the green garden and a bee buzzing about as one worked; churning and seeing the butter gather in golden grains first upon the creamy surface of the milk, and then collect themselves into the solid golden mass, molding the butter fats, fresh and salted, and stamping each with the old strawberry stamp.

Edwin was in everything, insisting on his share in every activity, but breaking away every now and again to romp barefoot with his cousins through the orchard and meadows. It did Carie more good than anything to see him lose the paleness that the Orient had set upon him and see him grow big and ruddy and clear-eyed, and more noisy and joyous than she had thought he ever could.

Best of all were the quiet Sabbath mornings and breakfast so late in the big cool dining room that even Hermanus was there. Over the very house, spotless from Saturday cleaning, hung the atmosphere of stillness and reverence. Then came the slow walk to church dressed in one's fresh best, her father's beloved white head at the front of the line of family proceeding up the shady village street; there were dignified friendly greetings from neighbors, the music of the church bell—sweetest music to Carie—and then the still beauty of holiness in the quiet church. Surely there was God, almost made visible.

In such ways of peace and beauty did Carie's country heal her. And then, with no sign, with no sudden vision, the consciousness of her old purpose came floating back into her heart. Here so much of beauty

and cleanliness, of beauty and righteousness; over there the dark empty hands and broken bodies, the more pathetic irresistible call of the pitiful to her too tender heart.

With no sign then, with no sudden visions yet from God, but with only the long silent call of the unhappy and, to her, the somehow unsaved, she knew she must go back.

Her little daughter was born to her on a cloudless summer's day, and when the hour was over, she turned on her bed to look out over the plains to the hills, and from somewhere the goodness of life came flooding back into her heart. Life again—this little life lying here beside her—what name could she give the child better than this, her little Comfort? Thus she named the child.

They stayed four more months until the baby was well started on her way, and by this time she had become the center of the home. Every day the little girl cousins washed her clothes proudly and brought them upstairs folded and freshly ironed and smelling sweet of sun and wind. They were all proud of the baby's fair prettiness in a family where eyes were commonly dark, and to the mother Comfort became hope also.

With this little Comfort, she told herself, she could even leave her land again; with this little American daughter, born in her own home, she could go back to that other land. If fear sometimes beset her, thinking how swiftly those other little lives had come and gone, still she knew she must go even for Andrew's sake, for he was chafing to be away and at work.

Yes, she must go. Had it taken the death of the other three to break her to God's will, His silent will? She was broken, then, and she would do that will. She would ask for no more signs from God. She would only trust and obey, now, and she could but obey the call, if not of God, seeing that He did not speak, at least of those in that other country, those less happy, less fortunate, the oppressed by life. Perhaps it was even so that God spoke. But whether He spoke or not she would obey and "go into all the world."

Back again then over land and sea she went. There was fear of the sea in her heart and a rush of dreadful memory when the old seasick-

ness robbed her of her milk for the baby so that she had to be put on artificial food. Nor would the baby consent to take the bottle, being by nature an individual small in body but mighty in will, and one of Carie's humorous memories of this journey was Andrew, holding in his big awkward hands this cheerful but determined infant, feeding her perilously from a cup with a spoon. So she was fed across the Pacific Ocean by the combined efforts of Andrew and the stewardess, fortunately a kind woman who conceived an affection for the obstinate, smiling mite.

But this baby thrived in spite of all and was carried ashore in Shanghai vigorous and gay and apparently unmoved by ten thousand miles of travel before she was six months old. She was just the sort of baby Carie needed, a funny, round, humorous child, bursting with small demands and good cheer. Wang Amah had been told of the arrival and had come to the coast, and her beaming face with its hanging lower lip was the first Carie saw as she stepped on the pier. The good old brown creature rushed to Edwin and hugged him to her bosom much to his manly disgust. Then she received into her arms the little, fair, round girl, and to her it was the two dead babies back again, and she clutched the little thing, laughing and weeping. When Carie would have taken the child herself for the ricksha ride to the hotel Wang Amah would not give her up. As for Comfort, she accepted this new love as her right, staring a little at Wang Amah's dark face and strange looks, but accepting her.

They stayed but a day on the coast, for it was already late autumn and the weather was cool, and Andrew was anxious to be on his country trips again. But in that day Carie found an hour to go to the little plot of ground where her three babies lay, and there she planted the root of a white rose tree that she had brought from the porch of her home. On the day of her departure she had dug it up and wrapped it well in earth and moss and sacking, and had watered it all the way across the sea.

"These little three never saw our America, their own land," she said to Edwin sorrowfully as he helped her. "They were born and died in an alien country and it will make me happier to think that there is something of America and of our own home above them for beauty and a covering."

A great palm tree grew above the grave and under its coolness the white American rose grew and thrive.

Then once more they set forth, first on a steamer up the Yangtse River and then by junk up the Grand Canal to their old place of Tsingkiangpu.

There were pangs of memory in house and garden—that dreadful ditch where Arthur had been hurt—she could not bear it and must needs fill it in and cover it with a flower bed. But she would not think now of what was past. There was this small, demanding, cheerful new presence in the house; there was Edwin to be taught; there was another American family coming to live there too, and there was a boy for Edwin to play with, and she would have a sweet and gentle American woman for a friend. And above all there were those who had called her back to them by the very silence of their need, the dark crowds who lived in the land of her return. The first time she had come for God's sake. Now she came for the sake of these.

I can now begin to tell something of this story myself, having at this time properly begun my acquaintance with this American woman. My first memories of her are in the home at Tsingkiangpu. They are very slight memories, scarcely more than softly flashing pictures, whose reality I half doubt except that they are so unchangeably fixed in my mind.

I remember one early spring morning in the court, where roses bloomed everywhere, festooned against the grey brick wall, glowing along the edge of a small green. I am clinging to Edwin's hand, staggering over the old flagged pathway. Ahead of us looms the big gate, always closed against the passing world outside. The gate is raised from the ground some six inches and underneath it marches an unceasing procession of feet—bare feet, straw-sandaled feet, velvet-shod feet. These are for me the outer and unknown world. I stop, and very carefully, for I am somewhat obese, I lower myself to the ground and peer under the gate. But all my peering brings me no higher vision than flowing robes knee high or to the feet, or bare brown legs on which the muscles stand out like ropes. I can make nothing of it and rise again, dusting myself.

Just then she comes out, the person around whom our own inner

world revolves. She is dressed in a ruffy white dress that sweeps the grass as she walks and she has a big, old straw hat with a red ribbon tied around it on her curly brown hair. She has a pair of garden shears and she goes snipping the roses, wet with dew as they are, until she has a great armful.

One perfect white rose, as large, it seemed to me, as a plate, she holds at arm's length, gazing at it. It is covered with shining drops of water. At last she puts it to her nostrils delicately, and seeing the look of ecstasy on her face, I clamor also for this privilege. Whereupon she extends the rose to me and recklessly I bury my face in it. It is larger and wetter even than I had thought, and I emerge from it sneezing and gasping and drenched, with all the sensations of having been suddenly submerged in a cold pool.

One whole summer it seems to me I scarcely saw her at all. She lay day and night on her bed, shrunk very small and thin, and her eyes enormous. Once in the morning and once at night Wang Amah leads me in to see her. I have always a fresh white dress put on me first, and my yellow hair is curled in a long Thames tunnel on the top of my head, this being made perfect over Wang Amah's dark forefinger, her tongue hanging out of her mouth as she works. When her tongue goes back into her mouth I know it is finished and I may move again. Indeed, during this whole summer Wang Amah looms far more important to me than any other. She bathes me, feeds me, croons the curliest of Chinese tunes to me, stocks my mind well with Chinese rhymes, scolds me to heaven for undue independence, and twice a day prepares me for the rite of going into the other one's, the white one's, room.

Long afterwards, when Carie would tell over again the story of those days, I knew that she had fallen victim again to one of the dreaded intestinal germs of dysentery, and for three long months she lay on her bed—all through the hot summer. She had, she said, to give the children to Wang Amah to care for, and though Edwin was a big boy, Comfort was only two. She feared every day for the baby, but twice a day Wang Amah brought her in, spotless and fresh and cool, her hair newly brushed and curled, and her little face happy and good-natured.

There was no doctor there in those days, but a friend of Carie's, one

of the many to whom at some time she had been kind, an English-woman who was also a physician, heard of her plight and left her own work and station and instead of taking her vacation, came and nursed Carie and treated her throughout the summer. Otherwise Carie would surely have died, for again she was with child.

The passing of the great heat in September brought with it one cooling, windy morning a little son whom she named Clyde, a black-haired, blue-eyed, fat little boy. Carie, seeing the rounded healthy child, marvelled that her own wasted frame could have borne such a fruit of health and strength. The cool weather brought new healing to her, however, and her magnificent body rallied yet again.

These were, on the whole, happy years for her. She gradually took up again her work among the people, opened again her little clinic for mothers and babies, her classes for reading, and received again the many who came to her for help of one sort and another. But with all this she did not leave the children. The clinic was held in the gate house, and she taught and talked in a room in the house from where she could look out of the window to the children as they played in the court.

This work she did in the afternoons. In the morning she must teach Edwin, for he was a big lad now, and quick for his years, and before she knew it Comfort was clamoring to learn to read. Her three children thus grew apace, strong and well and keen of brain. They were children who delighted in music and color. She had to devise many things for them, this American mother, who had to supply in her own nature and resource the whole American environment that was their heritage. Especially did she think at this time of Edwin, growing into a tall boy, finishing always too easily for his own good his lessons and the tasks she set for him. She did not want him to have too much leisure, too much time to wander about the streets. The American family from whom she hoped much stayed but a short time, and again she was Edwin's only companion. Her constant fear was that she would not be able to keep her children to the standards of life and thought in their own country, that in spite of her the languid Oriental acceptance of things as they were would creep into her children's souls and enervate them.

The only real quarrel she ever had with Wang Amah was on this score. Carie, seeing that Edwin disliked to bestir himself physically, set him the task of carrying in the kindling wood for the stoves each day and in addition the task of keeping his own room clean and tidy. To Wang Amah this was sacrilege. The eldest son—compelled to do the work of a menial in the house—it was unthinkable! While the family was eating breakfast, she would creep into Edwin's room and swiftly set it to rights, and when young Edwin came in, there was his room, shining and spotless and his work done for him. He kept a discreet silence until one day Carie discovered Wang Amah at her guilty service of love.

Carie had a swift temper and at times a sharp tongue, and by now a very complete command of the Chinese vernacular. Moreover, where her children were concerned she would brook no interference, especially where she conceived their training and righteousness to be. She spoke her mind to Wang Amah, and the gentle old woman replied apologetically, "It is a shameful thing in our eyes to make the eldest son work. For the girls, yes, it is well, but not for the sons."

"Yes!" cried Carie indignantly, "and so your men grow idle and devilish like that one from whom I took you!"

It was complete answer, and Wang Amah crept away stricken. Later Carie, swiftly repentant as ever, tried to explain that boys must be taught to work if they are to achieve anything and that in America boys and girls are taught alike and valued alike. But this was a social order beyond Wang Amah's comprehension, although never again did she protest.

Much of the effort of Carie's life, then, at this time was put into shaping her oldest son. In a country where the whole environment tended to give him a false and exalted opinion of himself, it was hard to teach him courtesy to his mother and sister and to the Chinese women who came as visitors. Edwin was a high-tempered boy, moreover, and the servants treated him too deferentially and he heard talk of his place as the oldest son, and all this Carie found difficult to counteract. Andrew was continuously away from home, and when he came in for brief intervals of rest was too weary to take time to enter the boy's life.

I have as a souvenir of this period of her life a little newspaper

which at her suggestion he compiled every week, a little sheet illustrated with a remarkably clever pen and ink sketch he made of a junk. The junk is full sail and leaping with the wind—it is, in fact, a very spirited and living drawing. This newspaper was Carie's idea, but Edwin, whose natural bent was to writing and drawing, took it up eagerly. He collected items of news from various places, sent out advertisements to widely scattered mission stations and ports and actually found not a few subscribers, some of whom doubtless were glad to help the boy with a few pennies a month. He accumulated this way some pocket money which, I am afraid, in spite of Carie's vigilance, he spent on such delicacies as fried Chinese noodles and sesame candy sticks and little larded cakes sold by the traveling vendors on the street.

But if Edwin was a continual problem to her he was a joy as well. As for Carie, I have it from Edwin that she filled an astonishing place in his life. His memory of her is of a joyous, cheerful, interesting companion, with unfailing ideas of something to do. At any moment those gold-flecked eyes of hers would kindle and she would cry out, "I tell you what let's do!"

And there was always something delightful. She taught him to sing and to play the violin, and was a never failingly sympathetic although severe critic of his attempts at writing a novel and an epic poem. Novels, it is true, she did not encourage. As a matter of fact, there was nothing she secretly enjoyed more than a good novel, for she was human to her heart's core and the doings of people interested her more than anything. But she had been taught by the religion of her times that novels were evil and must be put with dancing and card-playing, and it was typical of the division in her nature that she could laugh in purest pleasure over *Pickwick Papers* and then feel a little guilty that she thought it funny. She compromised somewhat by having no novels in the house except classics, and to this at least her children owed the fact that they early formed a taste for nothing but the best. Edwin at seven was poring over Dickens and Thackeray and Scott, as later the other children did also, and forever after, having eaten strong meat, they found lesser writers pallid and tasteless.

Seven children never taught Andrew how to hold a baby or how to dress a child. He was born prophet and saint, a man far from the

daily life of mankind. Even in his own home there was a quality of remoteness about him. No child of his thought of running to him to have a shoe tied or a button fastened. I have heard Carie laugh and say, "It was the funniest thing sometimes when I was sick and he had to help Wang Amah with the children a little. He would bring them in with their little clothes fastened back side before. They looked so strange—one didn't know whether they were coming or going!"

He was a man like Saint Paul, indeed, to whom he has been likened by many; a man by nature religious and a pioneer, in many things fearless, devoted to his duty as he conceived it, seeing nothing else. To his children he was a figure always a little dim, living outside their world. He was very strict with them when he thought of them, truly desiring their righteousness above all else, yet through some lack of understanding never able to make righteousness beautiful to them. They preferred their mother's swift impetuosities, her sudden little tempers and warm instant apologies, her great close embraces and her little jokes and merry looks to all the cool goodness of their father.

Yet in justice to Carie it must be said that she never herself doubted the importance or the primacy of Andrew's mission. However impatient she might be sometimes with the hardships it laid upon her, I think she felt secretly that there was in his mysticism something too high for her and for us to understand, and we must just follow behind. It was about this time, for instance, that I remember the shadow of what we called "Father's New Testament." Andrew had a keen and critical literary sense and he had for long been dissatisfied with the only translation which had been made of the Bible into Chinese. Gradually through the years there shaped in his mind the idea of making a translation at least of the New Testament and this directly from the Greek into Chinese. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and always in his own personal devotions read the Bible in the original Hebrew and Greek. I can remember the faded gilt edge of the small pocket edition of the Greek Testament he carried in the breast pocket of whatever suit he wore. When he died and we laid him to sleep for his eternity, we knew he could not rest unless it were with him still, and we put it there forever.

So he began to work on the translation in the evenings or during his few days of vacation in the summer, and as the years passed, the

pile of manuscript, covered with the long lines of his somewhat angular Chinese writing, grew higher upon the desk in his study. One of the members of our household came to be the old, stooped Chinese scholar who came often at his request to consult with him about style and phrases.

But the day came when the work was finished and must be published, and there was no money to publish it except what we could spare from our already too meager salary. They talked it over, Carrie and Andrew, she thinking of her children and he of his book. She said, "But, Andrew, the children can't have less clothing than they have now—I turn and patch and remake, and I dare not cut down on their food."

"I know," he said despairing and longing.

Then she looked at him and saw what it meant to him, and how it was his dream, and so at last she said, "We will do it somehow. Every month take five dollars away and set it aside, and we will do on what is left. I must cut down a penny or two anywhere I can."

He was happy again, although thereafter the children came to think that Father's New Testament was a sort of well down which were lost the toys they longed for, or a new dress a little girl hoped for, or the many books for which they hungered. They learned to ask wistfully, "Mother, when Father is finished the New Testament, may we buy something we want?" They will never forget their mother's face when they asked this question. She looked angry, but not at them, and she said very firmly, "Yes! We will each one of us buy the thing we want most."

But we never did, for she died before Andrew ever finished. He printed edition after edition, revising each to make it more perfect, and all her life she went poorer because of the New Testament. It robbed her of the tiny margin between bitter poverty and small comfort. Still she never let the children's wistfulness deepen into complaint. She had made a decision and shaped her life to it, and she compelled respect for Andrew's dream, even when she rebelled, sometimes not too secretly, against it.

Yet it was impossible for the children not to realize a great difference in their parents. One of the questions which long continued in Comfort's mind as a small girl was this: her father came to breakfast

every morning with three red marks graven upon his high white forehead. The marks faded gradually during the morning, but when he first came in to the meal as he bent his head to ask grace they were very red and severe. One day she took courage to ask Carie, "What makes the red marks on Father's forehead?"

"They are the marks of his fingers where he leans his head on his hand to pray," Carie answered soberly. "Your father prays for a whole hour every morning when he gets up."

Such holiness was awe-inspiring. The children looked for like marks of it on their mother's forehead, and one asked, "Why don't you pray, too, Mother?"

Carie answered—was it with a trifle of sharpness?—"If I did, who would dress you all and get breakfast and clean house and teach you your lessons? Some have to work, I suppose, while some pray."

Andrew came out of his habitual abstraction long enough to overhear this, and to remark gently, "If you took a little more time for prayer, Carie, perhaps the work would go better."

To which Carie replied with considerable obstinacy, "There isn't but so much time and the Lord will just have to understand that a mother with little children has to condense her prayers."

The truth of it was that Carie was not very good at long prayers. She prayed hard and swiftly at times, but she prayed as she worked, and she was always perhaps a little conscious against her will that her voice seemed to go up and come back to her without surety of reply. But during this middle period of her life she purposely pushed into the background of her busy life the old striving after a realization of God. Passive she was not and never could be, but she was sure of only one thing and it was that she must do what she could to help anyone who came near her and who needed help—her children, her neighbors, her servants, the passersby. Her religion she finally wrapped into three words, "Trust and obey." She simply had to take God on trust if He were there at all, and she would act as though He were there and would do the practical things that make any religion of social worth. I think in no part of her life was she more typically American than in the mental doubt and secret unsurety of her theological beliefs and in the swift and responsive generousities of her nature.

The only times Edwin drew near to his father at all were when he had been exceptionally restless at home and in despair Carie urged Andrew to take the boy with him on his country trips occasionally. The two went together by junk and on mule-back across miles of country, and in the enforced comradeship of shared meals and in the seclusion at evening of being the only two of their kind, Edwin understood for the first time what his father was really about, and for the first time this passion for the welfare of people's souls was dimly beautiful to him.

The influence of these two, then, his father with his love for the souls of men and his mother with her passionate warm interest in the human welfare of men and women, was to make him forever dissatisfied with any work that had as its sole end the making of money. His mother's natural skepticism, which she subdued in herself all her life by the most strenuous effort of will, flowered in him and in his times, so that he could never return to a religious mission, but there was the subtler influence that shaped him irrevocably so that he saw humanity first above all else and was instant to respond to their needs.

Meanwhile Andrew had come to one of his periodic conclusions that he must penetrate yet farther into the interior where none had as yet gone to preach the gospel, and he told Carie that again he "felt the call."

Carie heard this with the utmost dismay. This house and court had become home to her. Here were her flowers, here space for her children to live and grow. The dark city was all about her, but she had learned to accept it and she had made in the midst of it this oasis of an American home. She was one who somehow could invest her very belongings with a sense of her personality. Her garden, her rooms, her workbox, her chair—all somehow looked her own and part of herself.

Before these roots she had begun to put down deep, were others as deep. She had her friends, Chinese women who were drawn to her by their need and her response, or were drawn by her friendliness which allowed them to wander at will through her home and look at the magic of stoves and sewing machine and organ and all the wonders of a foreign land. These women Carie had learned to love, forgetting as she did so easily their differences in race and background.

Moreover, two more white families were to come and she looked forward to two more friends of her own kind. But these rootings in a place and in a group which she loved made Andrew restless. He felt too many workers were gathering in one place—he must push off into new fields.

Carie expostulated, begged, was very angry, even wept a little, and then suddenly capitulated. Well she knew by now that there is nothing so adamant as a man of God when he thinks he hears his God speak. In stony silence she packed her possessions and dug up the roots of her roses, and Wang Amah put her own things into a bedding roll and a large blue kerchief, and they were ready.

IV

ANDREW had chosen a small city well to the north of them as his new base. But the people there were hostile to foreigners and would offer no house for rent and so at last Andrew took his family into an inn and there they lived in three wretched rooms, earth-walled, and with thatch for a roof and beaten earth for floor. All about them, separated only by a low earthen wall, lived the crowds of common people, packed in sordid filth.

Carie planted her roses in pots and set herself bravely to make yet again an American home. But some virtue had gone out of her. The strangeness was breath of life to Andrew and a challenge to his soul, but to her the new beginning in such surroundings, the crowded rooms and no garden space, the immanence of disease and filth, above all the dark hostility of the people, were dreadful. The memory of her three dead children came strong upon her again. Their lives so swiftly over had come to mean for her sacrifices to Andrew and to Andrew's God. She watched jealously these three yet left to her—no more sacrifices!

But to Andrew it was a year of exhilarating opportunity, although it was a year also of great hardship for him. It was a time of war with Japan, and in these remote districts every foreign face was held to be Japanese. One morning as Carie and the children sat at breakfast, not having seen Andrew for many weeks, he walked in unexpectedly. He had only his undergarments on, and he was barefoot and bleeding from wounds on his shoulders and back. He had been robbed of all he had, his mule and his traveling gear and supplies, and had been

hacked by a band of wandering soldiery who insisted in spite of his protests that he was Japanese—this, although Andrew was six feet tall, blue-eyed, and in those days wore a reddish beard!

During the winter the thatched earthen house proved to be dangerously damp and the baby Clyde developed a cold which ended in pneumonia. Andrew was, as usual, away, and there was no doctor within many hundreds of miles, and Carie went through the old sickening terror of death. She hung blankets about one corner of the room and made a little spot where draughts could not reach, and behind this shelter she and Wang Amah never ceased their vigil for ten long days, and at last, as though himself unwilling, the little languid boy began the long pull back to life again.

Holding him to her, Carie cried fiercely to her heart that it was enough—it was enough! In all that city there was not one who cared whether this little son of hers lived or died in the cause of Andrew's God. Did God Himself care? . . . She would have no more sacrifices of her children.

Grimly she began to pack her goods and to prepare to leave the hovel. It had been raining for days and water had welled up on the earthen floor so that they had had to put boards on bricks to walk on. Tables and chairs stood inches in water, but the beloved organ had been hoisted onto a board platform. Now she packed everything and waited for Andrew's return. When he came in one early spring morning, she saw him coming and hurried to put on her hat and coat and met him thus to his complete astonishment, the furniture tied in mats and the roses once more dug up. She would not brook one word from him. For once she silenced him, her eyes golden and terrible in her wrath.

"You can preach from Peking to Canton," she said in a dreadful still voice, "you can go from the North Pole to the South, but I and these little children will never go with you again. I shall take them to Chinkiang to that bungalow on the hill, and if it is empty we will stay there where there is peace and where there are hills and fresh air. Otherwise I go back to our own country. I have offered up three children. I have no more children to give away to God now."

Andrew was thoroughly shocked but he could do nothing with her, for she was marching out of the gate, Edwin's hand in hers, and Wang Amah carrying Clyde and holding Comfort's hand. For once Andrew could only follow her, and they went to the canal's edge and engaged a junk and started south. She maintained her white-lipped determination until they reached Chinkiang after a journey of nearly three weeks. By great good fortune the bungalow was empty and without a word she settled into it.

In this city she made her home for twenty-seven years, and no one could move her away from it again.

The change to the hills did not, however, rid Carie of the chief problem of that time of her life, and this was again Edwin. Once more when they were settled and at peace the boy grew restless and lonely, without companions of his own age and race. He was ready for college and mature for his fifteen years, and it soon appeared to Carie that she must send him back to America alone. This decision was reached the more readily because she was anxious to have the impress of real America upon him before he grew completely to manhood. Death it was again to her heart, a new sacrifice for a cause never too clearly seen, but she had learned now to hold to the purpose of her life and see it whole, and in the coming summer Edwin was sent with friends to America.

Carie wrote long, pleading letters to her brother Cornelius, commending her boy to his care, so that every holiday she could think of him there in the big house, in that quiet and good atmosphere. It was a comfort to her after he was gone, but in spite of it there were many long nights when she lay awake in an agony, reproaching herself that she had sent him away so young. He who had seemed like a young man when he stood beside her, when he was away was a child again. She wrote him long letters full of love and eagerness, trying to feel from him all that he was thinking and doing. When she heard he had learned to smoke she went wretched for days, fearing he had learned other things too. But Cornelius sent favorable reports of the tall lad, and these she read with pride. At the end of the letter he remarked guardedly, "Edwin we find is a little lazy." Then Carie was glad her son was out of the idle, dreamy atmosphere of the East and

into the keen sharp life of his own country. It was well for him—it was well for him—but her home seemed half empty!

The bungalow on the hills was not to be hers for long. The family to whom it belonged came back from a furlough, and again they had to move. This time Andrew found a small house in the Chinese city, but fortunately on the edge of it so that with little difficulty Carie could take the two children to the hills every day for fresh air.

But the house stood near the Bund, on the land the Chinese were forced to give by treaty to the British after the Opium wars, and the district was filled with the resorts of disreputable persons. Hurrying her children past the open doors in which sat lounging, half-dressed women of every breed, Carie was grateful beyond words that Edwin was not there, Edwin with his sharp, adolescent eyes. White men from the ships were hanging about these brothels, and to Carie this was infinitely dreadful, so much more dreadful than if there had been only Chinese. It gave her a sense of shame and hopelessness that out of her fair country, of which she was so proud, should come these two together, Andrew with his clear flame of righteousness, and these tipsy, cursing, lecherous men. Yet her heart rushed out to them too, for often they were young, sometimes almost as young as her own son, and they were all far from home; and if they were old, then they had been exiled so long that they were homeless now on the earth, and that was yet more sad.

Once again she took up her old service and watched for the ships coming in from other lands and she cooked and baked and filled her little house with sailors and marines and listened to their hungry confidences and supplied the need to many for mother and sister and friend.

Carie in these days had particular delight in Clyde, for of all her children he was the one most like her and most closely knit to her spirit. He grew into a most exceptionally brave and handsome child, his temper at once grave and gay, and like her he had a heart too warm for its own good. To his mother he turned instinctively like a flower to the sun, and they seemed saturated with happiness when they were together.

Her courageous heart she had given to him, and I never saw her more moved than on one day when he was nearly five years old and Andrew whipped him sorely for some childish mistake—a hard, spare hand Andrew had—and Clyde after his brief fit of crying began to sing stoutly, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," his eyes still wet with tears and his little thighs marked and sore. For years after when he was only a memory, she thought of his little wet face, blue eyes big and brave, and his little quivering voice, and the tears would rush to her own eyes. He had her love of beauty and I remember how with a great shout he ran to greet the first dandelions of spring, and how every spring after he died she gathered handfuls of dandelions and made his grave gay with them because he loved them so well.

For this beloved child, when he was little more than five years old, was taken one day with a high fever, and soon was desperately ill. There was no doctor in the city except an Indian half-breed, a gentle, kindly man with no great medical skill, and the British customs doctor, a man so continually drunk that no one knew what his ability was. The Indian pronounced the disease bronchitis, but from the first Carie feared diphtheria, for by now she had considerable practical knowledge of medicine from her own study and experience with the Chinese who came to her for help.

She watched unceasingly but Clyde grew rapidly worse and she sent a runner for Andrew, three days away in the country. At last the little fellow's throat choked completely and it was evident that nothing could save him. Before Andrew could reach home the child died, and once more Carie held a son dead in her arms.

Andrew reached home in time to see his fair little son in his coffin. On the next day, the day of the funeral, the wind blew a great gale and the rain fell unceasingly and Carie, worn and ill herself, and bearing within her again another life, was not able to follow the little cortege to the small plot where white people lay dead.

Ah, the infinite pathos of those little squares of land that lie scattered through such Chinese cities here and there, the little squares of land where white and alien people have prepared for themselves a small space where they may lie dead! They are always enclosed in high walls, these spaces, and the gates are tall and spiked with iron and locked with great iron bars. Within the strange quiet there are

a few trees and sanded paths arranged in orderly fashion, and the graves lie close, most of them graves of women and little children—many, many little children; seamen's graves, too, and always the graves of those who, the epitaphs say, were murdered at the hands of angry mobs. But if all these were alien on this Chinese soil when they were alive, they are no less alien dead; no, more when dead. It is as though they protected themselves thus lest even dead they might be swallowed up by the encroaching, careless, teeming multitudes about them.

I remember on the day they buried Clyde that Carie stood at the window weeping and watching the short procession file along the walk of the court and her tears fell upon my bare heart and only half-understanding I crept to her side and gazed out. The rain fell in long lines and spattered upon the small coffin they were carrying out of the gate. When we could not see it any more she still wept on, not angrily now, not passionately, but as one weeps out of a heart grown hopeless.

Some virtue went out of Carie on that day, never to return; something of her life ceased to exist. She had wanted the others buried in the international land in Shanghai, but this little one, though dead, she could not bear to have separated from her. Since his mother's life must be lived in this far country, her little son must bear her company still.

The day after Clyde was buried, Comfort fell very ill and Carie in fresh terror saw signs of the same disease developing. Was she to have every child taken from her, then? She could not bear the sight of the Indian doctor any more with his dark, listless gaze and his languid movements. Into the rain and wind she went out, calling a sedan chair to carry her the more swiftly, to seek the tipsy port doctor. She found him in a brothel with a giggling Chinese girl upon his knee and she went swiftly to him and shook him by the shoulder to rouse him.

"My child is dying," she said simply. "It is diphtheria. Will you come?"

Some long-forgotten response to duty woke struggling through the white man's bloodshot eyes, and he staggered up, letting the girl slide

to her feet, and without a word he followed Carie, muttering as he went, "I have some new stuff—lots of diphtheria—I got at Shanghai—I might try that new stuff—"

Afterwards she found that in his lucid moments he was a physician of no mean order and he had happened to get from Shanghai only the day before some of the new antitoxin. Carie dared not leave him an instant lest he lapse into insensibility, and she directed the chair-bearers to follow him to the place where he lived. There she followed him into the house, roused him when he sat down and began to nod, searched his laboratory for the small bottle he was too fumbling to find, hunted his hypodermic needle and then urged him on until she had him at last in her house and beside the sick child's bed.

There suddenly he came to himself, was unexpectedly rational and steady of hand. He administered the drug. Within a day the child was better. Two more doses and she was out of danger. Then Carie, the crisis over, came suddenly to the end of her strength, and there was no one to nurse the child back to health. Andrew, who had stayed at home until danger was over, felt now he must be on his way again to his work, and moreover had he stayed he would not have been of use, for Comfort would have none of him.

There came forward at this point one of those friends from somewhere whom Carie always seemed to have, some person to whom she had once been kind. This time it was a young English girl, ignorant and untutored, who had come as nursery governess to the family of a customs official and had become entangled in one of the sordid love affairs of port life. She had fled to Carie when at last she had to leave the house of her employer and Carie had sheltered her and helped her through until she saw her own folly and despised the man who had shamed her and was to take passage for home again. Now she postponed her going and stayed to nurse Comfort, no small task, for the child in her convalescence cried for her mother and exhibited to the full her store of determination and wilfulness. For this help Carie was most tenderly grateful, and the friendship between the two women was deepened into one of years, and continued long after Comfort was well and grown into a woman.

It seemed to Carie as though she would never feel strong and never blithe again. She stayed listless through the early winter and shud-

dered in the damp river chill of early spring. The house was dismal and lonely again with only one child in it, and Edwin was very far away now and absorbed in his new life. The thought of the little one to come brought no cheer, for it seemed futile to go on bearing and losing—a dreadful, heart-breaking loss and waste of life.

She went back to her old morbid fear lest it was through some sinfulness of her own that she had lost her children, some sinfulness and inner rebellion. Had she not in reality given up the old hungry quest after God and been satisfied with mere service to people? She had never tried hard enough to find God. Now it seemed to her that God might break her again and again until she was submitted to Him and she began to struggle to submit herself lest again she be broken—as long as she had one child left God might break her once more.

She began to spend more time trying to pray, and tried to still the old longing that God would give a sign that He heard. She read books of religious practice and tried to follow certain rules of praying and reading the Bible. But that impatient, practical mind of hers would outrun the words and even as she read she brooded of other things.

Beauty alone, she thought at last in a sort of despair, beauty alone might heal her; the still, remembered beauty of mists over the valleys, mountain tops, the little rows of flowers she had had in all the homes she had made; beauty of music and poetry brought a sort of peace also, and yet she feared this peace, for she was not sure it was of God, not sure that after all it might not be merely the assuaging of that pleasure-loving part of her she had always to subdue. The God of whom she had been taught all her days was austere and there was no austerity in her and she could not be healed by it.

When in May a little daughter came to her, a little blue-eyed, dark-haired girl, Carie could scarcely smile. Day after day passed and she seemed unable to rally from the birth. At last a fever set in and it was evident that there was a poisoning of her blood. Her milk dried and in the silent house there was the crying of the hungry newborn child. Andrew and Wang Amah between them tried to feed the little thing a milk mixture which she complained of bitterly, in spite of her hunger. But by this time the mother was past knowing what happened to the child.

Then Wang Amah saw with agony this final catastrophe. She viewed with the utmost disfavor the weak broths and watered milk dishes that the doctor prescribed for her mistress. One night, Carie told me afterwards, the broth she was fed in the night tasted strongly of fish. It was nauseous; but she supposed dimly it must have been placed next to some fish and could not actually hurt her and she needed the nourishment and so she swallowed it. But after she had eaten she felt a strange stimulation. She slept at once and more restfully than she had for many days, and awoke in the morning better, and from then on she began to recover.

Weeks after when Carie was up and well again Wang Amah told her she had not been able to bear to see her die and die she would if the white doctor was allowed to go on as he was. She brewed secretly therefore a dish of special broth made from a particular fish and herbs the Chinese use for puerperal fever, and this she substituted for the usual bowl of broth, and this Carie had drunk.

"I don't know whether that saved me or not," she used to say, "or whether the fever was ready to turn anyway. But Wang Amah's broth did not hurt me and she had a lot of wisdom of her own sort that life had taught her."

At any rate, Carie was well again, and for us all it was enough.

The following summer the bungalow on the hill was once more empty, for the family who had lived in it returned to America to stay, and now it was assigned to Andrew and Carie for a home. To another it might have seemed a poor joy, a small, decrepit brick cottage, whose sagging floors were full of centipedes and scorpions. I remember as a regular rite every midnight during the warm weather Andrew holding the light high, and Carie, with her swift arm slapping the venomous insects dead with an old leather slipper. Centipedes lurked in the most intimate places; once Carie found a nest of them under her pillow, once Andrew squeezed a big one out of his sponge in his morning bath. But the cottage was bliss and enough for Carie. There was an old garden and old trees and a white rose bush hung over the veranda. When they moved into the house in May the rose bush was in bloom with clusters of tiny, button-like white roses, heavy

and sweet with a musky fragrance. And the turtle dove had her nest there.

Here Carie set herself steadily to life again. Comfort was growing into a great girl now and must be taught in all the ways of American womanhood, and here was baby Faith. Carie could live with a full heart, moreover, for beauty was spread around her in the hills and in the little, garden-like valleys between, where small brown men and women worked at their fields; and to Carie beauty was a sort of oxygen which gave her life and energy. Here the mists rose up at dawn from the river and covered the frothing bamboos, and tall grasses grew silvery on the graves on the hills. In the valleys were round pools of water among the fields, fringed with willow trees and peach trees and in spring the beauty was as great as any she had ever seen.

Edwin's letters, too, added to her content, for he was far happier than he had been. At first he had been desperately lonely and the country she had taught him to call home seemed in spite of all alien to him. She had been filled with dismay at this, so that she thought, "It is well I sent him back when I did or he would never have grown into his own land."

And so the consciousness that she had done well by her son gave her comfort, and it was like renewing her own love of country when he began to fit into his place and to discover America for himself.

As for the four who were dead, they were never far from her. The three in Shanghai she visited when she could, and the little enclosed plot where Clyde lay was within easy walking distance and she could steal away there and sit for a little while by that small quiet grave.

Thus she set herself resolutely to this middle portion of her life, a manifold life now as it had ever been. She made again, and this time with her first sense of permanence, her home. The six rooms were large and had wide casement windows flung open to garden and valley and hill, and it was sweet to her to make a home there.

I remember that home as a place of delight to us all for its simple order and cleanliness and its grace of flowers, and the sweet smell of the grass mats on the floors is in my nostrils yet. There Comfort began to grow into womanhood and there Faith began to talk and walk and grow into girlhood. From this house Andrew went forth

refreshed and encouraged for his long tours of preaching and teaching. From it, too, went out the refulgent outpouring of Carie's abundant hospitality; young American couples, bewildered with their first days in the Orient, started their life in her guest room; weary missionaries rested there; stray tramps slept there, those strange bits of wastage of the white race who are washed up casually from the great Oriental sea, who seem scarcely to know themselves how they are come, and certainly never where they are going—all those who were homeless and sad came by some unknown path to her door, and she received them and saw them started again, clean and fed and heartened.

What she said to these was not a great deal beyond the practical, merry talk she made of this and that in common affairs, for she was never any good at preaching. If there was some speech of the spirit she wished to have with someone, most often she had it through her singing—music from a favorite hymn or oratorio. She would pour it out richly, tenderly, at an hour of evening when the house was quiet and full of thought and dreaming, and without further effort would leave it to do its own work.

Once a strange tramp came to us and stayed a week. What he was no one knew, an American he said, and indeed his enunciation was that of a Yankee tradesman. But the world had dealt with him until he was scarcely to be recognized as human. He stayed and ate voraciously, listened for the most part in silence, for he could scarcely speak without oaths and he perceived in some dim fashion that such speech was not appropriate here. When he left us, rested, clean, wearing a suit of Andrew's clothes and Andrew's shoes on his feet, he hesitated at the door and at last he muttered, "Never reckoned I'd see America again—have, though, and right here, ma'am!"

At about this time in Carie's life she had left to her one whom she called her Chinese daughter. A Chinese woman whom she had succored in some time of dire need, a widow, died, leaving a little girl of ten years, named Precious Cloud. When the woman died Carie was there beside her and the mother said at the end, "There has never been one who cared for me as you have. My father did not love me who was but a girl in a house already too full. My husband never

loved me who came to his house only as a second wife whom he took to mend his house when the first one died; my son does not love me. Why have you loved me, who am not of your blood and bone?"

Carie, smiling over her sad heart, replied gently, "I do not know except that the need of your heart has pulled my heart and we are the children of one Father, after all."

The woman said, "There is only one possession I can leave you, for I care for only one thing. Take my little daughter for yours and make of her a woman like yourself."

This child Carie took when the mother was dead and for years Precious Cloud was part of the house and home. During the year she was sent to a Chinese boarding school where she was given an education in her own language, for Carie would not separate the child from her own people, since she could conceive of no greater loneliness than that. She kept Precious Cloud dressed in Chinese clothes, only she did not bind her feet. Precious Cloud was at first somewhat ashamed of those big feet of hers when at that time all girls had bound feet, but Carie took the greatest pains to make her pretty shoes and have them beautifully embroidered, much more nicely than usual, so as to show Precious Cloud that natural feet could be pretty.

When Precious Cloud was seventeen and had finished school, Carie, still following the ways of the girl's own people, betrothed her to an educated young Chinese man of whose character she was assured. She made the concession of finding out first if Precious Cloud were willing, arranging for the two young people to meet in her living room—an unheard-of thing in those days. Precious Cloud was a very pretty and gentle young woman and the young man dignified and personable, and they liked each other from the first. Carie studied their temperaments carefully, amused at this new rôle, too, of matrimonial agent, and she felt they would be happy, and so they were, after the wedding which Carie tried to make Chinese in every detail she could. Precious Cloud called Carie Mother and later her little children called her Grandmother, and so Carie took to her wide deep heart these also for her children.

She could have had many children given to her had she been able to take them. Sometimes these were tragic opportunities, indeed. Once a man stalked into the chapel where Carie was talking with some

women, bearing in his arms a tall, dangling figure which he laid down on the brick floor at her feet.

"Here is our son," he said harshly. "He is as you see him and he is fit only for death. Nevertheless, if you will take him, it will save us the deed. After all, he is a son."

Carie looked at the poor creature. It was an idiot boy, helpless in every way. Much as her heart was moved she could not take the child, and so she shook her head sorrowfully and tried to tell the man of his responsibility even to such a child. But the man answered nothing, only picked up the long, pale, useless body again and strode out. To the end of her days Carie, pondering, used to say, troubled, "I wonder if after all I ought not to have taken that poor thing? Somehow, I would have managed, perhaps!"

This middle portion of Carie's life went by busily and therefore happily for her, although the old youthful buoyancy in her looks and ways had settled to a quiet and peaceful repose. She had seen too much of life, too much she could not understand, yet to which she had had to resign herself and so give up her old imperious questioning of God. Merriment only came to her occasionally now, although it still came and her two little girls watched for it eagerly, and the moments when their mother was gay were for them the high lights of their life. Her humor came like a gay wind, beginning with a secret and keen sparkle of her golden brown eyes. A light seemed to radiate from her and then the children hung breathless on her words, for "something funny" always followed that laughing light, some absurd rhyme or quick twist of wit. She had a faculty for easy rhyming, and sometimes for sheer mischief would spin out one ridiculous verse after another from her head.

This made the children shout with laughter, but such complete nonsense was always painful to Andrew. He would hold up his hand in protest, at first gentle, but finally fretful. "Carie—Carie—please!" he would beseech her.

But some imp of perverse enjoyment would seize her at his protest and she would rhyme more brilliantly than ever, her face alight, ending only, when she saw it really troubled him, with a fine flourish. Or perhaps she would come home from hearing some well-meaning but stupid person speak, and she would imitate the pompous intona-

tions, much to Andrew's horror and the children's pleasure, for the children had her flashing humor and love of a joke. She was a born mimic and when she imitated someone, became in very truth that person even almost in expression.

But such merriment she never left unchecked. Too often when the children were clapping their hands and shrieking with joy, she stopped herself, vaguely troubled, saying with sudden soberness, "It is very wrong of me to make fun of a good man like Brother Jones—such a good man. Children, you must not be like your naughty mother."

It was the old struggle between her wholesome, robust nature and the imprint upon her tender conscience of the puritan religion of her youth. She was forever struggling with herself to be what she called "good," to achieve that cool—was it also selfish?—absorption in a mystic relation to God which Andrew had.

But this American woman was never to know peace for long in her life. There came in 1900 that upheaval in China which has been called the Boxer Rebellion, when in a last desperate effort to maintain the old nation the Empress tried to rid the country of foreigners by the simple method of killing off all who were there and letting no more come in.

The royal edict went forth secretly to every province and in the summer of that year astounding reports began to come of groups of white people here and there being murdered. Carie's heart rose in defense of these two children she had left to her. She waited in utmost anxiety to see what the viceroy of their province would do.

The viceroy of Kiangsu was a man of intelligence who did not fail to see the folly of the royal edict. The Empress was a woman, ignorant, narrow and provincial. True to their hopes, the viceroy was not willing to carry out the edict and kill the white people in his demesne. Instead he made a pact with the foreign consuls that if they would send no warships into his waters he would protect the white people.

Here was partial comfort but only partial, for one could not be sure how long he would hold to his promise or whether it were indeed a trap, and seeing the white people defenseless, he might plan to kill them the more easily. Andrew and Carie held long consultations with their Chinese friends. Andrew was for putting their faith wholly in

God and staying on. Carie had the memory of four times when faith had not saved her babies. But they decided to stay on from day to day.

Andrew hired an old Christian man who had a junk on the river and bade him remain at a certain place near the end of a street that dipped into the river. To this spot Carie planned a direct and secret route so that at any moment they could run with the children and Wang Amah down through the bamboos at the back of the house, through the reeds of the ponds and valleys to the city.

Night and day through that hot summer they were ready for the possible moment, a small basket of food for the baby, extra shoes for each person and a change of underwear rolled together. Carie packed also in a small box some possessions she valued, a little silver that had belonged to her grandfather, a cluster of amethysts set in silver by her father, some books of her mother's, and these she buried in the earth in the cellar, with the help of the manservant.

Meanwhile Carie was determined that the children should catch no shadow of the fear that was everywhere. She would not have them marred and their youthful spirits darkened by the shadows of this land in which they must live. She had always tried to make as bright and as normal a childhood for them as they could have had in their own land. So they played happily through the summer days of this year, their mornings filled with the things she devised for them to do while she did her work about the house. She played with them, too, and they remember that companionship to this day. She had more time than she had ever had, for there were not many callers. People were fearful of what the times might bring, and if the Empress were against the foreigners then one could not be seen associating with the Americans.

But a few faithful ones still came and these Carie valued, for well she loved anything that was brave and courageous. It stirred some inherited nobility in her to tell them simply that they must stand fast in their faith, as they all must, if the hour of persecution came to them, for so others had done before them. So she herself could do, and the strength of pioneer blood in her veins made her quiet and strong and fearless. She was always like this when hardship came and there was something to be borne.

At last the American consul who lived in the Bund had reason to

fear treachery and he sent them word that they were to watch for the consulate flag, which they could see from their veranda. If danger became imminent he would fire a cannon and the flag would dip three times, the American flag above the consulate. This was the sign. They were to leave the house without an instant's delay and go at once to the river's edge and go aboard a steamer that would be waiting there for them. All other white people were already gone.

Carie now had to face the pulling of her heart in two. Here were her own children and the impulse of her heart was to flee with them to safety. But the little circle of Chinese friends and Christians was in a panic of fear. They had been separated from their people spiritually to some extent and now knew not what was to become of them. It was the old call to Carie, the irresistible call to her sympathy.

So it was agreed that when the sign came Carie should take the children and Wang Amah and go, while Andrew would stay behind to reinforce the people. Carie agreed to this, feeling, I think a little wistfully, that after all Andrew was "better" than she was, who was too often impatient and impetuous even when she would be kind. These weeks spent in the possible presence of death had a very sobering effect on her. She realized anew that her old nature was still strong within her even after all her sorrow, and that the early quest of her life after God was yet unfinished. This made her very humble and silent, for when the end came, if come it must, how could she point people to God, the God whom she had not found fully for herself?

Humbly, therefore, when the sign came on a humid Saturday afternoon in August, she took the two little girls and Wang Amah and with Andrew they walked through back streets as quickly as they could to the steamer. She went aboard and turned to see Andrew standing on the shore. She had more reverence for him at that moment than she had ever had, perhaps, a lonely foreign figure in his white clothes and pith helmet, tall and white among the crowd of small dark figures about him on the wharf. Whether she was ever to see him again or not she did not know.

Eight months passed, Andrew at his post and she with the two children in a small room in a Shanghai boarding house. She taught them regularly every day, and for recreation they all went to a little park

that bordered a narrow space on the Whangpoo River. There the children played in the best air the close city afforded, and the joys of the day were the ships and the junks and the sampans plying in the waters. Sometimes a great ocean liner would steam majestically past the dock and that was a rich moment for all of them. Carie would draw the children to her and point it out—a ship straight from America—from home! Wang Amah stared, and the two children gazed with dreaming eyes. Neither of them knew yet what America was except for dreams that stood in their eyes of endless beauty—pink apple blossoms spreading under a blue sky, cool autumn grapes to be plucked and eaten “just so,” without washing, apples on the ground you could have for the picking up, horses to ride, meadows to race in, maple sugar from the great trees that turned gold in the autumn—all this and how much more was America, their own! On such days when these ships passed, they put aside their play and asked of Carie a thousand questions about their land, and when they went back to the narrow room in the boarding house, they enlarged it with their talk and their dreams of a wide, wide country that belonged to them.

Ten months passed and the expedition sent by the western nations against the Chinese made safe the return to the bungalow on the hill, and that was a happy day when they could be together again. The house and the garden were untouched, although the little box of valuables Carie had buried was rifled, she always supposed by the manservant who helped her dig the hole. She had her moment of good indignation, but as usual such moments were followed by compunction, and she said, “Well, poor thing, I suppose he thought someone would get it, and if someone, why not he?”

This attitude of hers toward a fault she abhorred was characteristic. She hated the fault none the less as time went on, rather more even, but some largeness in her made her understand it even while she hated, and while she grew exceedingly sharp at discovering when she was being cheated. I remember as an example of this a Chinese assistant of Andrew's who that winter after her return came one day for his salary. Andrew was not at home and in his absence Carie said she would give him his money. She went upstairs to her little private safe and brought down the silver in dollars and gave it to the man. Then one of the children called and she left him for a moment. When she

returned he said, "Madam, one of the dollars you gave me was bad. Will you change it, please?"

He held out in his hand a dollar obviously leaden. Quicker than a thought Carie took it and felt of it. It was warm. The dollars she had brought down were icy cold from a cold room. This dollar was warm through with the heat of the man's body.

"You are mistaken," she said quietly. "This is a dollar you have had on your person."

She looked at him steadfastly, and her eyes filled with pity.

"My friend," she said sadly, "even for a dollar will you thus rob yourself of your honesty?"

The man's eyes fell and he was silent and went away. But she was grieved because she had thought him true.

But I have gone too quickly into the winter, for that autumn before had brought a trial of its own. Every year after the summer a plague of cholera swept the land and every year Carie lived in terror until it was past, watching with the utmost care the cooking of food and the boiling of water. Cholera in those days before its treatment was fully understood was a disease so swift and so deadly that once it was caught death followed too fast, oftentimes, for any aid to be given. In the autumn of this year Wang Amah came down with it suddenly one night and lay without calling her mistress, being reluctant to wake her from sleep.

But the sound of Wang Amah's retching and groaning wakened Carie, who was always a light sleeper, and had learned in this land of surprises to sleep, as she said, "half awake." She rose instantly and padded barefoot, in the way she had at night, being always too impetuous to stop for slippers, although this was dangerous haste in a place where centipedes abounded, to Wang Amah's room. A great terror seized her at the sight there. Wang Amah was fast sinking into unconsciousness. Then her valiant anger came to her aid as it always did. She simply would not have Wang Amah die! She sped to the kitchen stove and swiftly built a roaring fire and heated an immense tub of water. Then she poured hot water and whiskey down Wang Amah's throat, and chafed her hands and fed and administered what drugs she had. The moment the bath was hot she lifted Wang Amah

into it and immersed her except her face, and then she poured milk and water into Wang Amah's mouth, manipulating her throat to make her swallow. With this stern treatment by dawn Wang Amah had come to, very feeble, indeed, but alive.

Carie called Andrew then, for she had not stopped in her haste to call anyone, and bade him stand at a distance for fear of infection, and then she gave him directions about the children and begged him now to exercise every practical power he had.

"Don't take time for your praying this morning, Andrew," she pleaded. "The children will get into all sorts of trouble before breakfast." Andrew looked at her reproachfully but in silence and it is to his honor that for a whole week he tried faithfully to follow her instructions, shouted to him from the end of the garden where she removed Wang Amah to a little room kept usually for garden tools.

After the week Wang Amah could be disinfected and brought back to her own room and Carie could come back to the children again. Thereafter the bond between these two women was closer than ever. Wang Amah could never forget that Carie had left the children to care for her and had risked her own life in the contagion. She asked Carie, wondering, "What woman are you and what a heart is this that for a common brown creature like me whom none other has ever cared to see twice, you would give your life?"

Carie was always abashed by worship and now in her humility she confessed to Andrew that she was afraid that if she had thought about it she would never have done it, but it made her suddenly angry to see a filthy disease like cholera take Wang Amah, and she did not stop to think. Her anger was a battle call to her.

"I am afraid I did not do it for the Lord's sake," she said, her eyes troubled. Somehow she was always forgetting that.

"If you would just remember to do things in His name," said Andrew, anxious for her soul.

"But, Andy, I don't have time," she protested earnestly. "When somebody is dying you haven't time to think why you save them—you have to start doing it right away!"

But there was the world and all between these two and they looked at each other uncomprehendingly. Andrew was never without the

thought of God in all he did. To Carie life was so nearly enough in its own richness.

Somewhere in this part of her life I must tell about Kuling. I think the telling belongs here after Wang Amah's illness, for Carie had said once more, "Every summer something terrible happens to us. If we could only get out of this dreadful heat of the Yangtse valley for a little while in the summer, the great fear of my life for the children would be gone."

Other white people scattered along the valley had the same fear for their children also, and an Englishman hunting in the Lu Mountains had found a spot for a summer refuge, a handful of lovely shallow valleys held on the top of a high mountain range. Here even in the middle of summer the air was sharp with chill at dawn and sunset and even at noon was invigorating with the coolness of mountain streams and mists. He spread the news of his find and a group of people joined to lease land on which to build tiny cottages of the stone abundant in the valleys.

Carie urged Andrew until he made a journey to see the spot, and he came back saying, "It is more like home than anything I have seen elsewhere in the world." It was enough. With what money they could muster, and I think for once Carie robbed Father's New Testament temporarily, they bought a bit of the land and the following summer Carie and the children took a steamer up the river to the town nearest the mountains and from there in a long day's ride by sedan chair they went through miles of rice fields and rolling bamboo-covered hills and at last began to ascend the mountain.

The air of the foothills was humid and depressing with the summer heat, but as the chair bearers began to swing up the mountain sides with sure-footed, rhythmic tread, a subtle sweet chill began to creep into the air and it filled Carie with excitement. This air had the very breath of the West Virginia hills, and she had not smelled any like it since she had left her home. There were two hours of steady upward pull, the path a winding thread along the mountain side, and below were the rocky gorges over which the streams from the mountain tops poured in foaming, silvery falls or lay in deep green pools.

Such mountain flowers, too, she had never seen, not even in Amer-

ica. There the mountain flowers were small and scentless and exquisite. But here, brushing her chair as she passed them, bloomed great spotted red tiger lilies and tall white trumpet lilies streaked with purple on the back of their petals; here were long, delicate ferns, spraying everywhere, and under pine trees and feathery bamboo the earth was covered with thick and fern-like mosses. Here a vine threw a cascade of starry flowers over a tree, flowers rich in fragrance, and then, suddenly through the silence a deep, full, wild note called from some bird, loud and clear in its sweetness.

It was a beauty she had not dreamed possible in this country of crowded humanity, a country where she said always "there are too many living and too many dying." Lying back in her sedan chair she gazed up into the blue sky and saw with ecstasy the gathering of shining white mists over the peaks ahead and above her. Up and up they went until it seemed they would drive into the very sky itself, and then an unseen turn brought them into a narrow mountain pass, and there the mountain winds caught them, cold with the chill of mountain water and full of life and vigor.

The chair coolies put the chair down, then, and let the winds fly against their sweating, bare-back bodies, and then as for greeting, they sent out suddenly a strange, clear call that echoed and re-echoed among the peaks.

"Da la-la-la-la hoo-oo!"

Carie, hearing it, felt she might have shared in such a cry of delight herself, strange wild answer to the mountains.

Then came the final ascent into the valley, a swift short ascent, and there it lay like a bowl held high to the sky by the topmost peaks of the mountain range. At one side of the bowl was the little three-room stone cottage Andrew had had built.

None can measure what this cottage and the valley and the beauty and coolness meant to Carie then and in after years. The relief of coolness at night and of good sleep, the deep breathing of keen mountain air, the fresh cold water streaming out of a rock and fit for drinking without sterilizing, the freedom from anxiety of disease for two months, the joy of seeing the children grow rosy and round and chubby by the end of the summer when she had been wont to see them thin and pale and languid from sleepless nights and sore with prickly heats

and boils—all this was inexpressible. Her thankfulness welled up in her and she would pray aloud sometimes with the children in one of those swift prayers of hers that were more like a beat from her heart than speech from her lips. These prayers she flung upward to God; whether He caught them or not she sent them up for sheer overflow of emotion.

She roamed the mountains with the children, picnicking here and there, anywhere. She was as fond as a child of eating out of doors and when Andrew was not there she might at any meal call gaily, "Let's pick up our plates and eat outside!"

There on the steps of the cottage or halfway up the hill as the mood caught them, they would sit and eat and watch the sun drop behind the mountain in the sudden way of mountain sunsets. But this only when Andrew was not there; he did not enjoy whimsy and sudden plans and the discomfort of a plate and no table, nor anything unusual, and when he was at home they must all sit decorously to grace and three meals, and Carie had to content herself with her chair placed so that she looked out of a door flung wide open.

For though Andrew came sometimes to the mountains for a brief holiday, he did not seem to mind the heat as she and the children did. He grew more lean, seemingly more imperturbably healthy as years passed. He did not, as she did, feel on his own flesh and spirit the sufferings of others. Music spoke to him not at all and poetry never, and rarely even beauty in nature; the voice of human suffering, also, was too often for him the voice of those who cried out against the just punishments for their sins sent from a just God.

It was inevitable of course that this difference in the natures of husband and wife grew wider or at least more evident as time went on. Carie would not acknowledge even to herself their disunion, yet she showed it unconsciously in a thousand little impatiences which Andrew bore silently but visibly as a trial from God, and this manner of his endurance and even his extreme and quiet patience did not tend to make it easier for Carie, always uneasy because she felt she was not good enough and that after all he was "better" than she.

But this strain between the two did not appear much in the days when she had her children with her and dependent on her. Never was a woman more richly mother than this woman, bubbling over with a

hundred little songs and scraps of gay nonsense to beguile a child from tears, and filled with wayward moods as she was, yet her hands were swift to tenderness and care and quiet brooding tending when need arose. Never was she more perfect mother than during the summers on the mountain top when she could give herself freely to her children. She led them here and there in search of beauty, and she taught them to love cliffs and rugged rocks outlined against the sky, and to love also little dells where ferns and moss grow about a pool. Beauty she brought into her house too and filled the rooms with ferns and flowers.

I think the search after God, which she never wholly gave up, was easier for her on this mountain top because God seemed more near where there was no human suffering to be seen. Almost any day there, she thought, where it was easy because of beauty to be patient and to be good, she might see Him. On Sunday mornings she went to church in the little stone church that was built as the community grew, and it was part of the joy of the day that a clear little bell pealed out an invitation. I think she never heard it without thinking of her home, and when she went in answer to its call, she went half in memory of her home across the sea. But partly, too, she went to worship and to sing, even to worship that which she did not understand. For this woman, this American woman, was so built by blood and training that all her joys led her in spite of herself to something higher than she thought herself, so that she must go seeking in spirit for that someone—that something to praise and thank when life seemed good to her. She was one whom happiness and peace moved to the very best effort in her, and suffering and too much pain drove her mad and defiant.

Thus swiftly here and slowly there nine years passed and again they were free if they wished to take a furlough for a year and go home. They made ready to go one June, letting the cottage in the mountains to friends who needed it and setting sail from the coast to cross the Pacific Ocean. During these years Edwin had grown to manhood, interminable years when measured by her constant thoughts of him and by her fears and sleepless nights. He had finished college and was now ready for the university, and they were therefore to spend most of this

year in America, not at the big white house but in the university town where Edwin was to be, the same university his father had attended. This university was in the little old Virginia town of Lexington, filled with historic meaning and atmosphere, and Carie looked forward to this eagerly, thinking that here she could steep the younger children in the feeling for their own country, which not having seen they yet loved.

But first there was the sea to cross and she was ill and wretched as ever so that when San Francisco drew near she could not set foot upon the beloved soil fast enough. She pointed out this and that to the two little girls who stared at everything, enormous eyed, proud beyond measure of the astounding magic of running water and of electric lights and of the stateliness of tall buildings. Was it not all America, and was not America theirs?

One thing only shocked them. It was to see white men loading trucks and handling baggage.

"Mother," asked Comfort in horror, "are even the coolies over here white people?"

Carie laughed. "We don't have coolies in our country," she answered. "That is why people are happy. Everybody works and it's no disgrace to work with your hands."

But such questions always sobered her lest these children in spite of her be marked by the Orient. She was troubled now and resolved that in this very year Comfort should learn how to cook and sew and wash dishes and to perform all the womanly round. She was a great believer in housework as a cure for women's discontents.

"Every woman ought to know how to keep house and make bread and cook and sew," she declared. "It doesn't matter how many servants you have you ought to know how to do these things if you are a woman." And afterwards to Comfort, who was at times a bit sulky over the practice of this theory, she said, "Some time in your life you will have to do it for yourself. Besides, we Americans *work!*"

It was the final word, the tradition of her race to be upheld by her hands. And indeed in that fearless, vigorous body of hers there was not one drop of languorous blood.

The railway journey across the United States was always a joy and

a possession to Carie. To see her country unroll itself before her eyes, to see the beauty of mountain and field and plain, to watch lamps lit in little houses at evening, to enter into the life of streets and villages and cities was like music to her, and she sat by the car window watching the pageant pass, her eyes brilliant. Every slightest growth and change she noted, every sign of prosperity she rejoiced in, pointing them out to her children.

But this time America held a special meaning for her. There was Edwin, a grown man.

Here was the home town again, here the white gate, the great maple, the big house that was forever home. There was her father, slight, still straight as a youth, white-haired, fastidious in his spotless linen and black suit—was Hermanus never to grow too old for vanity?—this other white-haired figure, could this be Cornelius grown so old and bent?—these young women his daughters, this young man his son, a big square-shouldered boy, ruddy-checked, here his young wife grown settled and matronly? Nine years indeed had passed. When she looked in the mirror of her old room there above her temples were the two white wings of her own hair and the deep bloom was gone from her cheeks.

Each sister had gone now to her own home and the house seemed strange without them there to meet her at the door. But there, but there, shy in the offing, was a tall, slender thoughtful-looking young man. It was Edwin. When Carie would have put her arms about her son's neck he was grown so tall he must stoop so that she could clasp her hands behind his head. He wore pince-nez and a high collar and looked far more than his twenty-one years. She held him off, at arm's length, to see him thoroughly. It was a good gaze that met hers, a little dreaming, perhaps, but gentle and true and intelligent. What lay behind those grave, short-sighted eyes she must find out anew, for it was plain her little boy was gone.

Then it was a delight to her to take her two little girls and lead them all over the farm and village, pointing out every remembered place, meeting every old friend. Here in this quiet place of homes was for her the very heart of America. On Sunday there was the renewal of joy to go again to church, and to hear the little, sharp, sweet church bell whose tones she never forgot. Hermanus, now very old, still

marshalled the family as before, and marched at their head down the village street, the whole family filing behind. Now she and Andrew and their three children were part of the beloved ritual. In the church Andrew's brother still preached, white-haired and very frail in these days. He had never wholly recovered from the hardships of the Civil War and an old wound broke out again and again in his hip. But he managed still to preach his gentle, unworldly, doctrinal sermons, and it was food to Carie's soul to hear his voice once more.

America, America, how could she ever leave it again!

After the happy summer, when she had delighted in all the old tasks of churning and washing under the trees and ironing in the cool buttery, of canning the rich harvest of fruits, after a round of visits to her married sisters and brother—was it possible that little Greta was this dark-eyed mother of children, all her mischief subdued but not gone, and this Luther, this settled prosperous merchant, now the father of four children?—they went to Lexington and found a rambling old house on the edge of the town, furnished after a fashion, and there she had her first home in America. It was an old house belonging to the period before the Civil War, and the kitchen was far from the house in the rooms that had been connected with the slave quarters, and she had to pass back and forth through a tangle of garden. To another it might have seemed too tiresome, but to her it was a privilege to look over the garden to the hillside rising beyond and a wood. She made her work light with her swift step and her ready songs, and the work seemed nothing after the life she had had. She had only her own family to look after, only to feed and tend and amuse them. There were none of the other demands made upon her that she had had in China, demands of sickness and sadness and human need. This lifting of the burden of sympathy for a brief space was in itself rest to her.

Nor did she have to teach her children, for Comfort could go to school for the year, Edwin was in the university delighting her with his brilliant scholarship, and Faith was at her skirts for a playmate. It was a time for reunion. In the evening they gathered about the old stone hearth and Andrew made a fire of logs and for their supper they drank milk, "from a cow" Faith explained with gravity every

evening, and ate great gingerbread cookies and the fruits they could not eat in China.

At such times as these Carie watched her son and tried to find out what he was and to establish again the old close tie that had bound them together before he left her. She longed passionately for him to become all that she was not. But she found his very gentleness evasive. He seemed yielding, candid, and certainly he was kind, and yet she felt him far from her. In the end, against her will, she let him be, and waited, sorely conscious of separation from him, whom somehow she had thought she would still find her little boy. But during these years alone, the man had come into being, and he could not again be dependent on her.

Perhaps this independence made it easier for her at the end of the year to turn back again to the Orient where there were many who needed her still. Twenty-two years now she had been away from this country of hers. She held it fast in her heart as she ever had, ever it was the fairest and best of lands, God-blessed. But the niche in it that had been hers was closing now. Twenty years, and her brothers and sisters had learned to live without her, although they loved her well. Twenty years, and the daughters of Cornelius were young women in the room where she had lived as a young woman; their dresses, long skirts, and full leg-o'-mutton sleeves hung where her crinolines had hung, and their snapshots of boarding school days were caught in a fish-net, as the fad was, on the wall where the little dark madonna had been when she was young. In the room where her mother had died, Cornelius had lived so many years with his wife that even Hermanus seemed to have forgotten the wife who had loved him so ardently. In the village old Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop were long dead, her school friends were married and gone, and only old Neale Carter, still a bachelor, lived drowsy and alone with his Negroes. The sight of him, huge and red and blustering between fits of drowsiness, ended forever the romance that might have been. He had forgotten everything except his food and his juleps.

Yes, she had left America, and America had forgotten her, and were she to come back to it permanently she must build herself anew into another niche.

But there could be no question of that, for long before the year was

out Andrew was impatient to be at his work again. His own old home had been sold, his parents were dead, and now his whole heart lay among the dark people. Moreover, America, he felt, had no need of him. There were preachers and churches everywhere, and all who would could "hear and be saved." Those in the far land who could not hear if they would, for there was no one to tell them, called to him so he heard nothing else, and the next summer when Edwin had finished his university work with honors and had found the principalship of a school and was indeed wholly independent, they prepared to go back.

There was a deep sadness in Carrie's heart when she came to say farewell to her son this time. Somehow if America held him, and she would have America hold her son, then she herself had lost him, although she scarcely knew how. Yet he was a man now and must choose his own life, and was she to blame him if he chose his own country when she had taught him from his birth to love his country well? But in choosing it meant that she, his mother, must live now in exile from her son, seeing him perhaps only once or twice more while she lived. She left America with rare tears brimming in her eyes and loneliness in her heart. There was more than the physical separation this time; there was the beginning of a separation of the spirit, and she went out somehow homeless.

Once more then, she went back to the river port to the bungalow set in the circle of hills above the dark Chinese city lying like lees along the river's edge. She set herself now in that quietness of spirit, which was the nearest that her exuberant nature ever came to despondency, to the making of her home and her garden again. Signs of her age were upon her. Her hair grew white, although it kept its curly thickness and softness and remained a crown of beauty to her always. The mature curves of her middle life changed to slightness again.

I think she felt at this time of her life that she had parted entirely from her girlhood except as it was a memory with her. America had grown on beyond her, forgotten her, filled her place. One must grow with a country, grow within it, if one is to belong to it wholly. Therefore she was glad she had given her son to America. As for her, for

the first time in her life she set herself seriously to her own life, not realizing that she was America, that she brought America with her wherever she was, to all whom she met.

Once again she took up her work of friendship to the people about her. Once again she set herself to shape the environment she wished for her own children. Comfort was a tall girl now, a difficult child in many ways, wilful, passionate—if Carie had been able to see it, much like herself. But Carie could only see with a sort of fear and sorrow that this child of hers was so built that she must suffer in life as her mother had through too sensitive a nature and too much emotion, and Carie tried to teach her daughter self-control, Carie, whose own battle had never been completely won with herself! But she planned tasks for the girl's day, taught her music and painting, saw to it that every week there was a long composition written that she might learn how to write well. For both of the children Carie did all that she could and quite alone, with none of the aids that modern mothers have. Their bodies she trained and made supple through exercise, correcting their posture, encouraging them to every sort of physical bravery.

I remember that she offered a silver coin for every crow's nest that Comfort could bring down. The crows built high in the tops of the trees, and one of the sensations this girl, now a middle-aged woman, will never forget is that of climbing higher and higher, on a windy March day, higher and higher up a wind-tossed, slender tree trunk, and reaching at last the nest. One had to climb early, for once the nest was built Carie's softness of heart would not allow her to see it destroyed. But what she wanted the child to learn was to dare to take physical risks.

It was not always easy, however, to make Comfort submit to the daily routine. She could resist mightily and with gusto, and at last Carie saw that if she was to win it must be by approval and stimulation of ambition, for the girl would not be driven. Carie learned from that quick sympathy of hers to look at last into her own heart and see what would win the child's and thus the wayward adolescent period passed more easily for them both. But in spite of passionate mother and passionate daughter Carie shaped well her child's environment and filled her life with what was the best in the culture of her own

country and set her feet firmly and forever on the path of desire for what was beautiful and good. It was no mean achievement since except for books and natural beauty there was no other aid.

Beyond this life for her children, Carie's days were filled as never before with the people about her. This came about especially after one of the much dreaded famine years. A fearful year was the year of 1905, when crops failed so that even in the rich Yangtse valley, so fertile and well drained, food was short, and this especially when refugees began to pour down from the north.

As winter started the city and countryside began to be filled with the wretched creatures, men, women and children, who came on foot, begging as they came for food to keep them alive, and dying all along the way. Cold weather came on and still they arrived in increasing numbers, haggard, grim, dropping in death. Carie, who had seen her fill of sad sights, was moved to new agony and the utmost of pity, and she exerted all her powers to give what she had and to collect money here and there. There were no desserts on her table that year, and every scrap she could save was saved. Even the New Testament had to wait that year.

She dared not go by day to give the scant relief at her disposal, so inadequate was it to the need, for to the gathered thousands of starving people it was nothing, and her life was endangered by the giving of it, lest they fall upon her and fight for what she had. She went about empty-handed among the huts during the day, therefore, and noted the worst cases, and at night she put on Wang Amah's old coat and with Wang Amah beside her she crept among the people, leaving a dollar here and a bundle of food there.

Andrew was away from home that entire winter. He was in the north where the famine was worst, administering relief from the sums of money sent from America. From these sums he sent a little to Carie, to whom the money was the more precious because it came from the plenty and the ready generous hearts of her own people.

"It is from America, for you—from America!"

Over and over again I have heard her say these words. She became to those hopeless folk a living embodiment of America.

Sometimes it was not money but shiploads of food that came from America, and the food was not always suitable. I remember one ship

brought hundreds of slightly damaged cheeses. Almost the only food these people could not eat was cheese, an article apparently nauseous to Chinese universally except as they acquire the taste for it abroad. Carie looked with tragic eyes on all the cheeses dumped on the quay at the river's edge, and then promptly became a cheese monger. She went to every white man's house and with her ready tongue and warm heart persuaded the white community, not large at best, to purchase the outrageous numbers of cheeses. She herself stocked her cellars with them, buying all she could not sell, and we had those "famine cheeses" for years to come. But with the money she bought rice and flour in great triumph and fed many refugees.

But the grievous sights she now saw daily and hourly wore on her spirit until it seemed she would break under the strain of her sadness and her impotence, in spite of all, to do more than only a little in proportion to the need. She had not believed, even she, that such misery was possible to flesh, such slow torture of swollen shapes of death, such dreary, hopeless-eyed little children, such fierce wild selfishness for food, even sometimes between mother and child, often between husband and wife.

It became impossible at last to hide her identity from the people in the huts and they traced her to her home, and crazed with hunger they staggered up the hill to the bungalow and beat upon the gates of the compound and lay in dreadful, shivering hordes against the walls. I think not one suffered as Carie did then. Her food was ashes in her mouth and she could scarcely eat because of those who had nothing. Yet she did not dare let them in for fear they would devour everything and in their great numbers be no better off than they were before.

But the sound of the moaning and the calling aloud of her name through day and night, the dead that lay there at each dawn to be carried away, drove her nearly mad with helpless pity and angry sorrow. All the old fierce anger against a God who could let this be swelled up once more in her heart. But she had been taught that she must not question God. He knew best. All was in His will. Her struggle to believe in her old creed, "Trust and obey," and her torn heart were pitiful to see. She set herself with desperate determination to do all she could, and devoted herself to the finding of food, night

and day, going into the houses of the rich, going everywhere as she would never have done on any other errand than human need.

She no longer tried to shield her children; indeed, she could not. What wall could shut out this wailing of the people, these last cries of failing hope, the saddest of all the weak voices of little children? No, they must see what life could do. She pressed them into her service, being careful only to keep them from extreme sights of painful death.

There was no Christmas that year. Every year of her life she had made Christmas the happiest, merriest time for her children. The trimming of the house with holly and greens, and the stirring of the plum pudding had always been rites in the family life. Here as elsewhere she had had to provide all, for there were no toy shops, no Christmas display, to help her. But she could make Christmas a very orgy of gingerbread men and ladies and toys she manufactured, of things both useful and nonsensical, of stockings hung at the hearth on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas morning a tree trimmed with what she had made of bits of bright paper and ribbon she had saved throughout the year. It was one time in the year when she gave herself wholeheartedly to gayety, and nothing was allowed to spoil the pleasure of the season and to shatter the sweet mystery of Christmas Eve and the Manger Story told about an open fire and carols sung at the organ before bedtime. In the morning her brilliant voice rang through the house at dawn, "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!"

So she created Christmas for her children. So she built into them the tradition and deep meaning of Christmas so that they never forgot it and to this day, scattered over three continents as they are and she buried in a fourth beneath alien soil, Christmas stirs them with profoundest memories. Yet she took pains always to make them realize that it was a time of sharing and each child was taught to prepare gifts not only for parents and each other but for servants and little Chinese friends and any whom they knew to be in special need, also. Well she knew the pleasure of sharing and the good content that follows it.

But on this year's Christmas she had no heart to make merry, even for her children. How could one rejoice, how make plum pudding and stir fruit cakes when outside the walls there were those?

"Children, we can't have Christmas this year," she said soberly. "Let's take all we would have spent and all we can spare besides and buy food for these others."

It was a strange Christmas day, spent in cooking great vats of rice and distributing it bowl by bowl through a crack in the gate until none was left and we had done all we could. It was a long, silent day. She could not even sing at evening. As reward there was less weeping in the night and she slept a little more.

Of all this Faith was mercifully too little to grasp the full significance but upon Comfort it made an impression too deep for her years. As spring wore on somehow and the ones who were left from the winter's death gathered themselves together and took their way home again in the hope of planting their land, the young girl was nervous and distraught and Carie saw that she must go away for a little while. There was a boarding school in Shanghai kept by some New England women and here Carie decided to send the girl for the two years that yet remained before she was old enough to go back to America for college.

Comfort had, indeed, been too much alone and was overgiven to dreaming. The loneliness of a child growing up in an alien land was weighing too heavily upon her and so Carie prepared to send her away.

It seemed to Carie that she was never to have any comfort in her children. This country—this work—demanded them sacrificed, if not in death at least in separation. But this sadness she kept much in her heart, striving to make the separation seem for Comfort only a happy going away to find friends of her own age and kind. She took great pains to prepare a dainty wardrobe of simple clothes and packed them with care in the round-backed trunk that had gone so many times already over land and sea, and Andrew took Comfort to school. Then there was only little Faith left in the house, a serious, quiet little girl.

The strain of the winter was somewhat wiped away by another of the blessed summers in the little mountain cottage. Other white people, an increasing number, gathered there now, and there was for Carie not only the physical renewal from air and sky and mountains, but the renewal of friendship with people of her own kind and cul-

ture. This she rejoiced in. It meant much to be able to escape even for a few weeks the pulling of her heart that she could not avoid as she came and went among the Chinese women.

It was well for her to withdraw sometimes into a place where she could steep herself in peace and beauty as she could in the mountain valley, and this summer she spent in her garden, planting ferns here and wild flowers there and pruning trees and shrubs that grew wild about the place. It was the best way in which she could restore her soul.

All these years Andrew had been going steadily about the countryside on foot or on a small grey ass, until by now he had churches in many villages, and church members proud enough to feel themselves demeaned by a pastor who rode a donkey. He came home one day riding upon a plump white pony which his parishioners had given him, and to Carie's astonished question he replied embarrassed and yet pleased, "I oughtn't to have it, perhaps—our Lord rode upon an ass."

But Carie had fallen in love with the horse and was patting its black nose. She said quickly, "I daresay He would have ridden a horse if anyone had given Him one."

At this time of her life, with only one child left in her home, Carie returned to her work in the churches with Andrew, and made great plans for the Chinese women. She went with Andrew often and they bought a small junk and went through the winding canals to towns and villages, Faith with them. Between teaching Faith her lessons and keeping tidy house on the junk Carie taught women and girls.

She and Andrew had hot arguments sometimes over the conflict of Christian doctrine and circumstances they found. For instance there was Mr. Ling who wanted to join the church but who had two wives. To Andrew the only possible solution was to bid him send his concubine away. But Carie listened to the concubine and knew her despair and she argued with Andrew, "But the poor woman has nowhere to go—it's not *her* fault!"

Then Andrew's ministerial right grew strong. He would not let his sense of the principle be weakened.

"Mr. Ling will have to stay out of the church, then," he said firmly.

"It's cruel!" cried Carie with all her old heat against injustice. "If it's God Himself I'll still say it's cruel!"

To this Andrew would give no answer. There were other difficulties, too. Carie discovered that a pastor in whom Andrew trusted was smoking opium. She had suspected him for a long time, having an extraordinary intuition about people. But Andrew would hear nothing against him. One day she saw a paper drop out of the man's Bible. Before he could pick it up Carie had it. It was a bill for opium.

Another time she heard a whisper against another trusted assistant of Andrew's, and again she found proof that he was charging an admission fee to all who entered the church. There were times when it paid people to become church members, for "foreigners" were powerful and they shared the protection of their treaties with all who called themselves Christians, and the churches were crowded. Andrew would not have been human if he had found Carie's sharpness altogether pleasing, and certainly he was not happier because she was right.

But Carie could work in no other way. She must know the truth. To the woman, pouring out her story of her troubles as a concubine, she listened and said quickly, "Of course I see exactly how it is. What can we do about it?"

And she sent up one of her swift, half-conversational prayers, "God, You see this woman. You understand the difficulty she is in. She can't help it. If we can't think of a way out, we'll have to take her as she is."

Afterwards she was smitten with fear lest she had done wrong and answered her own heart, saying, "Well, if I can understand I should think God could."

But she was never quite sure. There was Andrew. Perhaps God was like Andrew.

Carie's home in these years became increasingly the gathering place for all kinds of people in trouble. There was something about her cheery, comfortable way, her gay, bright voice, her love of sunshine and flowers and happy-looking rooms, her sparkling eyes, her sane, good presence that somehow set things on the way to righting themselves. In these days there came often into her living room a tall, handsome woman, black-haired, black-eyed, with a smooth, pale olive

skin, always beautifully gowned in Paris gowns. She was the daughter of a British business man of means in the port, a man of education and high in office.

In his youth this man, like many others, had taken into his house a Chinese woman, an ignorant, pretty girl with whom he had become infatuated in a sing-song house, and by her he had two children, a boy and a girl. The son was a dissipated scoundrel, continually drunk, but when there was condemnation of him and his father had rescued him once more from one of his incessant scrapes, Carie always said, "Poor Harry Evans—he is so lonely. No one will have him, white or Chinese. He has no country—that's the loneliest thing on earth."

But if the son was lonely, the daughter Ella, a beautiful, proud creature, was lonely beyond imagination. She took the place of mistress in her father's house, for the Chinese woman as she grew older degenerated into the commonest of her class and never appeared in public. The white father, however, was pathetically proud of the daughter's stately beauty and calm dignity, and she sat at the foot of his table and was the hostess of his elaborate dinner parties. Chinese men were never tolerated in that house except as menials and she had no opportunity, therefore, of meeting Chinese gentlemen, who would doubtless have despised her. But indeed she was English, and Chinese in nothing except the pointed beauty of her hands and in the duskiness of her coloring. Yet these slight traces made it impossible in those times for an Englishman to consider her as his wife, and so she lived on in the house, English and not English, of the white people and yet eternally alien.

This woman had her hours of utter despair and these she learned to conceal from her father, for the old man truly loved her and could not forgive himself for the wrong he felt he had done her in pouring this mixture of blood into her veins, and when he saw her in her dark moods he could not be comforted and regretted bitterly the folly he had committed in allowing his fancy for a pretty face and the clamor of his flesh to condemn this proud daughter to life.

Then Ella Evans found Carie and it is thus I remember her, coming to the gate at evening usually in the falling dusk, in her handsome sedan chair, and then sitting in the twilight living room waiting until

Carie was free to talk. What the two talked about I do not know, for Carie always shut the door and I could hear only their murmuring voices. But once when they came out I saw Miss Evans bend over Carie from her height and gaze earnestly and speechlessly into Carie's clear, straight-gazing eyes, and that night at the supper table Carie was a little silent and unwontedly sad.

Sometimes the waiting one would be a small, kimono-clad figure. That was the Japanese wife of the strange old Englishman who lived in a wooden house built Japanese fashion in a hollow of the distant hills. There was a tale in the port about this old man, white-haired and frail with age when I knew him, but very erect still and courteous and very much the reserved and independent English gentleman. He had had a post, it was said, in the customs at this same port in the early days and he was the younger son of an English baronet, sent out to seek his fortune, as so many are sent in like circumstances to the Orient. There was a girl in England whom he loved and she was to come out to him as soon as he had his first promotion, a fluffy, yellow-haired child, the story went, and when he had worked for three endless years he sent for her, for he had enough to make a fit home for her.

There were the wildest tales of the house he made for her and the things he bought for it in Shanghai—Aubusson carpets and satin-covered furniture and a rosewood piano, things he had starved himself to buy and gone in debt for besides. He went to the coast to meet her, burning under that cool exterior of his. When the ship came in there was only a note for him.

"I am so sorry, dear Ronald, but it was all a mistake. I don't—I can't love you."

She had run away with the ship's purser. Ronald Stearns folded the note very small and tore it into bits and dropped it into the curling, muddy waters of the Whangpoo, and that night he went into a Japanese brothel of the better sort and bought a woman for himself, a conscientious, polite, cleanly little woman, somewhat older than the others and not at all pretty.

He made a great ceremony of asking her in marriage and took her to the British Consulate, she very much bewildered with the turn in her fortunes, and paddling anxiously down the corridors behind him

in her *geta*. There, in spite of the remonstrances of the British consul, Ronald Stearns married the little Japanese and took her back to the port.

He built her a Japanese house on the hillside, too far for visitors, and he sold at auction the rosewood piano and the Aubusson carpets and the satin-covered furniture and all the trinkets he had accumulated. When I knew him he had lived for many years in great dignity and respectability, but he never took any part in the narrow social life of the white people at the port and his intercourse with them was limited strictly to business. When his father died he fell heir to some fortune, but he never went back to England, and lived on with his Japanese wife, to whom he was always the figure of kindness and courtesy. They were childless.

Why little Mrs. Stearns came to see Carie I do not know. Perhaps only for a friendly talk with a woman, for this was the loneliest possible little creature, gay as she was in her flowered silk kimonos and richly hued sashes. She spoke very little English and this was significant of her companionship with her English husband. But by every circumstance her life must have been far from his. He read much and after business hours spent much time in study, although he was always punctilious in walking with her of an evening in the pretty Japanese garden he had had made for her. It was silent walking, for there was little to be said between them. All his world of breeding and experience she could not dream of and her small life was so simple that it was a primer to him. Yet Carie could fill some need for companionship in this life.

But there were more than a few among the white people of the port who turned to her. There was the poor crazed Englishwoman who used to come through the night in her sedan, the passionate, jealous wife of a cold and cruel husband. Into Carie's ear she poured without reserve the tragedy of her life, and after she had gone Carie's eyes were sick with some horror of too much knowledge, knowledge she fain would not have had.

There was the thin, consumptive Scotchwoman, who had once been a missionary and who married a whiskey-drinking Scotch captain of a river steamer to reform him and saw him after the honeymoon take to his drink again. All her desperate little efforts at amusing him, of

holding his love to a pitch where it might strengthen his will, all the futile attempts of a woman not handsome enough, not charming enough, to hold any man—these she poured out to Carie, coughing and weeping.

"If I could only have a child," she used to moan. "He wants a little daughter."

But that thin, bent body of hers could bear no such fruit and at last she adopted a child from an orphanage in Australia and they made another start together. But in less than a year the child caught small-pox from a Chinese servant and died, and the father, who had learned to love the little yellow-haired thing, became a drunkard in earnest and poor Mrs. Gibbs died of the disease she had had for so long.

These and many others of those who drift through the ports of the Orient came into Carie's home and received from her the succor of her wholesome personality. There seemed, indeed, always someone waiting for her. Even the half-breed Indian doctor and his dark, stout wife found in her a special friend, although she could never see them without a pang of memory for the sweet son she had lost.

At this time of her life Carie was an extraordinarily attractive and magnetic person. Some of the impetuosity of her youth had passed out of her, taking with it a heat of temper at times too swift for comfort. She was mellowed in sympathy, yet so vigorous that she brought with her always a breeze of vital, genial American womanhood. In her presence one thought of the good and simple things of life. She was so normal, so full of a keen humor, so sane in an atmosphere where too often white men and women become changed and saddened and subtly degraded. She was always robustly herself.

In her home she had created the very atmosphere of her own nature. She had always a good vegetable garden, a thrifty-looking American garden, and on her table one ate lima beans and tomatoes and asparagus and Irish potatoes and lettuce, all the good American foods that seemed somehow in those days never to be found elsewhere. She could not tolerate the stringiness of the roaming half-wild Chinese fowl, and she had always a small chicken run and fresh eggs and a fat hen ready for roasting or in the spring young frying chickens that she prepared in the most delectable southern style. Biscuits came from

her hands light as cloudlets and her cocoanut cakes and black chocolate cakes and fruit cakes and marble loaf cakes were enough to woo a man a hundred miles to find them. I remember her often in her busiest days kneading great masses of light, snowy bread dough, and afterwards turning out of the pans the big sweet loaves and the whole house was full of the good fragrance.

By such wholesome and simple ways she healed those who came to her, and in the way she had, by being only herself and what she was, she brought home and country to the exiled.

I think these years that merged into the last third of her life were happy ones. She had learned now that home and country are in one's own heart, and may be created according to that heart's desire anywhere in the world. The old sick longing for the West Virginia hills and the old sweet life passed. These were her possessions forever in memory, and could not be taken from her; indeed, they were only in memory, for change had laid hold on what had been her own. Hermanus, her father, died at a great age, fastidious to the end, and death scarcely separated her more than life had from him. His memory took its place in her mind beside other memories that would be living to her as long as she lived and she did not grieve.

True to her determination, she moved her home no more. North and south and east and west Andrew traveled during these years, but he went alone, coming back from time to time for refreshment to the restful home she made for them all. It was what was best for him, too, for he was not a man fitted to family cares, and spared now the trouble and vexation of spirit of moving about with the belongings of a family, he went pioneering where his contented spirit called, and it was the voice of God to him.

As for Carie, she could plant a tree and hope for fruitage and her roses climbed to the roof of the bungalow, and no more did she have to drag her children from one wretched hovel to another. There in the bungalow she built their environment. There were picnics to the hills and to bamboo-circled temples. Did ever anyone look more alien in a Buddhist temple than she, I wonder, standing sturdy and practical and unmoved before the sinister Oriental gods? It stands in my memory as one of the fantastic contrasts of my experience. In a court where a

thousand years had left its greyness she dispensed sandwiches and cocoa briskly and fed her flock, and if she looked at the silent gods it was as a strong modern spirit views the myths of the dead.

Every little talent her children had, she nurtured carefully. Not only were there picnics and long walks and the studying of botany and plant life by such pleasant ways, but she devised little social occasions of one sort or another whereby they might learn to conduct themselves gracefully so that when they went out of this somewhat limited life they would not be at a loss. One of the most special occasions were little quarterly musicales she gave, when she not only sang most beautifully herself, but saw to it that each of her children contributed something. She had them print out the simple programs and paint designs on them to enhance their appearance and all this for the sake of her children, that their lives might lack nothing to train them for life anywhere in the world.

These years were a time of unprecedented peace in China. The retribution that had fallen upon the country after the attempt to expel the foreigner in the Boxer Rebellion had left the people stricken with a sense of their own weakness and the power of the foreigner for a few brief years was strong as it was not before and has not been since. The white man then was safe to come and go as he would everywhere, for behind every foreigner the Chinese saw warships and deadly guns and swift and ruthless soldiery. This made for temporary peace, at least.

Best of all for Carie, there were no more deaths in her house. She could find comfort in the developing lives of her children and feel safe. Edwin was married now, and although she had not seen his wife and the first grandchild that was hers, she was glad that there was someone to take her place with her son and make a home for him and see to all the thousand little deeds that make a man happy and comfortable. Comfort also was growing and while the relationship between mother and daughter at this time of the girl's adolescence was such that Carie was often sorely tried, yet she was proud of the child. It was fast nearing the time when this one, too, must be sent to America.

As for small Faith, this child was of all her children, except perhaps Clyde, the one most dear to Carie. In appearance she was like Clyde, with the same loosely curling dark hair and the big, dark blue eyes, true violet eyes. In nature she was more suited to her mother than was

Comfort. She was a tender-hearted, sympathetic, amenable child, even-tempered and companionable. Comfort had inherited her mother's faults too closely, a swift, wilful temper, a sensuous love of beauty and of music; all those parts of her own nature which Carie struggled most heartily to overcome she saw to her dismay born again in this tall wilful daughter of hers. But Faith was more like Andrew, less impetuous, more easily self-controlled, quiet and of lesser speech; and more than she realized at the time, more indeed than was good for the child's serious, sensitive nature, Carie made of her a confidante and friend.

These were, moreover, the years of Carie's greatest physical vitality. She was past the age of child-bearing and had no longer upon her the strain of little children. The hill climate above the river port suited her well and she was stronger than she had ever been in the flat lands of the upper Grand Canal. She was busy, also, and had found her place in the mixed community of overwhelming Chinese life and the fringe upon its edge, mingling slightly, of white women and men.

But deep down under all the fullness of her life, Carie felt at times still the inadequacy of her relation to God. She planned sometimes for a period when she would withdraw and really seek to find what she needed. She planned to read her Bible more and to pray more and try to be "good." She never understood her own nature well enough to know that when she took time to withdraw from human life and from men and women and all their human needs, it would be only because she was dead. Life was a stronger challenge, after all, than the hereafter and she could never resist a challenge. She liked to feel her brain and resourcefulness put to the test. She was, to give a small instance, no great lover of games, because there were too many other things she wanted to do, but she loved chess, and this, I think, only because it challenged her brains.

I remember she used often to look somewhat ruefully at her hands, those beautiful, useful, roughened hands of hers, so strong in the palm, so unexpectedly delicate and pointed in the fingers; not small hands, but having spare and well-shaped lines. It was always her plan that one day she would stop plunging her hands into this and that; she was going to wear gloves when she gardened and use cold cream and have really "nice" hands. She loved the white hands of ladies, the skin soft

and smooth and the nails pink and tapering. But if she ever remembered to put on gloves, as sometimes once in a long time she did, sooner or later they would be off and she would be grubbing about in the earth, looking up to say apologetically, "I seem to have to feel the roots are right. They won't grow otherwise. And I do like the feel of the earth!"

We who knew her would only laugh and tease her for her vanity, for well we knew those hands of hers would go into everything, from gardening to washing some child's sore skin.

"Well, when I am old, then, and when I can't work—" she would maintain, laughing herself.

Ah, that old age of hers that never came, the time when she was going to do all sorts of things from making her hands nice and being a dignified old lady—she dignified, who at any moment could be overcome with mirth!—to reading her Bible more and finding out about God—the old age that never came, and never could come to one so incurably vivid and young as she!

How can I give a true picture of her life, bound as it was by the necessity for the most rigid economy so that every newspaper even was saved for what its use might be in the house, economy that might have crushed a spirit less stout! My memory of her is of someone always marvelously fresh and pretty, although when I examine it I see that she wore the same dresses year after year. But she could twist a ribbon in such a way or so pin a flower at her throat that she looked as though she wore a new gown. There was that air about her. I remember that she had a large old tin box in the attic where she put every hat, I believe, she ever owned, when it grew past use, and every flower of silk or bit of ribbon. Twice a year she cried gaily, "We must go to Paris to buy our hats for the season!"

And with great ceremony we went to the attic and opened the tin box and out of it by means of her skilful fingers hats were made for herself and the two girls. Nor do I remember any sense of discontent with what she fashioned. If anything her hats were prettier than any I saw elsewhere, and had style. She might have been, if she had not been what she was, a first-rate milliner, or a singer or an artist or any one of the other things she could have been. At any rate, her imagination and gay nonsense and swift fingers created for us all the illusion

and excitement of shopping for a new hat. Years later when I really did go to Paris to buy a new hat there was not half the edge of excitement in it that there had been in the old expeditions up the attic stairs to Paris in a tin box.

Seven years passed thus, more swiftly than any other seven years of her life. Good years they were when death did not once come to her house. She grew deeper and deeper in human wisdom and was withal the richest and most beautiful nature, although she never lost her faults. In spite of moments of friction her children thought of her as boon companion and best of fun, although these times of fun were perhaps less frequent than they had been. She grew in patience and in understanding, although she was never a creature of patience when her indignation was stirred.

Then the time came once more for her return to America for a year of furlough. Comfort was now a slender young woman of seventeen, and ready for college; an eager, shy, childish creature, full of contradictions and in many ways strangely mature. Carie felt she wanted to give her some parting gift at this time of oncoming separation, something to satisfy the child's love of beauty and adventure. After some thought she decided that this gift would be to return to America through Europe. She wanted to share with the children the memories she still had of other countries.

I think about this time came the great battle of Father's New Testament, and the only time when Carie succeeded, by dint of great determination and some temper, in making Andrew postpone a long-planned new edition, so that Comfort could have some new clothes for college. At any rate, the girl heard carefully muted but violent arguments behind the closed door of her parents' bedroom, and she remembers her father coming out thoughtful and not a little dejected, and her mother, determined and flushed and very bright-eyed, and saying, "I am going to get you that other dress, after all, child, and we are going home by Europe."

This time they took the railway journey through Siberia that Carie might be spared the sea. They went by steamer up the Yangtse and then at Hankow took rail for the north. Carie was as vividly interested in everything new as the children. In Russia particularly she was

absorbed. She saw here the essentials of a grave and dangerous human situation and was appalled by the differences between the few rich and educated and the millions of common people, living in a manner almost bestial. She kept saying, "These people are going to make a revolution one day that will shake the world. You can't have this sort of thing in a country and be safe."

In less than ten years her prediction had come true and at that time she watched the world shake as she had said it would, and followed with keenest interest the steps in the Russian revolution, her sympathy with the people in spite of her native conservatism that hated excesses.

But through this summer they took their fill of the beautiful places in Europe, each seeing what he liked most. Andrew's interest was in churches and cathedrals, and Comfort was a glutton for everything. But Carie delighted most in homes and farms and in people. They spent two months on the edge of a blue lake in Switzerland in a little château kept open for tourists by the widow of a man who had once lived there rich and had died poor. Carie divided her interest between the beauty of lake and snowy Alps and the tales of the little widow. There was always someone telling her story to Carie. The very chambermaids in the hotels were confiding in her by the end of the second day of her stay anywhere.

When the time came to turn to America the old eagerness did not fall upon Carie as it had before. I think she approached her country even dubiously. America was fast in her heart. Would the reality be as she saw it there? Last time she had not been sure of her place—life had gone on yet seven more years without her. What would it be this time? She heard many new things. People said the country was full of new inventions, automobiles for instance, strange machinery to keep house with. It was all very different.

But if America were strange, there was Edwin to be seen, and his wife and the little grandchild. These were enough for eager anticipation. They crossed a stormy Atlantic and from New York took the first train south.

Somehow neither Carie nor Andrew could stay the year out. Carie, returning to the big white house, missed intolerably the little old arro-

gant white-haired figure of her father. His room, which had been such a treasure shop of hand-wrought jewelry and precious stones in strange settings, of watches and clocks of every kind, was now empty and Cornelius's son lived in it. Carie did not belong to the big house any more. She was a guest only now, an infrequent guest, who returned after long periods of exile. Cornelius's wife possessed the place calmly and it was as though all the old life were gone, even to the very memory that it ever was.

In the village Andrew's brother had died and a stranger stood in the pulpit of the white church. Neale Carter was dead too, and his place had been sold to summer visitors. Almost all the old faces were gone. The very name of the town had been changed. It was strange and sad to her and she could not stay in it.

But there were Edwin and his small family and there was Comfort to see settled into school, and she turned to these and for six months lived in Edwin's home. The baby was a delight to her, whose bosom was ever a resting place for babies and whose heart was rich enough in maternity for all the babies in the world. But still, here too, in this young house, she was only a guest.

There was no home for her in her own country any more, no place where she belonged. She saw Comfort in college and saw her become absorbed in the new life and companionships, and it came to Carie then with sadness that in this country of hers no one really needed her, not even her own children whose lives were taken up now in activities in which she had no share. Then she must go back again across the sea, for there were those who did need her, who marked her absence sorely and with eagerness waited for her return. Never once when she had come back to America did she decide the question of her return to China, for each time it seemed to her that surely this time she could not bear to leave her own country again. But now she turned her face toward the exile and steadily she turned, for all of America now, her America, was in her heart and in her memories.

I think some premonition in her sensitive soul told her that this was the last time she would ever again cross the sea. Whether it was that she was even now sickening with the seed of the tropical disease which left her permanently weakened and so hastened on her death, or whether she felt her country indifferent to her so that there was no

home there for her, I do not know. But she was in her heart bidding farewell to all the beauty of America.

Through the long bright autumn she spent in her son's home she walked much in the woods alone, gazing her fill of ruddy and golden trees and drinking in the last long vision of mists lying purple over the hills. She watched with affection the homes, the quiet, cleanly, contented people, the little churches filled decorously of a Sunday with families, fathers and mothers and children. Best of all in America to her were the people, the fortunate happy people who may all their lives live in America. It seemed to her sometimes that she must make them see how happy was their lot, to live in a land such as was not elsewhere in the world. But she could not speak easily of deep things. She could only smile a little and painfully when people wondered and asked her if she really wanted to "go back to that heathen country." I think to the very end of her life she was homesick for the America she had known.

What this year meant to her I scarcely knew myself until one morning when I stood beside her in church as a hymn was being sung, that one which begins "Oh beautiful for spacious skies." Her voice had been ringing out joyously but suddenly she was silent and I looked at her to see what was wrong. Her face was broken with weeping and I heard her whispering over and over, "Oh, America—America!"

She went back, therefore, and this time there was only Faith to take with them. She crossed the Pacific Ocean, ill as ever, but with the quiet conviction that it was for the last time.

In Shanghai there was again Wang Amah's faithful brown face, wrinkled and toothless now under her scanty white hair. The old servant and friend had ceased to do much of the work but she lived on with Carie for several years more until later she went to her adopted son's home because she needed constant care and she would not have Carie burdened. But now Carie took the hard old brown hand in hers and together they all went back to the bungalow. Before her, she told herself, were the long peaceful years of her age and she could look at them and be steadfast.

But Carie's life was not built for peace. The very times conspired against her and the catastrophe of the Chinese revolution burst upon

the country and swept them all into its confusion. For eleven years there had been a strange, stunned quiet over China—unwonted quiet, unwonted safety for all.

Suddenly events began to occur with a rapidity which showed that peace had been only on the surface and underneath vast upheavals were taking place. The Manchu dynasty in Peking was overthrown and the arch revolutionist, Sun Yat-sen, declared China a republic.

Carie had been in her house scarcely a few months before the American consul advised all Americans to withdraw to the coast lest in the general stir and lack of central control lawless persons attack white people. Carie and Andrew looked at each other. Must they pass through the old troubles again? Andrew said half-heartedly, "You had better go," and half-heartedly Carie packed a few things together. On the morning when all were to leave together Carie felt unwell—I doubt whether as unwell as she thought she was—and declared she could not go. They were left behind and the next day Carie recovered and triumphantly unpacked and settled herself to see the revolution through. She no longer had little children at her skirts and moreover she hated above all things the appearance of running from danger.

The heaviest fighting took place in Nanking, some miles up the river, but in her bed Carie could hear the deep reverberation of modern cannon the Chinese had learned from the West to use. Once she heard the sharp crack of rifles very near the house and with her usual recklessness dashed to a window to see what it was.

There, hiding in the bamboos outside the compound wall, she saw crouching figures. She hurried into her clothes and swiftly she went downstairs, saying nothing to anyone. Outside she found these refugees were women, Manchu women, beautifully dressed in long silk gowns, their hair dressed high and their feet unbound after the fashion of Manchu women. Some of them wore Chinese garments as a disguise, but their high cheekbones and big feet betrayed them. It came to her in a flash that they were the wives and daughters of the Manchu officials in the city, now at the mercy of a dynastic change. It was ever the custom in China that when a dynasty fell the incoming rulers killed off all surviving members of the old ruling class, and these poor creatures suffered the same fate. Carie beckoned to one tentatively to come into her house to hide, but the women shrank away into the long grass

terrified, and wringing her hands in impotence, the one thing she could not bear, Carie went back. True it was that she could do no good; she might even bring more harm down on them if as a foreigner she tried to help.

On that day none can tell how many Manchu women and children and men were wantonly massacred there and all over China. Carie sat in her room with Faith and they shut their eyes and tried not to hear the sounds around them. I think the cruelty of that day was too much for Carie, accustomed as she was to sad sights, and she could never forget the pity of those ladies, delicately nurtured and sheltered all their lives, hunted now like deer and lying among the bamboos dead, their satin gowns spotted with blood.

But when those days were passed and the Chinese republic was established in form at least, Carie took great interest in the change. She was a born rebel, and rebellion always interested her. Her own country was a republic, and because of that she felt that the republican form of government was best. She turned hopefully to the new future.

"Maybe they will clean things up a little now," she used to say, and she approved heartily of the mandate which went forth at once that all queues were to be cut off from the heads of men, since the queue had been a sign of servitude exacted by the foreign Manchu dynasty. To be sure, she found considerable humor sometimes in the practical carrying out of the mandate and had as well sympathy for the staid and conservative old Chinese who considered his queue an essential part of his person. Farmers coming innocently into the city gates in the morning, their baskets of fresh vegetables slung on a pole across their shoulders, found themselves caught and seized and their hair hacked off with a pair of rude shears wielded by a soldier stationed at the gate. More than one broke into a howl of terror, thinking his life was being cut away from him with his hair.

But temporarily the new government was vigorous, and everywhere soldiers were stationed to snip off the old sign of subserviency, and many a man in those days went out in the morning with the pride of his hair and came crawling home at nightfall like a shamed dog, his hair chopped off at his nape. But to Carie it was in the end a good thing. She insisted that her gardener and manservant cut their hair

also and she viewed the shorn heads as a step toward her code of cleanliness and righteousness.

The city was left in peace again after a short time and the revolution moved northward and there was no immediate change after all greater or more fundamental than the cutting off of queues. Carie, after the excitement had swept on, found herself faced by life much as it had been, and now she set herself wholly to the missionary work in the way she had planned as soon as the children could leave her free. Faith was old enough to be sent away to school in Shanghai, and this left no child in the home, and Carie's hands were half idle.

Now she went everywhere with Andrew on his long journeys by junk and wheelbarrow and sedan chair. During these recent years a railway had been put through to the coast and she used this also as a main line of travel, branching out from it for many miles north and south and going into market towns and cities and villages, and walking miles along the countryside. Where Andrew preached she gathered about her groups of women and children and taught them to read and to sing and to knit and do handwork, and in the teaching tried to impart as well the simple essentials of Christian living and conduct.

But all this she did in her own way and never as Andrew did it. He gave his message as one who comes a stranger to a strange land, bearing a letter from the king of his own country. It was his duty to read the message that all might hear it. That duty done, his responsibility ended.

I think it was at this time that Carie realized that she and Andrew, although they had been husband and wife for more than thirty years and had had seven children together, were yet very far apart. She had married a man for the stern puritan side of her, but as life had carried her on it was the rich human side of her that had deepened and grown. Alone together in the house, alone on the junks, alone plodding side by side through the dusty country roads or along the crowded cobbled streets of cities, there was no talk to be made between them. Carie, whose cheerful, humorous, running conversation was a delight to so many others, found that to Andrew her racy comments on what she saw were often only a weariness and unwarranted

audacities. His somewhat pedantic speech, his slow rare humor, his complete absorption in his task, his inability to face or to understand the practical difficulties in human lives, his own ascetic and rigorous life which held no place for beauty or pleasure, came to repel her, even while she admired his self-control and his exaltation of spirit.

She had had visions once of working with him side by side in a comradeship full and invincible. While her children were small and her life full of duties she had been able to achieve little of this comradeship, but now that the children were grown, she could, she thought, go with him into everything. They would read together, she planned, talk together, work together, and he would teach her how to improve herself and how to deepen her spiritual life, and he could explain to her the things she did not understand in the Scriptures. And she—surely there were ways she could help him, complement him. She could help with the music now more than ever in church; she could help him to choose the really lovely hymns instead of the usual grave ones that nobody liked very well, and with her gift for clever and forceful expression could lighten a little, perhaps, his somewhat dry preaching. They could go over his sermons together before he delivered them and she could suggest stories, examples, interesting analogies.

She plunged with all her old gay vigor into this new period of her life, joyously, never questioning whether Andrew wanted her help or not. It seemed to her that these were the years for which she had really left her own country; these were the years which were to make that sacrifice worth while. She said to herself that surely Andrew would gladly use her strength, as she could use his, each supplementing the other.

But she was wrong. Andrew preferred not to have his sermons aided in any way. He was quite satisfied with them and extremely doubtful that she added anything to them by her suggestions, and as for the hymns she liked, he thought them strange and meaningless and too lively for religious decency. It was not meet to sing of gladness and of the beauty of this world when beyond it hell yawned.

He was imbued, moreover, with the Pauline doctrine of the subjection of the woman to the man and to him it was enough if she kept his house and bore his children and waited on his needs. "The

man is head of the woman." Through man only could she approach God. So the Scriptures taught. True, it was well if Carie taught some of the women in the churches as far as she was able, but he must have the final examination in the faith and knowledge of all and his must be the final decision, as priest of God, whether or not they were to come into the congregation.

When Carie perceived his mind, all her swift, rebel blood boiled. It seemed to her that for the first time she saw this saint of hers that she had married for his goodness, as he really was—for all his goodness toward her he was narrow and selfish and arrogant. What—was she not go to God direct because she was born a woman? Was not her brain swifter, keener, clearer than the brains of most men? Why—was God like that, Andrew's God? It was as though she had come bearing in her two hands her rich gifts of brain and body, giving them freely and as touchingly sure of appreciation as a child—and her gifts had been thrown back at her as useless. It was her first real acknowledged contact with Andrew's mind.

I cannot here do otherwise than withdraw in delicacy from the spectacle of this woman, mortally wounded in her spirit. After all, I knew her too well, I was too intimately bound to her, to probe with the fingers of analysis into this part of her life which she never by conscious word revealed to any human being. True, we knew it, and sometimes in spite of herself sad and wild words broke from her. But such words never escaped unchecked, and she always grieved for them afterwards.

She had from her birth been trained in an age stern to women, stern perhaps to all who chose to follow religion. For her there was no departure from the path of marriage. However two might strain from each other, however barren might be the husks of union between them, however far they dwelt in spirit from each other, the outward bond was not to be broken. Stronger than any bond of love could ever be were the bonds of religion and duty.

Well indeed did Carie know this. She subdued herself, subdued once more the old warm, pleasure-loving nature, though at what inner cost we can never know. She began again with unwonted silence and gentleness to put her life into a quiet coming and going among humble Chinese women. There were no more large visions of build-

ing up a strong and vigorous band of women in the churches. No, she would not trouble Andrew's churches. She would only go here and there and do what she could for this one and that, whether in churches or not.

Only recently I heard a Chinese professor in a college say of her at this time, "I remember her as none other because she washed clothes even that she might save the money and have it to give to the needy. This woman was such a one as I had not seen before or since."

Meanwhile she shrank into herself in those days and lived alone in spirit as she never had before in her days of busy motherhood. She sang to herself—softly if Andrew were in the house—and planted her garden so that it was a spot of delight to all who came to it, and these were many. She plodded back and forth by foot over the rough country roads to little thatched houses where she might meet small waiting groups of women and girls. She renewed her interest in her neighbors and servants, and sent little gifts to Wang Amah, now too old for any labor and living with her adopted son. She wrote long and loving letters to her children, and planned such little gifts as she could afford for them, and looked forward to their return to her if they would come.

But it was after all a makeshift life. Something dimmed her. She was one who needed to do great tasks, for she could do them. All the lovely, rich out-pouring of her nature seemed somehow pent up. She was perhaps one of the loneliest creatures in the world at this time of her life, for she had to have intimate love. While her children were little they had given it to her so that she scarcely missed it elsewhere. Now that they were grown and out of the home her life seemed intolerably empty.

"It would be so nice," she used to murmur sometimes, "to have someone to take a little walk with—someone of one's own."

This she said watching Andrew's figure going alone down the winding road. It would not occur to him, wrapped in his thoughts and services as he was always, to ask her to go with him, and she was too proud to suggest it. Strange remote soul of a man that could pierce into the very heavens and discern God with such certainty and never see the proud and lonely creature at his side! To him she was

only a woman. Since those days when I saw all her nature dimmed I have hated Saint Paul with all my heart and so must all true women hate him, I think, because of what he has done in the past to women like Carie, proud free-born women, yet damned by their very womanhood. I rejoice for her sake that his power is gone in these new days.

She aged very much during these years. She grew small and thin, pitifully thin, although her carriage was as erect and gallant as ever. Her heavy long hair was white as snow without a dark thread in it, and sprang softly alive from her forehead. This hair of hers brought out a certain likeness in her to Hermanus, her father, and although she no longer had so much of his fire and militancy, yet at any time this vitality would break out for a little while in laughter and speech or quick appreciation of a joke.

She read her Bible somewhat wistfully these days, although she very seldom mentioned God. I think she was fumbling a little in the old search for Him because now she felt herself growing old and she had not done any of the things she had planned. And all these years in spite of all God had not really made a sign to her—not really so that she could not mistake it for something accidental. She used to cut out little verses and poems from papers and magazines and slip them between the pages of her Bible. The pages were stuffed with clippings, simple, sad little verses most of them, or bits of descriptions of nature she had liked. After she was dead I read them all and reading knew her thought at this time. They were poems about little dead children, about exiles far from home, and over and over again about the God who must be taken on faith because none has ever seen Him.

In her sixtieth year she yielded suddenly to the tropical disease that had been for long, it was afterwards found, eating its way into her life. It was a disease of which neither cause nor cure is known, except that it can sometimes be cured by certain diets. It is rare to the natives of the tropics but common to white people living there.

Carie's fine constitution had been worn down by malaria and dysentery, often repeated, and so this disease wrought its havoc more rapidly on her, and although she was at first most unwilling to go to bed it became evident that a struggle for her life was ahead of her. Comfort came back to her at once, now a grown young woman and graduated

from college. Into the care of her mother Comfort threw herself ardently.

Once Carie went to bed she grew worse. For a few exhausted days of almost constant sleep—for she had not taken to her bed until she literally could walk no more—she lay silent. Then after these days were over she suddenly rallied with a great effort of will, making up her mind that a task was ahead of her to which she must summon all her power if she would live. Nothing was of greater challenge to Carie than such a task. She grew suddenly immensely cheerful.

"I have decided not to die," she announced gaily one morning. "I am not going to be beaten by this old body of mine—I am young yet! I have thought of a lot of things I want to do—nice pleasant things. I have been foolish. I haven't been enjoying life enough for a long time. I am going to enjoy myself from now on."

She took herself in hand as though she were her own physician. The doctor was astounded at the change in her. She entered with immense zest in her own cure, discussing with him every possible detail as detachedly as though it were any other than herself of whom they spoke. Her disease was one of which doctors knew little. Therefore, she had Comfort write to everyone of whom she had ever heard who had recovered from it.

"No use asking about the dead ones," she remarked in high good humor.

When the letters came back it was evident that cure depended upon diet. The puzzling thing was that the diet seemed to differ with each person. It was apparently a disease of some idiosyncratic deficiency.

"I'll have to find out at last what my personal peculiarity is," she laughed. "I have always feared I had one!"

Milk seemed helpful to many. She went on a diet of milk alone for two months, sipping small quantities every two hours. It was no use. Her flesh fell away until she was dreadful to see. Only her dark eyes looked bright and indomitable out of her little shrunken face.

"I'll be like Alice in Wonderland soon," she remarked one morning when Comfort was helping her bathe. She looked at her withered limbs. "I'll have to nibble something else to make me bigger before I melt away altogether."

She tried buttermilk then, made with rennet tablets. That was a little better, for at least she did not lose for a month. But by now June had come and with it the summer heat, humid and heavy with the moisture from the flooded rice fields.

We took her then to Kuling to the little stone cottage, a difficult journey with her poor bones so bare that a thick padded mattress had to be put under them before she could be touched.

But the air of the mountain tops helped her at once and suddenly she heard of a new remedy. Someone had recovered on liver soup and spinach juice. She began to take the nauseous mixture with immense enthusiasm. Her couch stood out on the little veranda, and she lay there sipping her soup and gazing out over the tree tops into the valley below. We knew she was thinking of the beauty and voluntarily using it to take her mind from what she had to drink.

How we watched the scales that first week! She gained two ounces. By the end of the first month she had gained a pound and a half. Certain symptoms had abated, among them a sore mouth which left no least part of the mucous lining healthy. She was greatly encouraged and very cheerful with such a piece of work to do.

She did a great deal of thinking these days, of which we caught glimpses in fragments of speech about it.

"You know, I am going to be immensely selfish when I get well. I am really going to take care of myself!" When we laughed ironically at this a glint of humor lit her eyes with mischief. "Yes, I am going to get my hands really nice!"

Then she painted for us in words the picture of the dear, delightful old lady she was going to be, sweet, dignified, immaculately dressed. When we laughed again at this, knowing full well that the moment she had strength enough to walk she would be running about among her poor again and grubbing between times in her garden's black earth, she said somewhat seriously for her, "No, I mean it. I've been silly to be sad. I am going to love life more than ever. All my life I've been doing things for others and now I am going to be so selfish you won't know me. I've always wanted secretly to have time to be selfish! I am going to read as many books and magazines as I like. I am going to have a new lavender silk dress. I am going to make little visits

to my friends. Do you know, in spite of the hundreds of visitors in our house I've never been away on just a pleasure visit to anyone? I always had to go and do something for someone."

But convalescence in that disease is not steady. The summer passed for Carie in a series of progresses and relapses, but the measure of her real progress was the seriousness of each relapse, and for her each relapse was less than the previous one. She was winning the battle.

Autumn approached and the time came when we must go back to our fields of work, but Carie decided she would stay on alone in the mountains and finish her fight. She longed for Wang Amah who was too old and feeble to come, so with the manservant she had Carie stayed on alone in the cottage and set herself to her work on her own body.

I have had to piece from her letters the story of Carie's life that autumn and winter. She gained slowly but steadily, lying out on the veranda watching the leaves turn and drop away. A deep russet glow lay over the whole hillside and purple asters bloomed. It was the nearest she had ever come to the autumn in her own country and she felt the peace of beauty soak into her recovering body.

The day came when she could rise and walk a little, and every day she massaged her own limbs and took sunbaths and kept to her careful diet, enlarging it bit by bit to include more and more foods. Sometimes she made a mistake and took something that gave her a setback, but she viewed herself as one quite detached and sent us reports on herself as though she were her own patient. Gradually from some experimenting she worked out a diet suited to her and she began to improve more rapidly and before many days was creeping down the steps and into the little ferny garden and then soon she walked a little along the pebbly mountain road that ran just above the house.

Then it seemed only a short time until she was visiting others less well than herself, a few invalids who were in the valley to regain health, and then instead of herself the letters were about them. She visited each regularly and soon had their life stories and the detailed accounts of their illnesses, giving in return, I am sure, vast amounts of practical advice. She became absorbed in one middle-aged American woman who had the same disease as her own, and she studied the

case, as freshly eager to help as any youth. She had the satisfaction of seeing the woman recover.

As winter came on Carie's health returned fast and she was restless and eager to be doing something. She recovered her buoyancy and awareness of all around her. But enough of the symptoms of the disease remained so that her doctor would not let her leave the mountain air. She conceived the idea, then, of using the time to rebuild the cottage.

The cottage had grown frail with age and the woodwork was rotten with white ants and the rubble stone was loosened in many places. Moreover, with Comfort home again and with Faith to come, the cottage was too small. Nothing could be more joy to her than replanning the little house, although it must be at a minimum of expenditure. Still, it would be fun to look over all the old material and see what could be used again. It would be fun to make over something—fun to surprise the family! She entered into it with all her old zest and lost interest in her illness.

She called a Chinese contractor and bit by bit went over the whole cottage with him testing the wood and trying the stone to see what was usable. Finally they decided all the stone was good except for a little shale that had crumbled and the big beams could all be used again. She drew a plan that had three tiny bedrooms, two small baths, a big porch and a living room with a big stone fireplace. Underneath where the hill sloped to allow it there would be two service rooms. With the closest care, remembering Father's New Testament, all this could be done for an amazingly small amount of money.

She moved into an empty house nearby, and with the greatest enthusiasm watched the old house razed and the new foundations set. From morning to night she pottered about the place, judging the placing of the stone and exulting over the rising walls. She made it American from roof to basement as far as she could. She hunted in the streams with a coolie for the smooth stones that were to make the wide fireplace. In one of the bedrooms she had a little fireplace put. I think she half dreamed that some day in her old age she might come here to live and thus seem almost in America. At heart, although she would not acknowledge it, she had already said farewell to America from which the cruel sea separated her—America, also,

who does not receive back with eagerness those of her children who leave her, even though they love her.

This was a happy winter for Carie. She was happy because she was making something, and she felt the return of health to her mind and her body. She was, besides, living in the midst of the loveliest nature, and away from poor and oppressed people. I remember her writing of one of the ice storms they had on the mountains that winter, when every twig and every leaf of bamboo and vine were encrusted with ice, and when the sun came out, "It is too beautiful even for me, who can eat and drink beauty for my daily bread and not be surfeited," she wrote us.

She did all sorts of gay things that winter. There was a little school for American children at the time and she delighted to go tobogganing with the children. I have a little snapshot of her sitting at the head of the sledful of children, the guiding ropes in her hands, her eyes dark and bright, and her face full of laughter. She did the things she had not done since she was a girl, and there was no one to be displeased with her merriment.

When we all went back in August for our month's vacations, she received us in the new cottage, prouder than if it had been a palace. She had worked hard to have it ready, even to the white muslin curtains in the windows and fresh mats on the floors and green ferns in hanging baskets and flowers everywhere. It was the home of her heart, her picture of America that she had borne ever in her heart and made actual in this transplanted spot. How she loved it!

And, indeed, it was a lovesome place, the little, clean stone house set in a small terraced lawn among the tree tops that grew on the slope of the hill. Through the trees one caught glimpses of the opposite mountain and through the gap in the further hills there was the blue vista of the distant plains. Inside, the cottage was as simple as poverty itself but how fresh and clean and how swept with mountain winds and mists! I believe she could bear sometimes to think that she might never see America again.

But after the summer she grew sober one day and said she had played long enough and must go back to work. Andrew needed his home and she knew what the house must be like with her not there.

Moreover, during the summer Comfort had become engaged to be married to a young American, and there was that to be thought of, a wedding in a few months. Faith had finished high school in Shanghai and must be prepared for the return to America to college. There were these tasks ahead and she faced them eagerly.

All during the winter we watched her, and she maintained a steady if not a robust health, indeed, a well-being that was astonishing for one who had lain so emaciated. She kept to her diet and unwillingly she rested. Meanwhile she planned the wedding and planned for Faith and was happy and busy once more—synonymous words with her.

Spring came and the wedding was quite as perfect as she had planned it to be. It might have been on the lawn of any American home, a simple affair at sunset with a few friends gathered and Comfort a tall and slender young bride walking casually in her white gown and bride's veil to meet her groom. Carie watched with a thrill of new life stirring. These two of hers, the new life to come to her from them, the new interests—how foolish for her to think there had been nothing left for her to do!

She looked unusually lovely herself that day, with her snowy hair piled high, curly and abundant, and her dark and vivid eyes young as ever. She wore a silvery grey dress and carried a great armful of pale pink carnations. The wedding cake she made and iced herself and it stood under the wistaria arbor and she watched the young bride cut it, and when all was over we heard her murmur in great content, "It really couldn't have been a lovelier wedding in America."

Eight years had passed since Andrew had been in America and now the time had come when he was free to go once more on a furlough. Carie was torn between her great longing to see America once more and the frailness of her body which the doctor said would not stand the racking of another sea journey. I do not know when she made the final renunciation. Perhaps she did not make it all in one moment; she was very silent about it, and we did not know until almost the end whether she would go or not. She decided that she would not go, that Andrew must take Faith home and then come back in the half year. She would stay on alone in the house and keep his work together for him as best she could until he came back.

As if to confirm her in her decision the word came of the death of Cornelius, and to think of his beloved face gone, this brother who was more than brother to her youth, made her give up more easily the last thought of going home. No, she would keep America now where it would always be most alive for her, in her heart and memory. Too many faces were gone, too many new things had come, and there would be no place for her at all, perhaps. Even Edwin seemed very far away, absorbed in his work and in his own children, not needing her any more.

She wrote him still her long weekly letters, tender toward him as though he were still the small son of her youth, as indeed he was to her. Andrew would never think to see what the babies looked like, but she adjured Faith to write all the details of hair and eyes and cunning ways. She longed for these grandchildren of hers inexpressibly, yet she was comforted, for they were in America, safe, as everyone was safe there.

Thus she was left quite alone in the old square mission house, the house in which she had been accustomed to hear the voices of her children, where Andrew had prayed and studied and from which he had gone forth on his long journeys; where there had been much coming and going of others, now she was quite alone.

I never once heard her say she was afraid. The old manservant she kept to help her in her garden slept downstairs in the servants' quarters and except for him there was no other. She bought herself at some odd shop an old and rusty pistol which she had not the faintest idea how to fire, but two or three times during the night she would rise and promenade through the house with it in one hand, a candle in the other.

During the unsettled years after the first revolution there was danger in her being alone like this, but her neighbors knew her well, and she was never afraid. She used to say she had no time to be afraid because she was always first angry at anyone's daring to try to make her so. I remember that once in earlier years during a hot summer's night she heard a noise at the open window of the sleeping room. She leaped to her feet and drew aside a screen placed at the foot of her bed. There in the window stood a tall Chinese who stared at her wickedly.

"Get down out of there!" she called to him in her vehement, ready fashion. "What are you doing here in my house?"

She ran at him, a small, white-robed figure in her old-fashioned nightgown, and he wavered and fell backward to disappear among the shadows of the garden, strewing the towels and pillow cases he had stolen.

Andrew, who had a curious, nervous fear of thieves, remained in bed, much to Carie's indignation, who after urging him vainly to get up, dashed out barefoot to pursue the thief. She called to servants as she ran but they dressed with careful slowness, being terrified of thieves in a country where every thief carried a knife. But Carie rushed out onto the dewy moonlit lawn, oblivious to centipedes and scorpions, and reached the compound wall in time to snatch at a bag she saw disappearing over it and to hang on to it with all her strength, still continuing her stream of abusive Chinese. She was rewarded by having someone drop the other end of the bag. Carie collected the various things scattered about the garden, and by this time Andrew was up, somewhat sheepish as even saints may be, and the servants, now that the thieves were gone, were all in a bustle. Carie retrieved thus most of her slender stock of linen and went back to bed in great triumph.

"You might have been killed. It was very foolish," said Andrew reproachfully.

It was the first time Carie had thought of that possibility. She replied thoughtfully, "I suppose it was. But I was just so mad to think someone would come into my house like that. Besides, what are you going to do—let a rascal walk off with your things and never say a word?"

No, I don't believe she was ever afraid in her life. Indeed, she had the greatest scorn of physical cowardice, and this was a further wedge between Andrew and herself, Andrew, who could face any danger in the pursuit of his duty, but apart from duty could be timorous. Carie could never understand this timorousness, born of a nature shy and diffident, who dwelled apart from reality.

But she did not, although she was alone, shut herself up in loneliness. She went every day among the people far and near and came

home at night desperately weary but with her face content and quiet. I asked her often what she did, but she was always a little vague. "Oh, nothing much," she used to reply cheerfully.

It seemed to be the same old human work she had always done, coming and going among people. I don't think she preached much beyond saying that we must all try to believe in God and try to do what He liked us to do. Certainly He would like people to take better care of their little children, and men not to be hard on their wives, and wives to keep nice homes for their husbands and children, and to keep things as clean as they could. She taught young girls to read, I know, young girls who hungered for a little learning denied them by their social system. She used to talk about many things in the world, describing other countries she had seen. I have seen her talking like this to a group of women, plain creatures who had little in their lives besides the bearing of children and the round of dingy house cares, and they listened to her, their mouths open and their eyes dreaming. She told them about the stars and the planets and she told them of the sea and its strange life and made them feel they were part of a great and wonderful universe. I have never seen her other than most tender to those of her own sex who had no hope from the very misfortune of their birth.

But she could be very angry at the mother of a little, weeping, foot-bound girl, and now and again she prevailed by her sheer persistence. Now and again, too, she threw herself into the rescue of some opium addict. I know one poor old sot whom she rescued quite against his will by weeks of vigilance. That she prevailed at last and that he was delighted to find himself free from the burden that had kept him and his family in debt he ascribed to her prayers and to her religion, and who am I to say he was wrong, since for him, as for many others, the new religion of Christ was typified in Carie and in her passionate interest in his recovery.

"It must be so, for no one else would have cared enough what I was or if my family starved or not," he concluded simply.

I believe Carie enjoyed the struggle as she always did any task that looked insuperable, and certainly she made the old man's life miserable for him at times, but still the upshot of it was that he was cured

and went back to being a weaver and to supporting his family.

She had around her at this time a whole circle of old women who craved friendship and interest in their small affairs, and who had outlived any such interest on the part of their families to whom they were only burdens. They knew too well Carie's softness of heart and that even after her angers were over she would slip them some money or a basket of food or a bit of cloth for a coat.

There was, too, her Chinese daughter, now the mother of six children, in each of whom Carie felt she had a share, and besides these many others whom she visited and who visited her and with whom she held long and intimate conversations on their affairs. I dare say if this American woman had set herself to the writing of novels she could have produced a score of books filled with the tales of lives she knew as no other white person I have ever seen has known them.

If she hated the faults and sins of people she was generous and quick to see their virtues, too, and she never failed to enjoy a joke even though it turned against herself. Once she bought a rug to put before her organ, a little gay rug bought at some sacrifice, because it pleased her. One day a chance acquaintance of Andrew's came in to talk over, as he said, the "new religion." Andrew talked with the man for a while and as he rose to leave, told him that he would walk with him a little way and talk further if the man would wait until he changed into other shoes, for it was winter and the roads were bad. Carie was upstairs and when Andrew came up she decided she would walk also, and the three of them started out. The Chinese went a little way, spoke of an appointment and turned down a side street. When Carie and Andrew came home, Carie's swift eyes noticed at once something lacking in the room. It was the little new rug. While he had talked of religion the man had noted it, and when Andrew had left him alone he had folded it and stuffed it inside his capacious winter robe. Much as Carie hated to lose the rug she laughed until the tears came at the incident, remembering with fresh laughter the man's pious face and earnest voice and the rug in his bosom. She could not but laugh at his cleverness while she hated it and she upset Andrew very much by remarking, "I hope he isn't your typical inquirer, Andy, or we'll have to give up housekeeping!"

She was tolerant always, however, where no evil was meant. I remember once another American's saying with some impatience, "I resent very much this name of 'foreign devil' which the people shout at us so much. Surely they must know we do them good sometimes."

Carie smiled gently, and she answered, "Sometimes they don't know any other name for us. I remember once an old sick woman coming to me for help and she bowed and knocked her head on the ground before me and said as humbly as though she were addressing a queen, 'Please, most honorable Foreign Devil, I crave your help.' No, it depends on how they say it," she concluded.

Andrew came back at the end of eight months, somewhat dazed by a new America. These were the years just after the Great War, and he had seen a country unlike anything he had known before. That which he had held as sure as heaven itself almost, his own country, he now beheld shaken and bewildered and cynical of the very things for which his fathers had fought and established themselves upon its new shores. He was not one who was able to relate at any great length his own experiences, but bit by bit Carie extracted from him parts of a picture which her keen mind was able to fit together, a picture of a country awry and beside itself—and it was her own country!

She began to regret deeply at this time that she was old and helpless and could do nothing for her own land. She said many times to us, "I wish I had my life now to live over again, young and new. Do you know what I would do? I would go to New York and to those places where foreigners come into our gates and I would spend my life telling them what America means and what they must do and be to make America. I think that is why America is not herself now—too many people do not understand what it is to be an American."

Again and again she said, "I wish I had my life to live over again. I would live it for America. I am glad my son is there. He will do something for me for America."

I think during these next two years she was constantly troubled by this desire. She read everything she could find about modern America, trying to fathom if she could the causes for America's plight. Where once in that fair and peaceful land she had heard the call of others less

fortunate, now again she seemed to hear a call, this time the cry of her own in need. In the impotence of her age and situation she grieved a good deal and prayed more for her country than she had prayed for anything in a long time.

She did not perceive that her body was growing thinner and thinner and that symptoms of extreme anemia were upon her. The old disease had left her inwardly impaired and without knowing it she had been eating less and less, and if she gave a thought to her increasing thinness it was only to suppose it was because she was able to eat so little.

But one day her strength gave out suddenly and she could not even walk up the stairs to her room. Comfort came hastily, her eyes sharp with love, and she saw at once that this was something serious. She settled herself to stay until Carie was well again, and in spite of her mother's vigorous objections—Carie seemed never too ill to object vigorously to what she did not want—Comfort called a doctor.

Things were bad indeed. An insidious heart weakness made a needed operation impossible, and from the very first there was little hope. Carie, reading quickly as she always did the faces of others, saw what Comfort would have hidden and some of her old stubbornness came to her aid.

"I am not going to die," she maintained in spite of her feebleness. "I haven't had time to do a lot of the things I had planned. There are a lot of books I want to read yet and there are many people who need me. Besides—" she added with a twinkle, "I haven't got my hands nice yet. No, no—I am going to have ten good years more when I shall really settle down to being a nice old lady and wear pretty lavender dresses and be a grandmother to my children's children." And then as though the realization of her weakness came over her, she cried out in a sort of anger against God, "Anyway, I won't die until Faith comes home and I see her again."

It was the long fight for life once more.

Once again we carried her on coolies' backs up the mountains to the stone cottage, a bone-thin, indomitable creature, her young and changeless dark eyes looking bravely out of the small face under the mass of white hair.

Once more she set herself bravely to the curing of her body. It was a good body, sound in heritage, but it had been made to respond too often to rally now to her will. It became evident that it would not rally again. She knew it well, and there was a short period, a matter of a few days, when we beheld the spectacle of a young and brave spirit viewing with anger and dismay the old and feeble body which must die. She spoke no word to anyone beyond the courteous words of necessity, but the look of her eyes was terrible, and we turned away in agony at what we saw there.

Then it was over. She accepted it. It was as though she gave her body up then as negligible and worth nothing to her, and she set herself to fulfil the desires of her spirit during the last months. Not that she ever spoke of death. She did not, ignoring the whole matter, and dwelling more than ever upon the beauty she loved above every other part of her life. She spoke often of the sweetness of the bird calls in the trees about the house, of the green shadows on the grass, of the splendor of the lilies on the terrace. At sunset she lay quite still and let her eyes range over the clouds and the vista of the valleys.

Whether she thought of the future or not, I do not know. She was a dauntless woman, fortified now by life to meet resolutely whatever was to come. She indulged in no dying cant of God, who even yet had made her no sign. It seemed that she realized that none, no, not one, could say for a certainty what lay ahead of the moment when she must go forth and alone.

In those last days she laid hold of life as she never had, even she, a woman greedy and zestful for life as she had ever been. At the end of the summer we took her back to the bungalow on the river and by then we all knew she must die. But she gave no sign of her own knowledge of this beyond the great quiet with which she met the nights and days. Sometimes in the deep night when the darkness pressed upon her and she grew faint and breathless, she turned her enormous eyes toward Comfort who was with her and she asked the old question her own mother had asked, "Child—is this—*death*?"

And when Comfort cried out passionately, "I will not let you die!" she smiled and said, "How like me you are—so I told my mother, too."

One day she said, "There are so many things I have not heard of or seen—so many pleasures. Not one of you knows how I love pleasure! I want a victrola. I want to hear music of all the kinds I have not heard."

We sent to the coast city for a victrola and for records and she lay listening by the hour. What she thought I do not know, only she would have no mournful music. Once someone put on the record, "O rest in the Lord, Wait patiently for Him," and she said with a quiet and profound bitterness. "Take that away. I have waited and patiently—for nothing."

We never played it again and to this day I cannot endure that music for the memory it brings back of her voice—not a sorrowful voice, but quiet, proud, resigned, courageous. She had faced by this time the truth, that the search for God with which she had begun her life was not in her time to be fulfilled.

Toward the end as she became weaker it was evident that she must have a specially trained nurse, one who knew how to lift and tend her. She had not heretofore been willing to have one about her, having a curious and profound distrust of the professional. Now the only way we could persuade her was to use the argument of weariness in caring for her night and day, and instantly she was anxious to spare us. The poison of the disease was creeping through her body now and her hearing and sight were dimmed, and she slept a great deal, although she had times of great clarity, and indeed whole days when she was herself almost completely.

I can never forget the coming of that nurse. We sent to a hospital in Shanghai, but it had been difficult to find anyone on account of an epidemic of cholera. But one was found at last in reply to our urgent telegrams and early one morning just at dawn she came to the house, and I who had been sitting through the night with Carie went to meet her on the stair.

My heart sank as I saw her, an Englishwoman of no uncertain age, with peroxide hair and a complexion wholly synthetic. She was the very sort of person most distasteful to Carie. But in the need of the hour I let her come in and introduced her to Carie.

Carie stared out of her fading eyes fixedly at the nurse, who wore the voluminous cap of her calling as an English nurse. Then she asked with characteristic directness, "Why is that pillow case on your head?"

"I will take it off, if you like," said the nurse kindly.

"Do," replied Carie with emphasis, and when it had been done she said, "Why, what pretty hair you have, my dear, hid away like that, and so lovely with your fair skin!"

Her eyesight by this time could not see the truth of the poor creature's ruined face, and this genuine and simple praise touched the woman and won her real devotion, and from then on she nursed Carie with unflinching care.

Strange and fitting it was as an end to this generous and most human life that at the last there should come a waif out of the dregs of Shanghai to see it to the finish. To this woman Carie turned with her old interest, inquiring into her life and history with much sympathy. The woman was, I suppose, as unmoral a creature as ever lived, and one whose last remaining shreds of reserve had been swept away by the World War experience she had had, and there were many sordid places in her story which Carie passed over gently, saying only, "I know—I know how hard it is to be good—especially when no answer comes and one goes on waiting in the dark."

Then with one of her sudden changes she said, "You were speaking of dancing. Now do you know, I have always wanted to see a fox trot; I've read about them. Could you do one for me?"

This was the scene we came upon then, to the tune of a ragged bit of jazz on the victrola. Here was Carie propped up on her pillows, the image of death except for her eyes, which all dimmed as they were in sight, somehow maintained yet their old fire and flash, watching with vivid delight the white, whirling figure of the nurse. At the end of the dance when the nurse dropped breathless into a chair Carie remarked with the air of a connoisseur, "Well, that's a pretty thing—so graceful and light. I should not be surprised if Andrew is all wrong about God. I believe one ought to choose the happy, bright things of life, like dancing and laughter and beauty. I think if I had it to do over again I would choose those instead of thinking them sinful. Who knows?—God might like them."

She fell into musing a little and then into sleep. Thus did the side

of her nature which she had put down so resolutely in her youth claim her again in her age and in her years of wisdom.

She turned quite against Andrew these days and would not have him beside her. Not that she bade him go, but she was obviously restless and ill at ease when she saw him, and some struggle seemed to take place in her again. Once she murmured when she saw him, "That book is still not finished after all these years—" So we kept him away, and he was bewildered but willing enough, for he had never understood her nature and the changes of which she was capable, none greater than this at the end, when she deliberately put from her all thought of religion and God and chose the beauty of life and creation in this world that she loved and knew richly.

We wheeled her bed to the window and she lay looking out contentedly. Once she said, half dreaming, "I have had after all so many of the good things of life. I have had little children at my breast, I have had good earth to garden in, ruffled curtains blowing in at my windows, hills to look at, and valleys and sky, books and my music—and people to do for. I've had a lot of good in my life. I'd like to go on living, but this time I would give my life to America."

The only deep shadow across those days was the fear of dying before Faith came back. But Faith was due any day now and she made up her mind that she would not die until Faith had come. At last the day came and at last the hour. Carrie had not strength enough to allow herself to be excited, lest her heart stop with the extra burden; therefore she was very quiet and usual.

But she was determined that Faith coming back a young woman from college should not find the house sad because of the shadow of coming death. So she asked that her newest gown be put on her, a delicate lavender silk one embroidered in silver, a gift from Comfort, and she had her hair freshly done, and when all was ready, even to a bowl of rosebuds at her side, she asked—unheard of request—for a stick of chewing gum! We sent to the compradore's shop and bought it and gave it to her in great mystification, none of us ever having seen her use it before, and she lay back on her white pillows in great state, and when Faith came there she was, chewing vigorously, her eyes twinkling.

"Well, here you see your old mother!" she cried gaily, casual as though she had seen Faith but yesterday instead of three years before. "Here I am chewing gum like a fast young woman—I hear it is the thing in America these days!"

We all laughed and the tension of the moment was past. It was what she had planned, that we laugh, lest we weep. It was as if she must guard now against sorrow, lest her heart burst her frail body asunder. She accepted Faith's presence quietly and in a few days seemed to forget that she had been away.

Day after day she lay in a sleep and only occasionally now could one feel the strong spirit stoutly rousing itself once more against the approaching change. Once she lifted her two hands, swollen and sad to see. She looked at them intently and murmured to herself, "I never did get my hands nice after all. Perhaps later—"

Only once she mentioned her death. She came out of her sleep suddenly and said with great distinctness to Comfort who happened to be the one watching then, "Child, if I should seem afraid at the end, it will be only because this old body of mine takes advantage of me for the moment. It has always been my enemy—always trying to beat me down. You just remember my spirit goes on straight. *I am not afraid!*"

Again she roused herself after that, this time to give directions regarding her tombstone. There were to be no words of commendation, no mention of wifehood or motherhood, only her own name and under that three texts, to be written in English and Chinese also, the last one that triumphant announcement, "To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be given."

Once more she roused herself to say, "Do not sing any sad hymns over me. I want the Glory Song. I hate to die. My life is unfinished. I was going to live to a hundred. But if I must die—I'll die with joy and triumph—I'll go on somehow—"

There were no last words or any sign. She died in her sleep, and at the moment of passing her face lit up with a great smile, and then fell into great gravity. But none of us knew the meaning of that smile. It was as though she simply withdrew from us all and went on alone, leaving us only her life to remember, a vivid, full, bitter-sweet life. We

dressed her in the lavender silk gown she loved and put about her the silver grey and pale gold chrysanthemums of autumn. It was on an autumn day we buried her, a windy, misty day under a grey sky. The brave words of the song she had told us to sing over her went out like the challenge of all human life in its desperate cry against inevitable death everywhere around. Thus ended all of her life that we can know.

I suppose she would have considered her life a failure if she had judged it by the measure of what she had meant it to be. Certainly if at the beginning she could have seen the end she would have called it failure. The search for God, the need of the deep, puritanical side of her multiple spirit, was never fulfilled. I think that to one of her keen and practical mind it could not be. She was skeptic by nature, yet mystic too, lover of beauty and dreamer of the unknown.

She was one of those who, having visited the sick and those in prison and cared for the widowed and fatherless and fed the hungry and wept with those who wept and laughed with those who were merry, reproached herself that she had not chosen a better part. She was one of those who reproaching herself humbly might have said to the God she sought, "Lord, when did I all these things for You?" To such a one might He make answer, "Inasmuch—"

But if she judged her life fallen short, to us, among whom she lived, what a life it was! I do not think one of us would have called her a saintly woman. She was far too practical, far too vivid and passionate, too full of humor and change and temper for that. She was the most human person we have ever known, the most complex in her swift compassion, in her gusts of merriment and in her utter impatiences; she was best friend and companion to us.

Now that I have come to know for myself the country she loved so well, I see that indeed she was the very flower of it. Young in spirit to the end, indomitable, swift in generosity, eager after the fine things of life and yet able to live ardently if necessary in poverty, idealistic with the true idealism that is never satisfied with mere idealism not translated into actuality—she was the very breath of America made flesh and spirit.

To the thousands of Chinese whom she touched in every sort of

way she was America. How often have I heard them say, "Americans are good, because they are kind. *She* was an American." To lonely sailor boys and soldier boys and to all white men and women her hearty good cheer and ready fellowship stood for home—for America in a far country. To her children, in the midst of the most remote and alien environment she gave somehow and who knows at what cost, sometimes, an American background, making them truly citizens of their own country and giving them a love of it which is deathless.

To all of us everywhere who knew her this woman was America.

